DECEMBER 1965

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY, NUMBER SIX

THE DOMINICAN CRISIS

A CASE STUDY IN AMERICAN POLICY

by Theodore Draper

POETRY IN ISRAEL
Robert Alter

VIOLENT JEWS—A MEMOIR
Herbert Gold

A WASHINGTON COMMENTARY
Oscar Gass

WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?
Robert A. Nisbet

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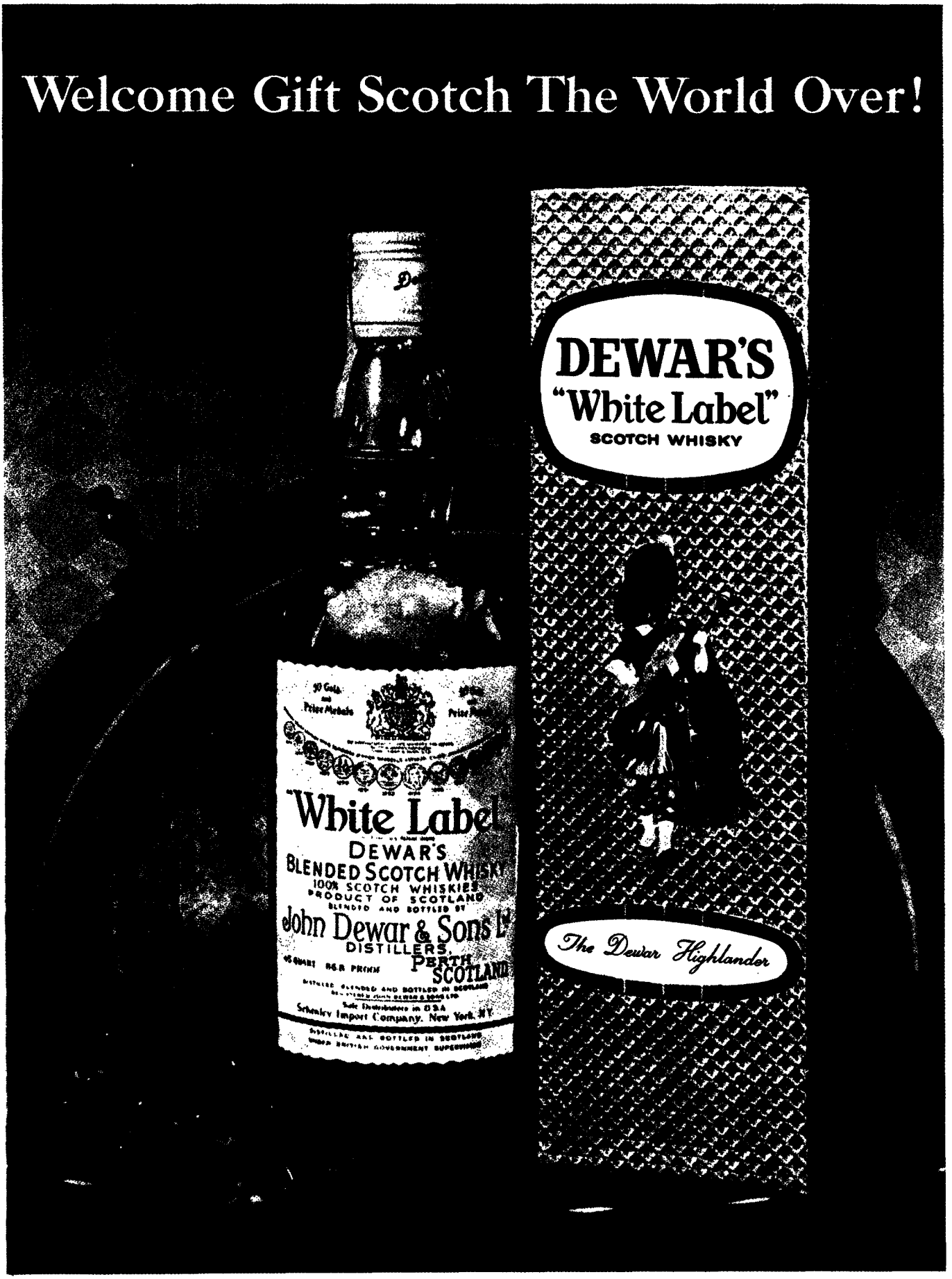

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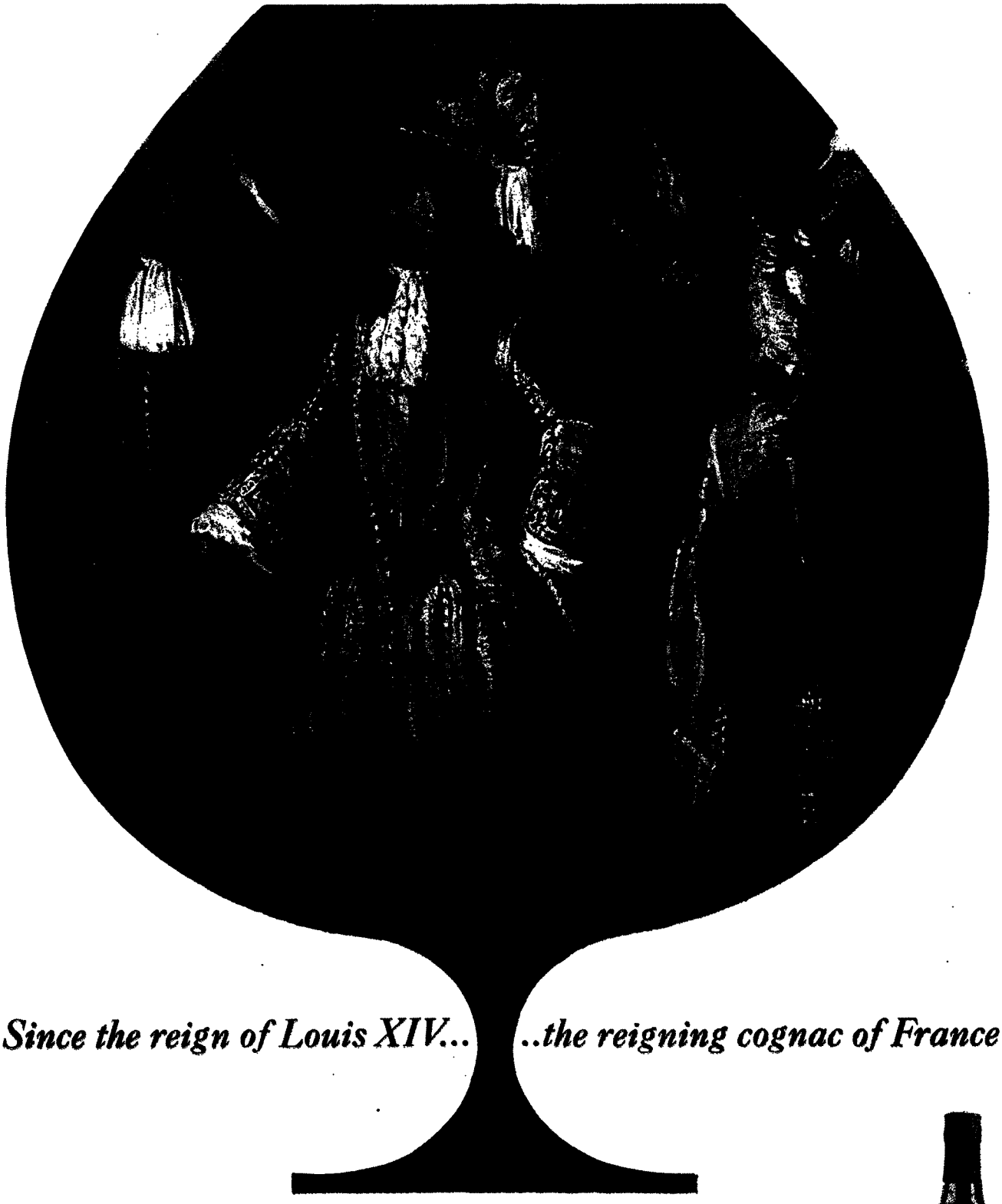

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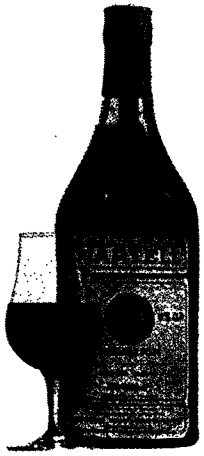

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Commentary

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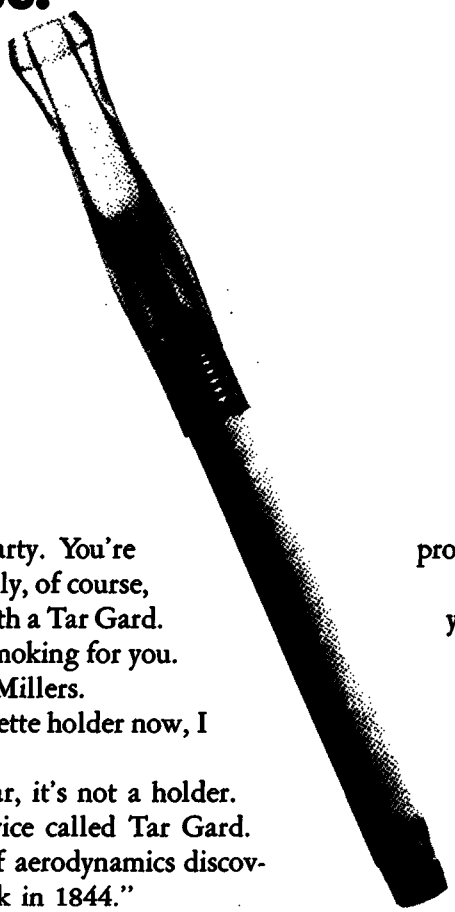
Wow your friends with a dissertation on the effectiveness of the Venturi tube.



It's a lively cocktail party. You're feeling pretty good. But only, of course, because you're smoking with a Tar Gard. It takes the worry out of smoking for you. You're chatting with the Millers.

She says, "Using a cigarette holder now, I see? Pretty bourgeois."

You reply, "But my dear, it's not a holder. It's a unique filtering device called Tar Gard. It's based on a principle of aerodynamics discovered by G. B. Venturi back in 1844."

Two couples turn around and continue to talk as they listen.

"Let me show you how it works," you say in a clearly pedagogical tone.

"The smoke is drawn through this pinpoint opening, races through a tiny chamber and reaches a velocity of 200 miles an hour."

"Were you a physics major?" a competitor chides.

But you continue, not missing a beat, "Leaving the chamber, the smoke is hurled against this little barrier with such impact that the heavier hot tars are literally knocked out of the smoke."

"Interesting," says a knowing unknown face from over your shoulder.

"Yes, but the most interesting thing is that this little invention can distinguish between the high-temperature tars in cigarette smoke and the cool properties that give a cigarette its flavor."

"Simply amazing," says an admirer, brushing your arm.

Your audience continues to grow. And you with it.

"Objective laboratory tests show that Tar Gard removes up to 85 per cent of the hot tars from both non-filter and filter cigarettes. As you probably know, the Surgeon General's Report on Smoking says the high-temperature tars contain the highest concentration of carcinogenic agents."

Someone else probes, "How many cigarettes can you smoke with a Tar Gard?"

You reply confidently, "Well, Tar Gard is a permanent device requiring no cartridges or replacements. Every once in awhile you take it apart and wipe it clean with a tissue or run it under the hot water tap."

"Where did you get it?" a dozen faces seem to ask.

"You can buy them at most drug stores and tobacco counters," and anticipating the next question, you then add, "...for just $2.95."

Your audience is silent, but intent. You have a new cigarette in your Tar Gard. Gracefully, you raise it to your lips, draw easily, exhale, then speak, "As I was saying, I don't think Herzog really considered..."

Tar Gard Co., 2 Pine St.,
San Francisco, California.

TAR GARD.

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The day New York almost vanished

It didn't happen all at once.
They did it very gradually.
"We can't alarm the people!" they said.
So they removed a little house here. And a great hotel there. And then a few limestone banks and all the cast-iron store fronts they could find. And very quietly one night they stole a railroad station and buried it in New Jersey.

A few people grumbled.
Some found temporary shelter at The Dakota when Park Avenue disappeared. Others moved to Westchester. And some completely disillusioned out-of-towners went to Philadelphia instead. But most people were complacent. Until the day they discovered that their city had been entirely replaced with glass.

Then they complained. But it was too late.
So the faces of the city grew grimmer than they had ever been before. Clocks stopped. And the glass began to crack.

Soon after this on one ghastly glittering morning, an observant executive walking to work paused on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth Street to clean his heavy dark goggles. Squinting, he looked around. And gasped!

There was The Plaza where he had always remembered it. "It can't be!" he said and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. "It *is* there!" he said. And ran to work.

He called his wife.
"We'll go there tonight, before it's too late. Don't tell anyone!" he hissed. So she only told her very best friend. Soon everyone knew.

Crowds gathered. They wandered in th lobbies. They caressed the marble, admired gilded cherubs. And the caryatids in the Pa Court where palms still swayed. They feast the baronial splendor of the Edwardian Roo And discussed mergers over martinis and lu in the Oak Bar.

That night, they danced to ***real*** music again in the Persian Room. And laughed w Julius Monk in his red velvet world at PLa. The lucky ones who had made reservations retired upstairs, to spacious rooms where th were waited on hand and foot by manicuris podiatrists and chambermaids and valets ar waiters with trays and florists with roses. They loved it.

After all, people of taste are like everyb else. They're very grateful when great dema are met. And incurably sentimental.

Eventually word spread out of town. A out-of-towners came again to see a part of city they thought had vanished. Some neve left The Plaza. They didn't have to. They h the world on a golden chain.

The Plaza had thought of everything. I always does.

It always will.

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"World's finest Scotch, please."

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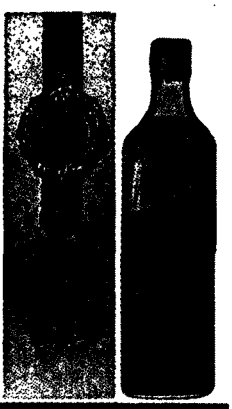

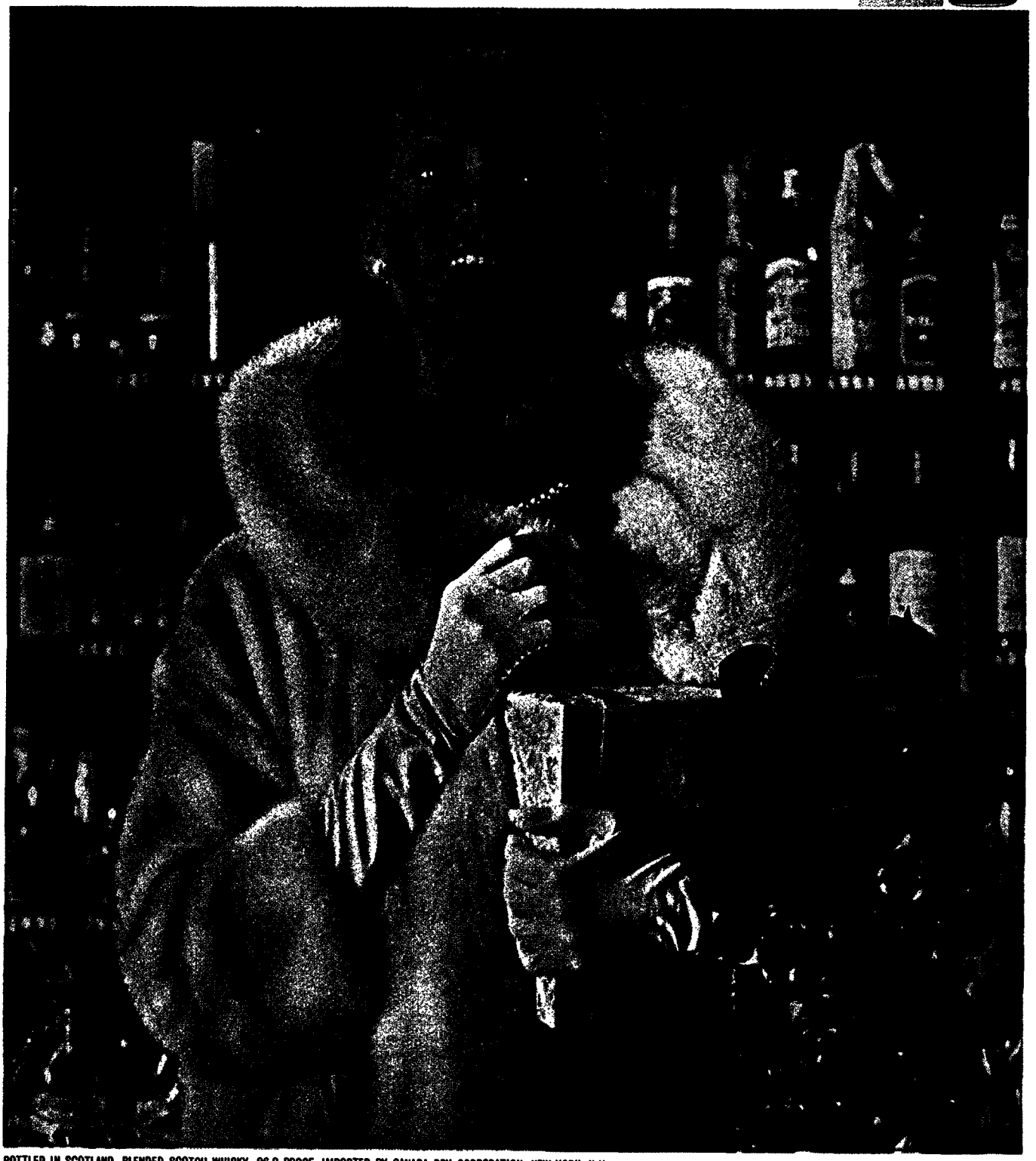

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The "Times"

To the Editor of Commentary:

May I add my voice to what I'm sure will be the chorus of approval for George Lichtheim's article ["All the News That's Fit to Print," September] . . .? The New York *Times* is hopelessly deficient in imagination, and not very good at news-gathering either. Trying to keep Africa in focus through the lens of that instrument leaves one very much in a state of dizzy ignorance. I can't imagine how anyone in this country who seriously cares about foreign reportage, let alone coverage of exotic places, could pretend to learn anything much from the *Times*. With the exception of one article by Joseph Lelyveld (another of the very small stable of good reporters employed by the paper), one would have been unable to form any idea at all this past summer of events in Rhodesia, even though that country presently has considerable priority on the list of State Department worries. Mr. Lichtheim's explanation of the pitiful inadequacy of *Times* news from France—that the paper disapproves of the President of the Republic—may be extended to former French Africa as well. Those countries seem interested in Parisian affairs, and therefore themselves forfeit any right to notice.

There is, I think, an explanation for our curious willingness to let the *Times* get away with it. We all reflect our youth, when we were assured by various provincial high-school teachers that the *Times* (which they themselves did not read) was in fact a great newspaper. And one must admit, regretfully, that it is better than anything in these parts. But, then, Lansing hardly offers world-class competition.

James R. Hooker
Department of History
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a past president of the Overseas Press Club . . . I suggest that George Lichtheim be awarded a prize for obfuscation. . . . His attempt to delineate the quality of the New York *Times* reminds me of the story about Costello's saloon in New York. A former habitué tells his drinking companion, "Nobody goes there anymore—it's too crowded."

Will Yolen
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . One must marvel at Mr. Lichtheim's low opinion not only of the *Times* but of its readers. How loyal we are to that "compound of ignorance, provincialism and plain incompetence . . . year after year."

One must marvel also that a newspaper with so low a level of foreign correspondence could have managed over the years to report Europe's plight in such a way as to have caused its influential readers to help shape and support precisely those decisions and policies that resulted in putting Europe back on its feet. . . .

Nathan L. Roberts
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I wish to commend you for Mr. Lichtheim's excellent article in the September issue. His indictment is extremely serious, but the article offers sound documentation of its charges. When I read *Le Monde* and compare it with the *Times*, I often wonder whether they are discussing the same world.

In 1951 I had the opportunity to check first-hand on a story reported in the *Times* about an alleged beating suffered by a British diplomat. Both from the "victim" himself—who was a fellow passenger on an airplane—and from the British authorities involved, I heard the true version of the incident. . . . which contradicted, in almost every detail, the story that was sent by the New York *Times* correspondent.

(Rev.) John F. Cronin, S.S.
Assistant Director
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a former New York *Times* desk editor, I am aware of the paper's corporate vanity, provincial snobbery, and lamentable tendency to confuse length of cover-

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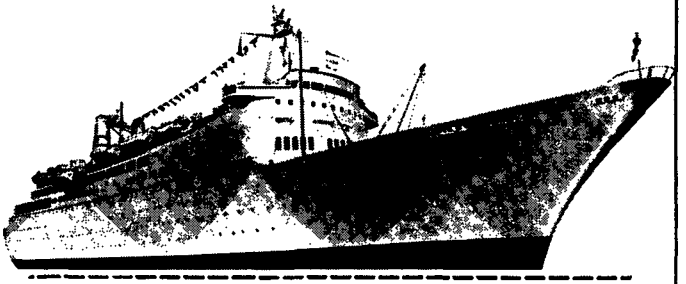

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age with depth. Nevertheless, I must take exception to George Lichtheim's unreasoned broadside in your September issue.

Broadly speaking—because it is difficult to rebut such a mass of generalizations—I can only conclude that Mr. Lichtheim has been too Europeanized in his reading habits. Of course the *Times* does not read like his favored continental papers; why should it? And why shouldn't it mirror American attitudes and policies? True, its rather sanitized liberalism is scarcely a useful crutch for the harassed progressive elements in Washington. But an insipid editorial policy should not lead Mr. Lichtheim to the dangerous and completely undocumented assumption that *Times*men overseas dance to the tune of their own management and/or that of the U.S. embassies.

The *Times* certainly is not as good as its management likes to believe, but by American journalistic standards (and I have applied them to my work on copy desks across the land), its foreign coverage—except for that of several young, untrained reporters tossed into impossible situations—is clearly better than that of any U. S. paper.

It is curiously indicative of Mr. Lichtheim's European prejudices that he is enamored of the somewhat pompous Max Frankel, but can find no praise for such astringent and probing writers as Seymour Topping, A.M. Rosenthal (like several superlative reporters, completely wasted in his present slot on the city desk), David Halberstam, etc.

CARL GOLDSTEIN
West Orange, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Whatever its faults or omissions . . . the New York *Times* does carry the cricket scores.

T. MARK HODGES
Harvard Medical Library
Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . According to Mr. Lichtheim, the overall impression of the coverage of foreign news in the New York *Times* is "a compound of ignorance, provincialism, and plain incompetence. . . ." Without going into a detailed discussion, may I register my disagreement with Mr. Lichtheim's opinion, more specifically with respect to the coverage of the Soviet Union. There are, of course, many ways of covering the same story. However, as a writer on Soviet affairs, I follow this subject rather closely, both in the New York *Times* and in the newspapers from abroad, including the Soviet ones. I find the New York *Times*'s articles interesting, instructive, and reflecting the situation in the Soviet Union. . . . Whoever knows the situation in Russia, and Mr. Lichtheim certainly does, is aware of the fact that it would be very difficult for correspondents stationed in Moscow to write their pieces in a different way. In addition, it is unfair in discussing the coverage of Soviet Russia in the New York *Times* not to mention Harry Schwartz, with whose opinions one might disagree, but whose authoritative background pieces often provide even the professional reader with interesting insights.

LEON SHAPIRO
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read your lead article on the New York *Times* with great interest. You deserve the highest compliments for publishing it. . . .

A. A. YOUNG
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . George Lichtheim's article on the New York *Times* is . . . long overdue. . . . So much of the praise accorded the *Times* is merely a tribute to the sheer size of an organization that can place reporters in almost every corner of the world. . . .

A further shortcoming of the New York *Times* which Mr. Lichtheim did not note—possibly because it is rather specialized—is in the field of military analysis. While Hanson Baldwin, the *Times*'s military editor, has many outstanding merits, he has too often been disastrously wrong in his assaying of evidence. The most recent example . . . was his complete inability to discern the logic and basic correctness of the ideas presented before the Second World War by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Liddell Hart had been one of the early thinkers behind the idea of the *Blitzkrieg*, though he carried the idea further than did others; he reasoned that after both sides had modern weapons . . . and the ability to use them wisely, the defense would become stronger than the attack. Baldwin fiercely attacked these ideas before and during the war, though the facts supported Liddell Hart. It appears that Baldwin, as one of the leading, if not *the* leading military light in this country immediately following the war, strengthened the tendency to attach great importance to nuclear arms.

ROBERT E. WALTERS
Cheshire, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Lichtheim is among those readers who find fault with a report when it does not fit their own preconceived notions. . . . He is critical because the *Times*'s version of events does not agree with those printed by European papers. . . . In fact, the latter are much more likely to color their reports to fit the notions of their governments than is any U.S. paper.

Mr. Lichtheim's most sustained criticism centered upon the de-Gaulle-Erhard meeting in Bonn. The *Times*, he asserted, was wrong in having reported prior to the meeting that a rift existed between France and Germany that the meeting would not bridge, and in subsequently failing to agree with French and German papers that the meeting had been a grand success. . . .

History will be the final judge of whose reports were nearer the truth. In the meantime, if Mr. Lichtheim seriously believes that relations between de Gaulle's France and Erhard's Germany are at their best at this time and that France boycotts European institutions because of the Dutch, I wish him well. . . .

Mr. Lichtheim's preconceived ideas of truth led him to some faint praise of the reports in the *Times* on the Dominican situation. . . . He found the *Times* reporter, though verbose, accurate, and the *Herald-Tribune*'s reporter, who agreed with his *Times* colleague, more incisive.

A book could be written disputing the accuracy of either paper's report. Although he may not like the source, I suggest Mr. Lichtheim read recent speeches by Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut and Rep. Armistead Selden of Alabama in which they discuss the reports carried by the *Times* and *Herald-Tribune* on the Dominican situation. He might even talk with other reporters who were in Santo Domingo for the wire services and other American newspapers and find that the *Times* reports, although agreeing with his notions of what the truth ought to have

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been, may not have been quite so accurate after all....

BURT HOFFMAN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

...A sillier, more trifling piece of writing would be hard to find in a serious magazine. While the *Times* is far from perfect, it can only gain in stature from "reflections" of this kind. There is an element of humor in the spectacle of the mouse attacking the lion.

JOHN B. WEISER
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

...George Lichtheim is right in his charge that British or French newspapers would never serve their readers the sort of foreign coverage that the New York *Times* does. Of course they would not—for what is foreign news to the American reader is local to the European. . . . But has Mr. Lichtheim ever done a careful survey of the reportage in British or French newspapers about the United States? If he has not, he ought to....

As for local news, the *Times* is published in New York and it would be utterly absurd if it did not act as a local newspaper. However, I do not recall any instance when the *Times* played up an insignificant local item at the expense of featuring a major world crisis. . . .

Mr. Lichtheim is correct in charging that the *Times* can be rather dull. [But]...news, by its very nature, is dull. An intelligent person does not read a newspaper for entertainment. For that he can go to the theater, or even read Mr. Lichtheim.

PAUL H. GOTTLIEB
Brookline, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

...It seems to me that the plethora of examples Mr. Lichtheim uses to make his point about what an incompetent newspaper the *Times* is, only shows that he was either under some obligation to use up quite a bit of magazine space, or was not very confident of the point he was trying to make. The degree to which he dwelt on the topic made the article a chore to wade through.

Furthermore, the only aspect of the newspaper he discusses is that of international news....But the *Times* has an excellent sports section, . . . theater and TV-radio sections, . . . and editorial page. . . . During the recent newspaper strike, not having the *Times* was like not seeing a good old friend

HOWARD W. SILBERSHER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Lichtheim . . . might have been a bit more persuasive if in describing the inadequate way the *Times* covers foreign news in comparison with the foreign press, he had not written as follows: "News from Asian and European countries appeared on the inside pages, *some prominence being given to a minor shooting affray in Kashmir, along the unsettled border* between India and Pakistan." (My italics.)

How did the papers that Mr. Lichtheim admires handle this "minor shooting affray"?

Mr. Lichtheim does not think the *Times* is well-written. Yet, he himself writes a sentence as follows: "But guessing games of this kind are not, strictly speaking, what reporting in a daily paper is meant to provide a basis for."

Guessing games aside, what the hell kind of writing and *editing* is that?

JOSEPH BERNSTEIN
Elmhurst, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

...Mr. Lichtheim's argument unfortunately draws its principal strength from an analysis of faulty reporting of European events only —Common Market farm policies, de Gaulle-Erhard meetings, etc. But the strength of *Le Monde* and the *Times* of London lies precisely . . . in their world-wide character. . . . *Le Monde* . . . has courageous, literate and politically astute correspondents covering practically every capital city outside of Europe (Decraene, Wetz, Gravier, Rouleau, Saab, Lacouture, Guillain, etc.), not to mention reporters in every European country . . . whose scrupulous honesty . . . and refusal to submit to editorial censorship often results in expulsion (Wetz from Poland, Lacouture from Morocco), and the frequent banning of the paper itself in such cities as Madrid, Rabat, and Algiers. Who would want to ban the *Times* anywhere?

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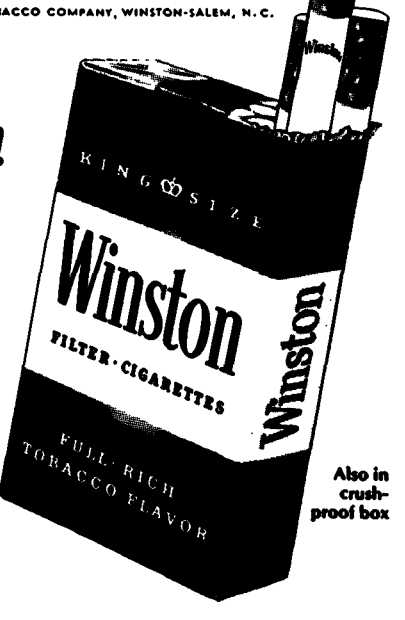

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times a month. In the last two months, for example, there have been extremely well-informed studies on East Pakistan, Tibet, North Borneo, Rumania, Armenia, and guerilla movements in Peru. . . .

STEPHEN WERNER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Much of George Lichtheim's criticism of the New York *Times* is well taken, although I think many editions would yield enough foreign features to confound him. . . . I wonder if the New York *Times*'s emphasis on spot news—which is I think characteristic of the U. S. press as a whole—is not a result of the peculiarly American emphasis on immediate quantity production (rather than thoughtful quality work) which dominates the wire services, small dailies and weeklies. . . .

Two stories Mr. Lichtheim cites from the New York *Times*'s news budget deserve a second look. One is Anthony Lewis's story about contempt-of-court sentences as a punishment in British civil cases. This story began with the sentencing *in secret* by a British judge of a man charged with consorting with a female ward of the court. The outcome was the end of the practice of sentencing in secret, as such. This was, basically, a civil-liberties story, and it provoked questions in Parliament and remained top news until the outcome was assured. The story was pried loose by a gutsy British wire service courthouse reporter who risked a contempt citation himself in so doing.

Another New York *Times* story Mr. Lichtheim dismisses was also at bottom a civil-liberties story—about the Dutch government's gift to a private fund for South African political prisoners and other victims of oppression.

The whole area of civil-liberties news is one in which the British press and the BBC are bears, and this is something for which we in the U. S. should be everlastingly grateful. Many dailies and the BBC External Services regard civil liberties as a major assignment (as the Voice of America does not). . . .

MIKE FERN
Editor

The Garden Island
Lihue, Kauai
Hawaii

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have been reading George Lichtheim's articles in various American and English journals for some time, and though I usually find many points of disagreement, I must commend him for his article on the New York *Times* in your September issue.

Having read the *Times* ever since the death of the old *World*, which I still mourn, I find that by comparison with *Le Monde* and the *Telegraph*, as well as other newspapers not mentioned by Mr. Lichtheim . . . the *Times* is uninformative, stodgy, and verbose. I read the weekly edition of *Le Monde* to this day and its superiority over the various Sunday departments of the *Times* . . . is so marked as to put the *Times* simply out of the running. . . .

THE *Times* is particularly bad on reporting American-Jewish events, which I have followed professionally for almost forty years both as participant and observer. Anyone who relies on the *Times* for his knowledge of American-Jewish affairs will be superficially, if not incorrectly, informed. Many professionals in the Jewish field regard the paper's reporting on Jewish matters as scandalous. . . . I must add, however, that since the arrival of John Cogley there has been a noticeable improvement in its religious news department. . . .

MORRIS LAUB
Director
Joint Commission on Social Action
United Synagogue of America
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I spent a month in England recently and was a regular reader of the *Guardian* and the *Times* of London. During that time, I found out more than I wanted to know about Singapore, Rhodesia, British labor unrest, and the ailing pound sterling, but considerably less than I wanted to know about Vietnam, Santo Domingo, the U.S. outflow of gold, and the riots in Los Angeles. Of course, the average Briton is interested in the places to which his soldiers may go and possibly die and also in his livelihood and the things which may affect it. . . . That concern is reflected in his newspapers. Thus, a front-page story in England last August was the proposed sales of Rolls Royce jet engines to the Dutch plane manufacturer, Fokker. I'm sure that it wasn't headline news anywhere else. . . . One would expect the New York *Times* in similar fashion to assuage the curiosity of its readers about their chief concerns and to treat other matters on the inside pages. And Mr. Lichtheim does admit that David Halberstam covered Vietnam well and that Max Frankel, until asked to leave by the Soviet government, did an excellent job in Russia; these areas, of course, are of supreme interest to an American reader. . . .

MR. Lichtheim invokes a sort of journalistic double standard. While flaying the New York *Times* for its excellent and exhaustive local news coverage to the exclusion of some foreign news, he excuses *Le Monde* for similar exhaustive coverage of a routine political tour by President de Gaulle as "a pardonable touch of national egoism." The fact that the New York *Times* gave scant space to a speech by President de Gaulle during that political tour is understandable. Similar Fourth-of-July oratory or the traditional Labor-Day speech at Cadillac Square in Detroit would be of little interest

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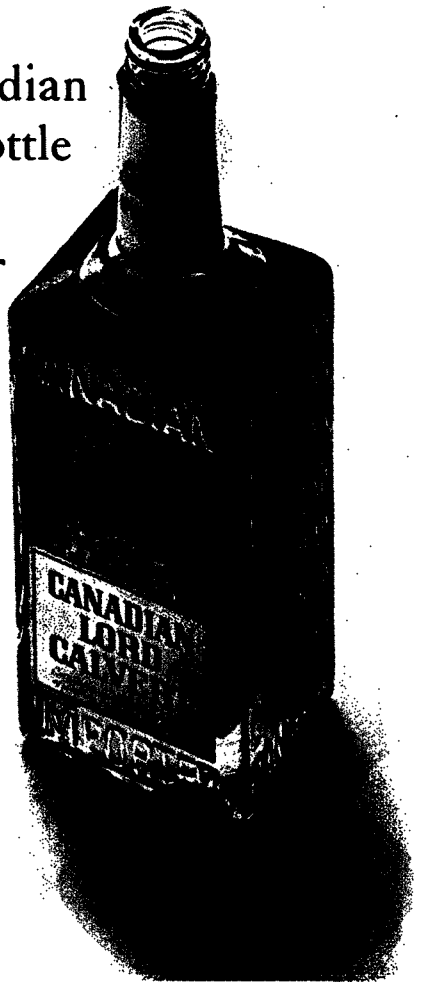

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to French, German, or English readers.

What Mr. Lichtheim clearly does demonstrate is that a newspaper balances its local and foreign coverage and that it is difficult to have top reporters in every nation under the sun. Thus it assigns its best people to the more important posts as they are determined by the national interest. The *Times* of London acknowledges this fact tacitly by reprinting New York *Times* dispatches from Vietnam rather than sending its own man. Distilled, Mr. Lichtheim's article convicts the New York *Times* of not being as good in every aspect of its news coverage as it is in those areas of special interest to American readers. But then which newspaper does give us all the news in perfect world perspective?

DONALD MCDONAGH
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have never read such nonsense in a supposedly top magazine as I did in your featured article "All the News That's Fit to Print." . . . I think that you have done the New York *Times* a great injustice in permitting Lichtheim . . . to carry on in his unrestrained and unreasonable manner. . . .

JOSEPH I. SACHS
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The thesis of Mr. George Lichtheim's article on the New York *Times* in your September issue seems to be as follows. Assumption: European newspapers are fabulous. Fact: The *Times* does not report news in the same way that the European newspapers do. Conclusion: The New York *Times* is terrible.

There are several internal inconsistencies in Mr. Lichtheim's piece—to put it mildly. For example, the *Times*'s featuring of Mayor Wagner's decision not to run gets disparaging treatment in contrast to the featuring by *Le Monde* of a four-day tour of the Paris region by de Gaulle which Mr. Lichtheim generously describes as "a pardonable touch of national egoism."

Certainly, the *Times* is not perfect but neither is it merely the equivalent of the "Squeedunk Rough Notes," as Mr. Lichtheim would have us believe.

It would appear that the *Times* is Mr. Lichtheim's *bête noire* to the same degree as he portrays de Gaulle as the target of Mr. Middleton's alleged animosity.

THEODORE TANNENWALD, JR.
Scarsdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In the flurry of so much puff about the *Times*, it is refreshing indeed to see someone who dares point out the weaknesses of the New York daily and to compare it realistically with some of the better-informed dailies of Europe.

I teach the comparative foreign press course here and have occasion often to note deficiencies in many of our "best" U. S. dailies when put up against quality dailies such as *Le Monde, Neue Zuercher Zeitung,* and the *Guardian*. Mr. Lichtheim's article on the New York *Times* is now "must" reading for my students. . . .

JOHN C. MERRILL
School of Journalism
University of Missouri
Columbia, Missouri

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Lichtheim deserves his September check for wit alone. But are those . . . epithets hurled at the *Times* more than half-seriously meant?

None of the dozen or so essayists who have taken on the *Times* in the past years have failed to point out the paper's serious faults, among which bad style, excessive length, and the sparsity of analytic articles are the most glaring. But is there any newspaper in the world which can approach it in consistency and range of coverage? Surely there are none today and few—an exception might be the old pre-Hitler *Berliner Tageblatt* —in the past half-century.

The United States is *the* world power, yet no French and precious few British newspapers ever run articles dealing with more than a restricted number of topics here: race crises and foreign-affairs blunders being the favorites. Although French and British papers cover in great detail the latest tribal doings in their former colonial areas, no consistent reader of them can fail to notice the distortions, from an international viewpoint, when it comes to judging what (and who) is really important. *Le Monde* is no doubt the worst offender among the serious European journals, and I myself, after considerable time in France, am convinced that no person who is dependent for long on the French-language press can remain informed on what is going on in the world. But the superciliousness (added to the thin reporting) of many serious British papers, in particular the *Guardian* and the weekly *Observer,* is almost as irritating. The German language press is far better in this respect, but even the best, like the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung,* are dull, and all the others—even the respected *Frankfurter Allgemeine*—reflect the limited interests of Germany today. Probably the most congenial paper in Europe is, surprisingly, the *Corriere della Sera,* of Milan though it leaves out too much to be considered a consistent "first" newspaper for a non-Italian. . . .

STEPHEN A. SCHUKER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Among the articles singled out for criticism in George Lichtheim's sweeping attack on the foreign coverage of the New York *Times* was a dispatch I wrote about the de Gaulle-Erhard meeting in Bonn on June 12. Mr. Lichtheim's comments on this article contain so many errors of fact and indicate so little understanding about what actually happened in Bonn on June 12 and in Europe subsequently that I feel I must set the record straight for the benefit of COMMENTARY readers.

Mr. Lichtheim charges that my dispatch incorrectly described the meeting as a failure. As an example of the proper treatment of the de Gaulle-Erhard meeting he cites the story in the *Sunday Telegraph*. He quotes the *Telegraph* as saying: "President de Gaulle left Bonn today after a major and apparently successful 'fence-mending operation' to repair damaged relations with his West German ally." Mr. Lichtheim's choice of the *Telegraph*'s version as the correct approach to the story is quite amusing for reasons I will point out a bit further on.

MR. Lichtheim gave his own version of what went on in Bonn. He wrote: "What happened was that the Press Officers of the two delegations were at odds over the precise meaning of *an agreement* to call a conference of 'the Six'. According to the French it hinged on a prior understanding of *certain aspects* of Common Market agricultural policy. *That was all*—hardly worth a banner headline. In fact,

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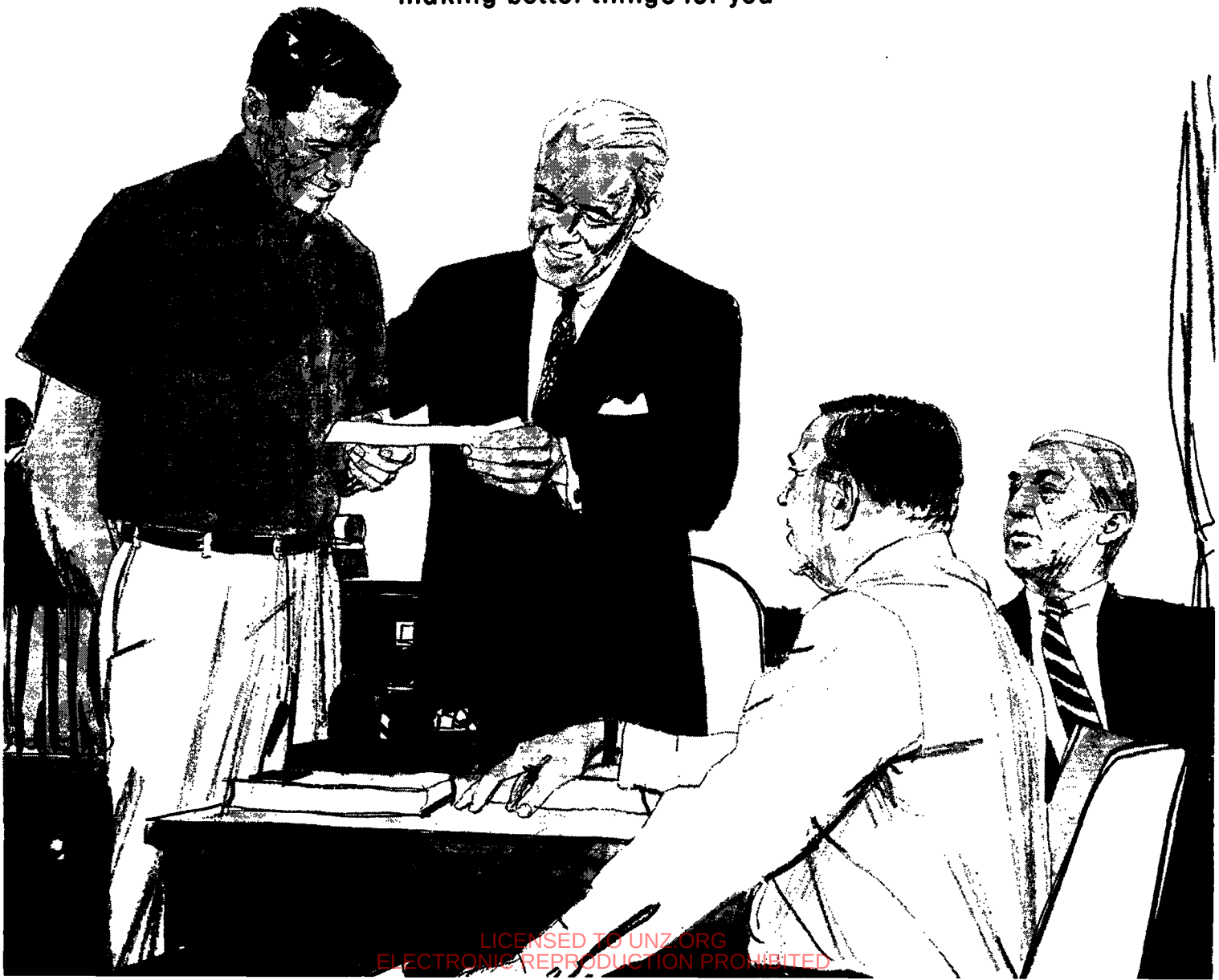

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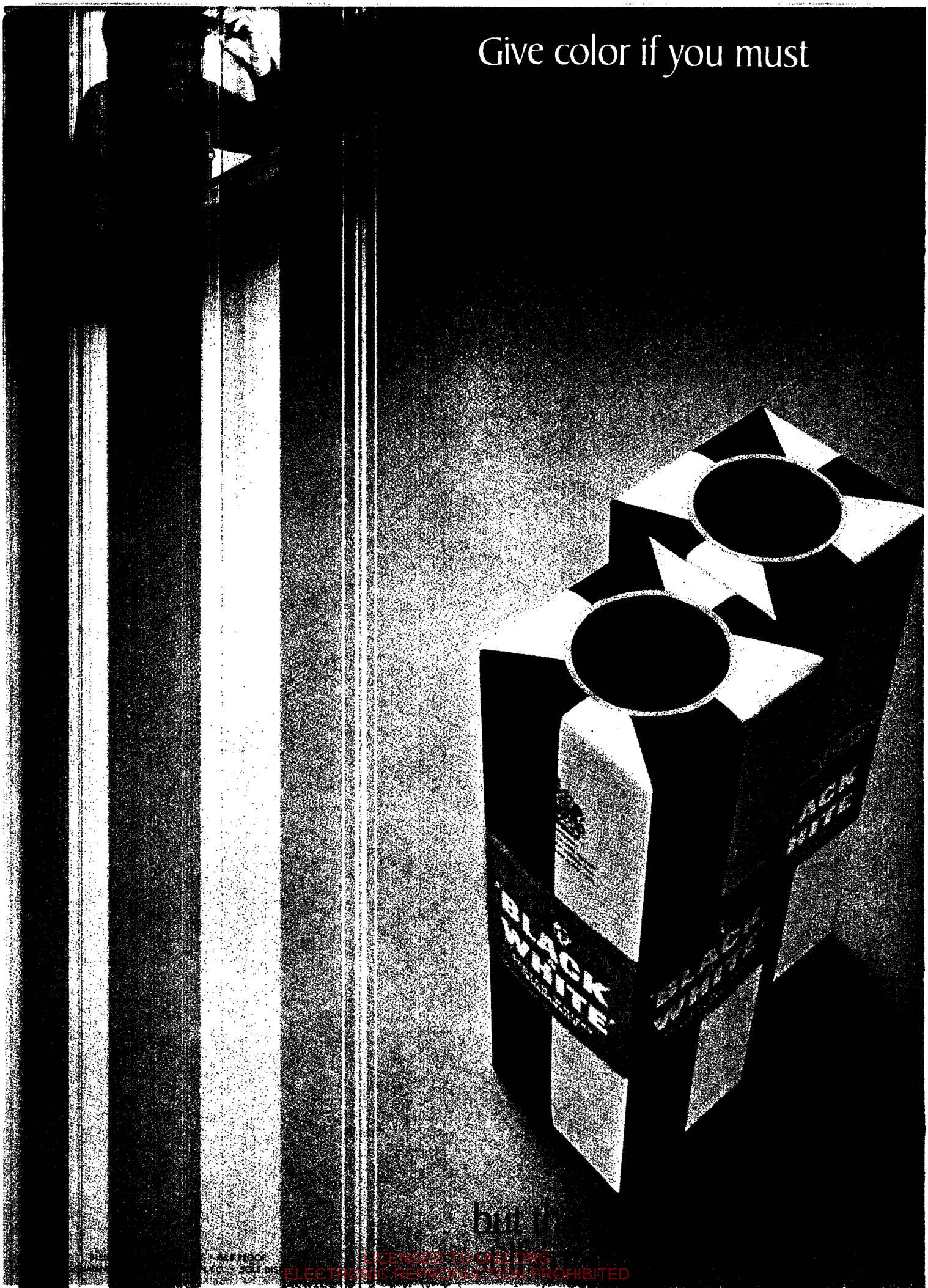

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no one in Bonn or Paris took this traditional bit of diplomatic maneuvering seriously." (Italics mine.)

In the first place, there simply was not any agreement about calling a summit conference of the six Common Market nations. At one point during the day there did indeed seem to have been an agreement. That was in the early afternoon, when West German press chief Karl Günther von Hase announced at a press briefing that de Gaulle and Erhard had agreed to call for a conference in 1965 to discuss steps to further the political integration of the Six.

However, late that same afternoon French Premier Georges Pompidou stated before boarding a plane at the Bonn airport that France *had not* agreed to call for a summit. France, said Mr. Pompidou, conceded only that such a meeting was a "possibility not to be excluded."

This was obviously no mere case of differing statements by French and German "Press Officers," as Mr. Lichtheim seems to believe. It meant that de Gaulle had scuttled the summit on the afternoon of the 12th, after apparent agreement in the morning. That this was in fact the meaning of the Pompidou statement has been thoroughly borne out by subsequent events. The 1965 Common Market summit conference on political unity is, of course, a dead issue.

WHAT makes Mr. Lichtheim's choice of the *Sunday Telegraph* article as the correct interpretation of what happened at the meeting so amusing is the fact that this particular article was actually written before Mr. Pompidou made his statement. The *Telegraph,* as well as a number of other British and European newspapers, was caught by its deadline before word of the Pompidou bombshell could get through. The *Telegraph*'s interpretation did, indeed, seem to be valid before the Pompidou statement, but most certainly not after it.

Disagreement about "certain aspects" of Common Market agricultural policy was indeed a reason why de Gaulle shot down the summit. But that was not "all," as Mr. Lichtheim suggests—not by a long shot.

Even if it had been "all," it was still one of the most divisive problems confronting the Common Market. These "certain aspects" involved the crucial question of agricultural financing. French demands on the issue involve, in effect, a heavy subsidy for French agriculture at the expense of some of its Common Market partners, particularly West Germany.

The importance of this issue was demonstrated soon after, when de Gaulle precipitated the Common Market crisis by emptying the French chair at the ministerial meeting in Brussels when agreement on financing policies failed to be reached by the June 30 deadline.

But there was an even more basic fact behind the collapse of the summit concept. De Gaulle was simply not interested in any meeting to discuss European political integration. On the contrary, de Gaulle is seeking more, not less, national sovereignty for France and he has no intention of surrendering any of that sovereignty to a supranational body. This position he made bluntly plain at his press conference in September.

Mr. Lichtheim's statement that the "real clash" took place in Brussels three weeks later, and that it involved only France and the Netherlands, was therefore very misleading—as if the Brussels "clash" was unrelated to what had taken place between de Gaulle and Erhard! As if Dutch but not West German interests were involved in the questions of agricultural financing and European unity!

AS FOR "no one in Bonn or Paris" taking this "diplomatic maneuvering seriously," I can assure Mr. Lichtheim that in Bonn, at least, it was taken very seriously indeed. On both the 12th of June and the following day, I was in contact with government officials, including an authoritative figure in the foreign office. They were quite disturbed by the outcome of the talks and considered the meeting a failure in terms of agreement on crucial issues separating France and West Germany.

So much for Mr. Lichtheim's treatment of the facts. As I have pointed out, the *Times*'s version and interpretation of the facts have been thoroughly confirmed by subsequent developments in Europe.

Two other things about Mr. Lichtheim's comments on the *Times* coverage from Germany disturbed me.

Having attached so much importance in his article to "professional" evaluation of the *Times*'s foreign staff, he seems to have taken surprisingly little effort to find out just what that evaluation is—at least here in Bonn. Mr. Lichtheim mentions a dispatch from "another man in Bonn, Arthur J. Olsen." It so happens that Mr. Olsen was, at the time, the *Times*'s bureau chief here. He was also considered one of the ablest and most intelligent correspondents in Germany by a wide majority of his colleagues in the Bonn press corps.

It seems rather strange to me that in his laborious examination of the *Times*'s coverage Mr. Lichtheim did not come across any of the many important news stories that Mr. Olsen reported well in advance of any other correspondent—American or European. Or, at least, he did not see fit to mention these dispatches.

FINALLY, I found Mr. Lichtheim's constant use of phrases such as stories being "trumpeted" in "banner" headlines very unsuitable for a serious article in COMMENTARY.

The use of words like "trumpeted" to describe the treatment of a story is the mark of a propagandist, not of a scholar or objective journalist. And, as a former newspaperman, Mr. Lichtheim should know that a "banner headline" runs across the entire newspaper page—eight columns in the case of the *Times*. He himself noted that the headline he called a "banner" was only two columns wide.

I have written at some length because there was so much in Mr. Lichtheim's article that could not go unchallenged—even in the one section devoted to the *Times*'s coverage from Germany. Readers of so fine a publication as COMMENTARY are, I think, entitled to a more factual and valid commentary on significant events.

PHILIP SHABECOFF
The New York *Times*
Bad Godesberg
Germany

MR. LICHTHEIM writes:

When I undertook to spend a month analyzing the New York *Times*'s foreign news coverage and to lay the results before the readers of COMMENTARY, I was quite aware that I was treading on difficult ground. A visitor who comments unfavorably upon the professional competence of the country's leading daily must expect a few brickbats from indig-

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nant patriots, and perhaps a few gentle reminders from others that he may have his own blinkers to contend with. On the other hand, the subject seemed important, and for some reason I encountered a certain reluctance among knowledgeable people (journalists, foreign-affairs experts, and others) to proclaim in public that the emperor was naked, though they themselves were perfectly well aware of the fact, and indeed said so at length whenever the subject came up in private. I therefore decided to chance my arm, on the obvious understanding that the responsibility was mine and not that of the editors of COMMENTARY. After all, if my assessment was mistaken, the worst that could happen was that I should have my errors pointed out to me.

On the whole, I feel pleased to have dropped a small pebble into what appeared to me a rather stagnant pool of self-satisfaction. The reaction (not counting the numerous approving letters I have received privately, some from quite well-known people in the professional field) is such as to confirm my original impression: that quite a few people knew there was something wrong, but could not put their finger on it. . . . Judging from some of the letters—notably those from people with adequate standards of comparison—I am not alone in thinking that the New York *Times* has a long way to go before it catches up with some of its foreign competitors. The point has been made, with greater sharpness than I myself had ventured, by Fr. John F. Cronin and others who have had an opportunity to compare some of the leading European dailies with the pabulum served up to New Yorkers. What makes the contrast scandalous, as well as alarming, is that it is by no means the fault of the American journalistic profession. It is simply and solely the fault of the New York *Times* and its addiction to a self-imposed standard of intellectual and professional mediocrity.

I WAS, of course, prepared for some criticism on the score of irrelevance or Europeano-centrism. Mr. Fern, writing from Hawaii, makes the point courteously, though he does not convince me. The routine coverage of British affairs in the New York *Times* is simply incompetent, and this basic fault cannot be set off against the occasional production of an interesting minor item in the civil-liberties area. Mr. Carl Goldstein, as a former *Times* desk editor himself, concedes many criticisms, but considers that I am handicapped by "European prejudices." I was in fact writing from a European viewpoint, and dealing mainly with the paper's coverage of European affairs. In the circumstances, my "prejudice" is simply that of the fellow who happens to be talking about his own subject. Presumably there are fields in which the paper is more competent—at least one hopes so. I notice with interest, incidentally, that no one has come forward with a defense of the way the *Times* handles foreign economic and financial news. This was one of my chief and (to my mind) most damaging criticisms. The case seems to have gone by default. At any rate the paper's friends have not spoken up—wisely, in my opinion.

On some points it seems difficult to account for a genuine difference of opinion. If Mr. Leon Shapiro, who takes a close interest in Soviet affairs, really finds the *Times* useful to him as a source of information, all one can suggest to him is that he discuss the matter with a few people who specialize in this particular field. I recently spent a year at a research institute concerned with Soviet and East European studies. Without exception, all the people I encounterd spoke of the *Times* as a source of primitive (and frequently misleading) factual information, to which one has perforce to go because there is nothing else in the field of daily journalism. For their real understanding of the changing situation in those parts, they relied on other sources (*Le Monde* among them).

With my more emotional assailants I do not propose to tangle. They clearly represent a kind of local patriotism which is outraged by the suggestion that their daily breakfast oracle is *not* in fact the greatest paper in the world. One might as well argue with flat-earthers. . . .

LASTLY, we have Mr. Philip Shabecoff, who reports to the *Times* from Bonn, and who is naturally under an obligation to defend his record, as well as that of his employers. His defense, like most *Times* stories, is longwinded, solemn in tone, and beside the point. My point was that his paper had

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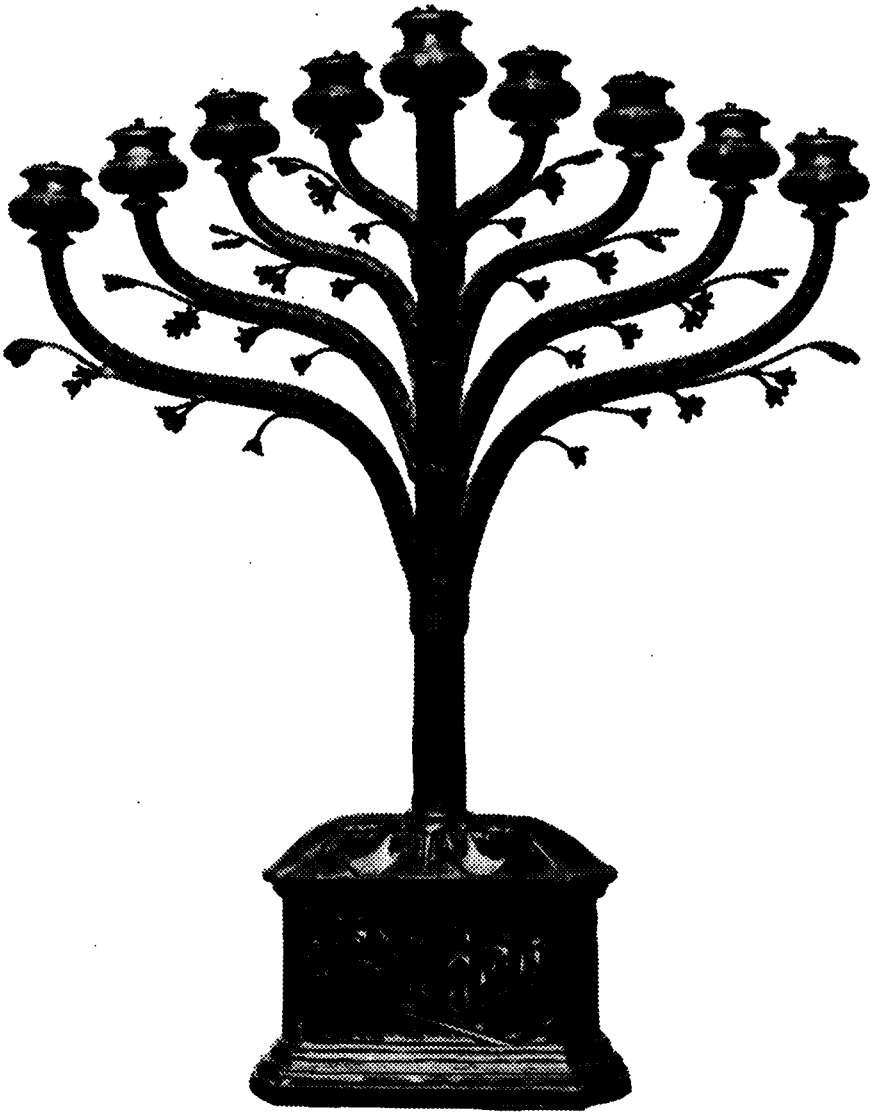

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been carrying on a sustained propaganda campaign against de Gaulle, and to this end inflated the significance of a trivial Franco-German dispute over protocol which occurred while de Gaulle was visiting Bonn last June. Mr. Shabecoff, being on the spot (in every sense), naturally attaches great importance to the details of this particular incident. No one else did or does. The whole thing was promptly forgotten—even before the Brussels row blew up at the end of June. The cause of this is also familiar to Mr. Shabecoff, though for some reason he does not explain it to his readers: the so-called "summit" meeting of the Six, which the French were accused of having torpedoed, was nothing but a piece of pre-electoral stage management on the part of the Bonn government, then not yet safely in possession of the September voting figures. Its purpose was to gain a few extra votes for the CDU, and in particular to enable Dr. Erhard to cut a more convincing figure in the eyes of his supporters, who had been somewhat disturbed by Adenauer's criticism of his successor's foreign policy. That, literally, was all. Whether the meeting took place or not was a minor consideration, and for the rest, its probable outcome was treated with considerable cynicism by those in the know already in early summer. This may have been the fault of the French, or it may have been due to what a number of people regard as Bonn's excessive desire to forge a "special relationship" with Washington, but the fact itself can hardly be disputed.

I SEE no point in entering upon a discussion of the Common Market. The subject itself is fairly familiar to me. I happen to have written a book on it, which is being used as a textbook in quite a number of colleges.... Mr. Shabecoff's observations on the German-French dispute over farm prices are, by the way, marred by the characteristic New York *Times* habit of invariably putting the French in the dock. What interests me . . . is his emotional involvement with the German viewpoint on all matters European. I do not refer to federalism. I happen to be a federalist myself (so is M. Spaak, who has been quite critical of de Gaulle on this point and who nonetheless stoutly defended the French on the occasion of the Brussels breakdown). What I have in mind is the whole complex of politico-military issues underlying the present divergence between French and German attitudes: with the U.S. State Department, the Pentagon, and the New York *Times* invariably on the German side (quite unlike the British, I might add). For although German-French relations are basically healthier than a reader of the *Times* might infer from its reporting, there are undoubtedly some quite serious strains. These have very little to do with the quarrel over European federalism. They have to do with French recognition of the Oder-Neisse Line, and with France's refusal to let West Germany have a share in NATO's control of nuclear arms. On both issues de Gaulle deserves to have—and indeed has—the support of every rational person in the Western world. He also has the support of such impeccably liberal organs of British opinion as the *Observer* and the *Guardian*. Why is he not suported on this issue by the New York *Times*? Perhaps Mr. Shabecoff can answer that question, or if not he, then his colleague, Mr. Drew Middleton. For my part, I have often wondered. Clearly it cannot be due to doctrinaire pro-Germanism. What is it then?... I leave the matter to those who understand the paper and its policies better than I as a visitor can ever hope to do.

Jews in the West

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a recent subscriber, I have been greatly impressed by your magazine . . . and was particularly interested in Louis Berg's "Peddlers in Eldorado" [July]. Much of the story of the Jewish contribution to the development of the early West . . . is, I am sure, in the category of "secret history." Jews are still resented in some parts of the West as somehow "alien" and "foreign"; it is, after all, in this part of the country that the "super-patriotic" organizations, whose members include many virulent anti-Semites, have perhaps their largest following. . . . Here in Utah, whatever anti-Semitic sentiment there is, is particularly . . . irrational, because of the emotional and intellectual identification of the secular Mormon "Israel" with the Israel of the Old Testament. . . .

MARK STOOKEY

Salt Lake City, Utah

"To Secure these Rights"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article, "The Rule of Law in the South" [September], Haywood Burns seems to forget an important point regarding our legal system in the U.S.: individual citizens are legally entitled to a great many things, like the vote, a fair trial, and equal treatment under the law, but not to a favorable response to their political activities from their fellow citizens.

If I were a Southern segregationist and I saw one of my employees taking part in a civil-rights demonstration or registration drive, I certainly would not employ him in my factory or shop longer than his contract demanded. Why should I give anyone the opportunity to make financial or other gains by way of my own business if that person does not further my interests through his political conduct? The extreme example of this would be to ask of a Jewish citizen that he retain a dedicated anti-Semite in his employ.... The "Rule of Law" does not ensure private security—it does ensure private freedom. But clearly, it is not an infringement of a person's freedom to refuse to employ him in one's own business establishment. If this were so then any business . . . forced to lay off employees would be abridging the freedom of those employees.

Finally, to suggest that political education is a responsibility of either the state or the federal government is absurd. If this were the case there would be no end to the educational responsibilities of our several governments in view of the widespread ignorance which exists in this country about politics.

TIBOR R. MACHAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading Mr. Burns's article . . . my anger toward the government rose for its disregard for the welfare of some of its citizens. Its responsibilities are obvious and all the excuses offered by the Justice Department are mere rationalizations. . . . Congress appropriates millions for our war machine but denies the Civil Rights Division a paltry million dollars to meet its increased needs. Because of its failure to appropriate additional funds to the compliance section of the Office of Education, Title VI will become a farce. . . .

GREG STASIEWITZ

Boston, Massachusetts

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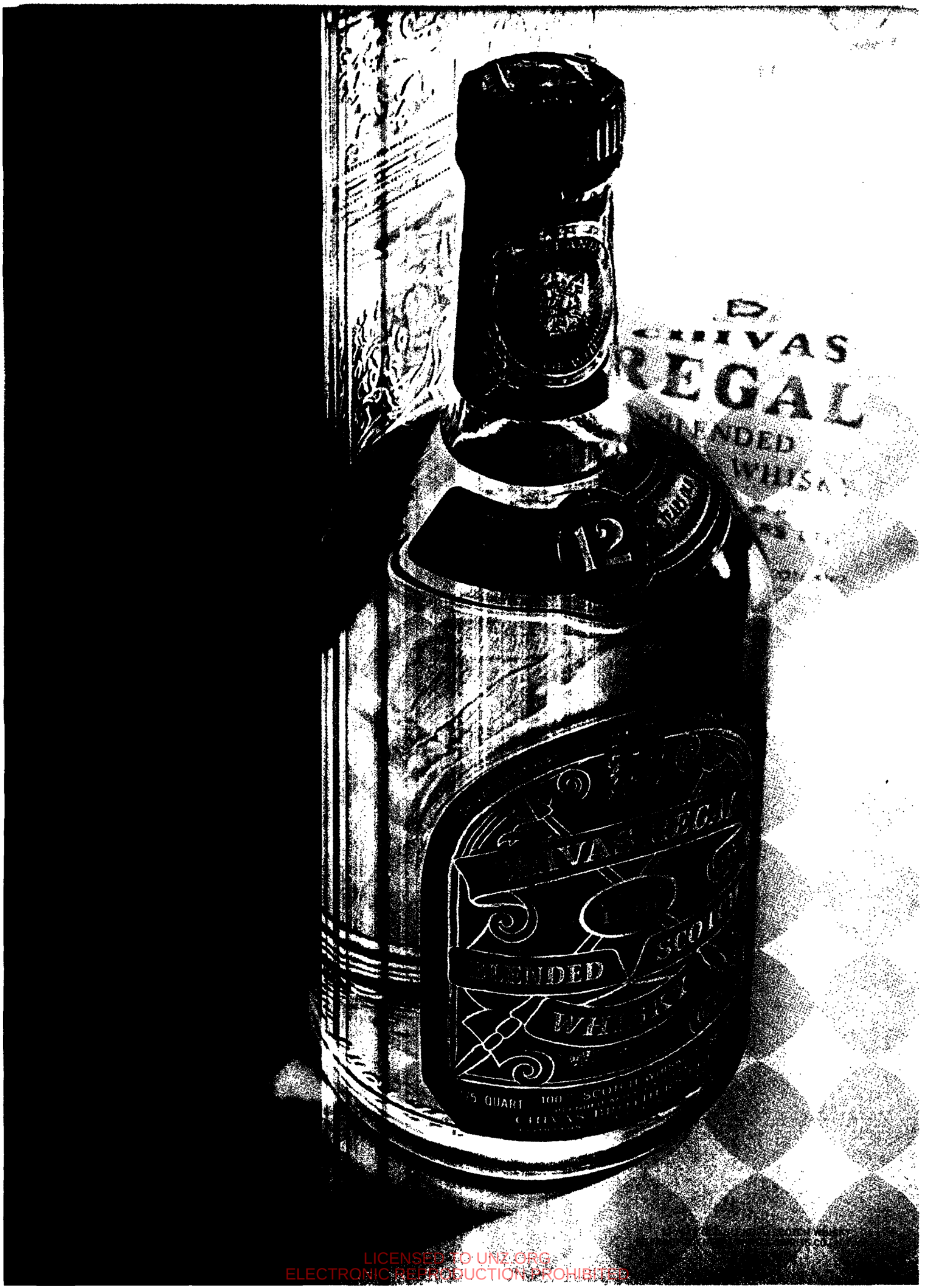

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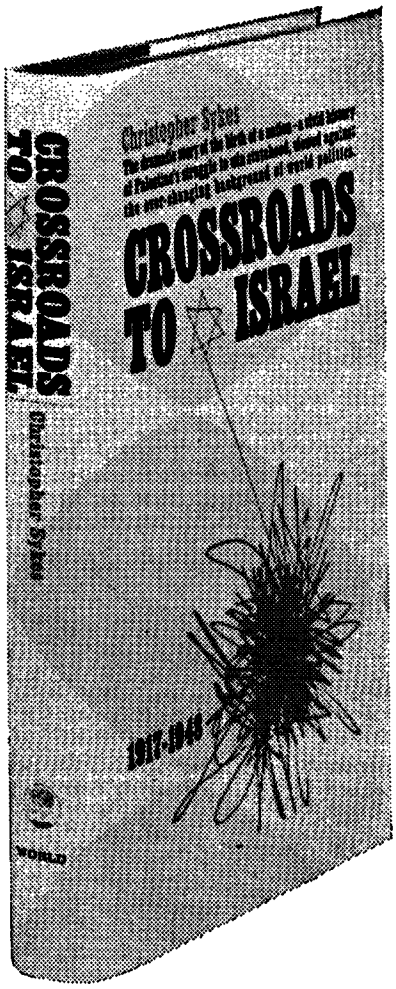

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MR. BURNS writes:

In his letter Mr. Machan seems to have forgotten, or not to be aware of, several important points regarding our legal system in the United States. In my article I neither asserted nor implied that individual citizens are ensured a "favorable response" to their political activities. However, I do maintain that our Constitution and our laws recognize that a necessary part of an ordered democracy must be that all individuals are assured of a certain level of personal security in the exercise of their rights. To proclaim the existence of the right to vote, and at the same time to accept the fact that for certain groups of citizens this right will be exercised only on pain of having their homes burned, their families threatened, their livelihood cut off or their lives extinguished, is to render the right all but worthless.

Economic liberty is not economic license to use one's property in any way one sees fit—especially when such use involves the invasion and the destruction of the rights of others. This is a fundamental principle of property law and of the law of civil rights. In Fayette and Haywood counties, Tennessee, in the early part of the 1960's, Negroes who attempted to register to vote found themselves evicted from their homes, thrown off the land on which they were living, and unable to obtain gasoline for their farm vehicles or food for their families anywhere in their local community. Such interference with the franchise was the basis for legal intervention by the Justice Department, which was quick to point out that economic, as well as physical, reprisals or threats were covered by the laws against intimidation of voters.

I am confident that even the caution of the Justice Department in matters of personal protection would not allow it to accept Mr. Machan's blanket statement that "The 'Rule of Law' does not ensure private security—it does ensure private freedom," for it must be obvious that abstract liberty is virtually meaningless without the concrete possibility of exercising it. Mr. Machan's formulation only works if he means personal freedom for some, for unless there is some measure of personal security for all, it will continue to be possible for one part of the community to nullify the rights of another part.

Finally, in no place did I suggest that "political education is a responsibility of either the state or federal government," though I might agree with this proposition—depending upon what Mr. Machan means by "political education" (high-school civics courses, for example?). What I *did* say was that effective enfranchisement of the Negro in the deep South will require a wide range of activities necessary to make Negroes aware of their long-denied rights and to introduce them to their use. This is a job for the civil-rights worker. But the protection of the Negro and the civil-rights worker alike in this process is the responsibility of those in our society who have been given the duty to enforce the law.

In reply to Mr. Stasiewitz: Congress did appropriate funds for the increased needs of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. But the problem of congressional appropriations for civil-rights enforcement is an ever present hurdle that must be cleared even after the tumult and the shouting of getting the legislation have died away.

Objection

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Isn't it time that reputable magazines stopped printing scraps of pernicious conversation with unidentified persons in their serious articles? In his "Letter from Havana" [September], Peter Schmid reports that "a young writer" told him that the Russians "never take a bath . . . the Russians stink. . . ." How interesting! Are we to rejoice in the information? Are we to conclude that every one, or the majority, of the millions of Russians "stink," or is it only all the Russians in Cuba? What kind of vicious propaganda is this?

There are few things . . . in journalism more misleading than the comment from some alleged "mill worker," "authoritative source," . . . "friend," "high official," etc., etc. The writer who uses these . . . dodges . . . is usually dealing in the Big Lie that looks like Truth.

WALTER LEUBA
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Kudos for a Teacher

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Though he described Morris R. Cohen's classroom role at City College, Meyer Liben omitted mention of the effect this thinker had upon us in more personal

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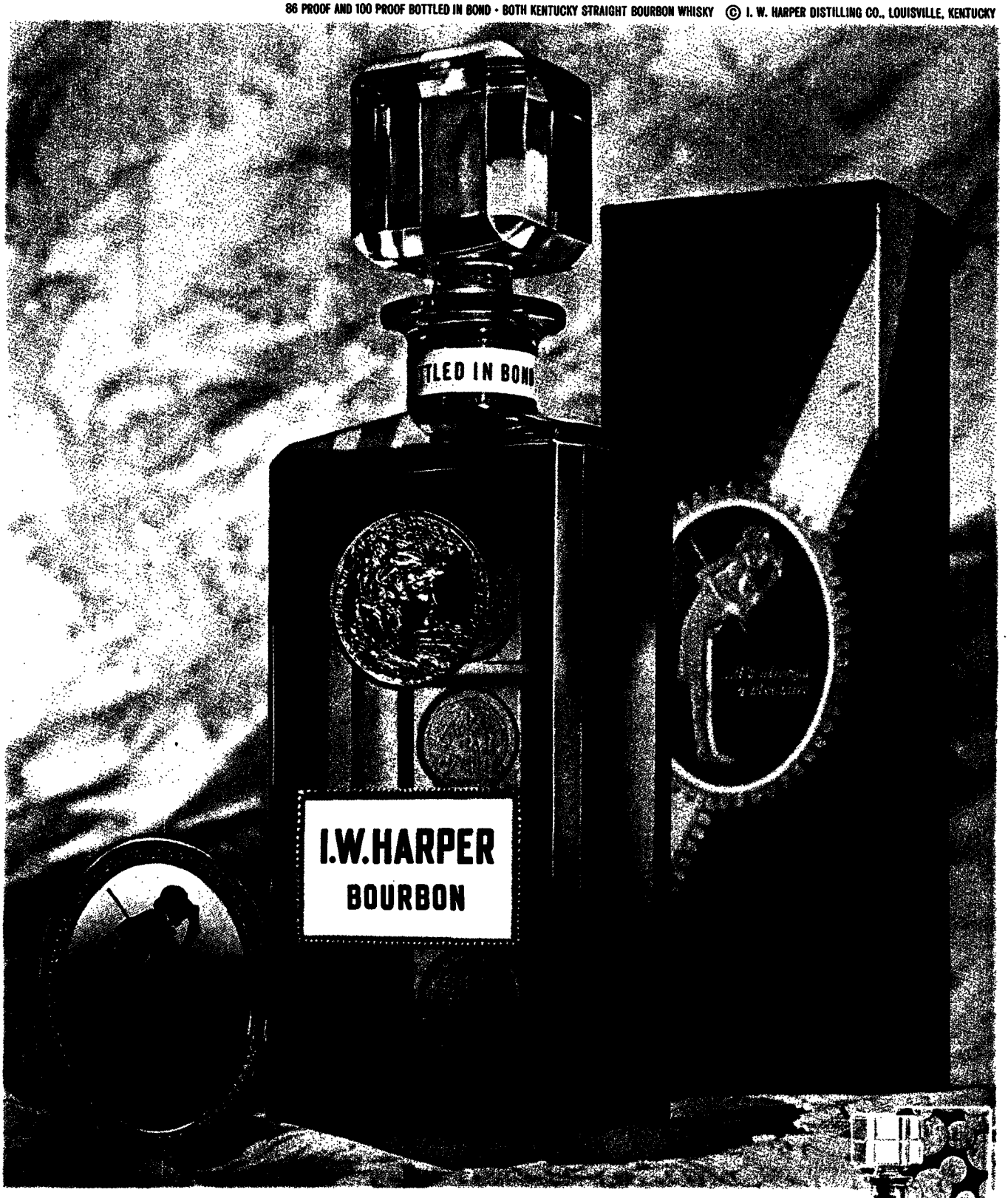

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ways ["CCNY—A Memoir," September]. Those of us who were willing to accept what he was trying to do—to teach us the mechanics (and especially, the limitations of these mechanics) of thinking correctly—became different from other students. We were no longer willing to let others think for us; we could quickly analyze and detect the weaknesses in the thinking of any authority. Because of this, the members of the "Cohen *Chevra*," as one of his students designated us, regarded M.R.C. with great reverence.

A little known fact about Cohen was his great interest in baseball. He used to talk to us about it as "a moral equivalent to war." In September of 1927, I remember meeting him once outside the ballpark where the Yankees were playing in the World Series. We talked briefly and I handed him one of the free score cards which I was giving away to advertise the clothing chain on its obverse side....

NATHAN GROSSMAN
Brooklyn, New York

American Jewish Writing

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Sentimentalizing the Jews" [September], Robert Alter justifies his denial of the "Jewish character" of American Jewish fiction by an analysis of several recent novels which indicate that "Jewishness" has become a sentimental myth rather than a live response to realities. His point is that the sentimental myth "usually represents the failure of a culture to come to terms with some vital aspect of its own life."

. . . If it were merely a question of the novels Mr. Alter selects for analysis, there would be little reason to quarrel with his assertions. I agree that much of what passes for Jewishness has become modish and has led to the kinds of stereotypes which for similar reasons plagued the proletarian novels of the 30's. However, Mr. Alter asserts considerably more than this. . . . If, as Mr. Alter writes, "the so-called renaissance of American Jewish literature has come into being out of what is, from the Jewish point of view, almost a complete cultural vacuum," then it should follow that no such renaissance has actually occurred. Writers of fiction like Bellow, Malamud, Philip Roth, Mailer, Wallant, and Herbert Gold, as well as critics like Kazin, Howe, Podhoretz, and Fiedler, may be of Jewish descent but they cannot have made any significant contribution to something mistakenly called "American Jewish literature." . . . Yet never before this past decade have serious Jewish writers in such impressive numbers and with such remarkable talents produced a literature in which the Jew as American and the American as Jew have appeared so centrally and so consistently. . . . This is indeed a peculiar cultural phenomenon on the American literary scene. Contrast, for instance, the negligible treatment of American Jewish writers in Lewisohn's *The Story of American Literature* (1932) or in Kazin's *On Native Grounds* (1942) with the attention accorded them in Ihab Hassan's 1961 study of the contemporary American novel.

Another dubious thesis is contained in Mr. Alter's declaration that "From the larger American point of view, the general assent to the myth of the Jew reflects a decay of belief in the traditional American heroes—the eternal innocent, the tough guy, the man in quest of some romantic absolute—and a turning to the supposed aliens in our midst for an alternative image of the true American." The statement itself sets up an antithesis which is untenable. The traditional innocents, tough guys, and romantic absolutists of American literature, whether in Melville, Twain, Fitzgerald, or Hemingway, are precisely the aliens Mr. Alter sees as constituting a new and alternative image. . . .

I would also question Mr. Alter's belief that the prerequisite of a distinctive literature is a general cultural milieu that is "alive." Although I am not quite sure exactly what Mr. Alter means by this, I imagine that Matthew Arnold's more elaborate formulation in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" is what he has in mind. And I rather suspect that, like Arnold, Mr. Alter is chasing his own critical tail. For doesn't a distinctive literature gain recognition when—and only when—the critic who accepts this formulation discovers the vitality of a cultural milieu? Was the cultural milieu of Mississippi "alive" before the publication of Faulkner's novels? What of the America from which Henry James fled? Or the America of Hemingway? Or the paralyzed Dublin out of which Joyce created his masterpieces? In short, even granting Mr. Alter's assumption that the general state of Jewish culture in America is "almost a complete . . . vacuum" . . . . there is nothing in the condition which necessarily precludes the production of a great work of art.

But I think that what troubles Mr. Alter is less the literary quality of American Jewish writing than the claim of its being significantly Jewish. It has surely not been Jewish in the way that the fiction of Milt Gross, Arthur Kober, and Leo Rosten has . . . nor has it been pervaded with a Jewish sensibility compounded of gefilte fish, barmitzvahs, overstuffed matriarchs, and *ersatz* touches of local color. But it is certainly Jewish in the sense that its central characters have been predominantly Jews, however narrow a construction we put upon the word; . . . that they live in communities that are Jewish or largely inhabited by Jews; and it is Jewish because in Asa Leventhal, Augie March, Tommy Wilhelm, and Moses Elkanah Herzog, in Eli Peck, Sergeant Nathan Marx, and Gabe Wallach, in Morris Bober, Leo Finkle, and S. Levin we confront characters whose involvements suggest that they are attempting to come to terms with some vital aspect of their own life within a society where their attachments to what they conceive to be Jewish are still strong enough to precipitate the essential conflicts of fiction. They may not approach God with the religious directness of Hugh Nissenson, whom Mr. Alter praises, but they have demonstrably sought to rediscover the ways by which God is manifest in the world. In this they have perhaps been more profoundly religious. . . .

Mr. Alter is disturbed because so few American Jewish writers command a cultural heritage of any depth within the historic Jewish community. . . . But this is irrelevant for it misses the quintessence of American Jewish writing—the poignancy that marks the confrontation between American culture as actuality and historic Jewish culture as ideal, a confrontation made possible only by an awareness of what is peripheral and vestigial within the community and within themselves as Jews and creative artists. And it is from this confrontation that the best American Jewish writing has flowered.

Mr. Alter writes that "The American Jewish writer of Jewish descent finds himself utilizing Jewish ex-

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perience of which he is largely ignorant. . . ." But this is only a description of the ignorant writer. Like all who are ignorant of the realities of experience and lack the imaginative power to relive them in their own flesh, he inevitably becomes the ideologue of art. He is to be found on the fringes of every genuine movement. Mr. Alter's machinery—his "reversal of the critical perspective" and his "double sentimental myth"—explains only the ignorant and second-rate. It tells us nothing about the creative American Jewish writer and his distinctive achievements during the past decade.

IRWIN STARK
Bronxville, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . None, I daresay, of the writers discussed by Mr. Alter, sat down to create a "Jewish literary renaissance." They are simply *galut* Jews with a talent for writing . . . responding to the present cultural climate, which happens to be favorable to Jewishness, by acknowledging their own Jewish origin. They don't quite know what to do with it. Too proud or rebellious to be religious—even if they happen to come from religious homes, which they often don't—they are yet compelled, in the process of writing, to face the fact that they are Jews. This is their predicament and it definitely is not like that of other American writers. . . .

RICHARD GARTNER
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert Alter's article touches a raw nerve. . . . The Judaism of the contemporary Diaspora is not rooted in a vital and autonomous Jewish culture, . . . a fact which . . . might well signal the eventual decline and even extinction of the American Jewish community.

What are the reasons for this? . . . Certainly, they are partially attributable to the dynamic forces and energies of the 20th century, which have been acting on all human institutions in a profound way. But a further reason appears to be that the Jewish intellectuals are no longer listening to the Jewish spiritual leadership. Perhaps this is because the rabbinate today in America is not giving enough attention to the really significant and vital aspects of our heritage. In many communities, the rabbis neglect their principal tasks of teaching and inspiring the congregants and are drawn into undignified personality conflicts or arguments about procedural technicalities. . . . The popularity of the rabbi's wife . . . has become more important than the influence of his sermons; the rabbi's connection with his civic club has become more significant than his relationship with his religious school; the rabbi's personal appearance means more than the quality of his mind. . . . The lay leadership of the congregation senses this lack of effective spiritual leadership, and arrogantly delegates to itself the authority to decide all questions of importance—spiritual, administrative, and temporal. This pathetic spectacle . . . has no doubt contributed greatly to the symptoms as they are described by Mr. Alter. . . .

MARK R. BERNSTEIN
Charlotte, North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I fear that the need of modern American Jewish writing to portray the Jew as "quaint" goes deeper than the desire to strike pay dirt. A "character" is harmless; a buffoon evokes laughter. The American Jewish writer seems to be saying to the world around him, "See how *harmless* I am? You wouldn't want to hurt me, would you?"

The writer is forging a stereotype for all of us, and we may someday find it a trap.

(Mrs.) CLARA WISHNER
Helmuth, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have been waiting for someone to write an article like Robert Alter's "Sentimentalizing the Jew." I did not do it myself because I would have been called a malicious old writer jealous of these young Jewish writers whose novels are now being praised, while my *Hear, Ye Sons,* published and acclaimed way back in 1933, has long been out of print and forgotten. But now that Mr. Alter has said so well everything I might have said and more, . . . I want only to reinforce his observation that the primary fault of the current "Jewish" novels is their lack of Jewish *information*. . . . And this lack is reflected in the reviews of these novels which, though highly favorable, never talk about Jewish content. Looking over my old reviews of *Hear, Ye Sons* (please believe that I am not boasting), I have been struck by the repetition of phrases like "so

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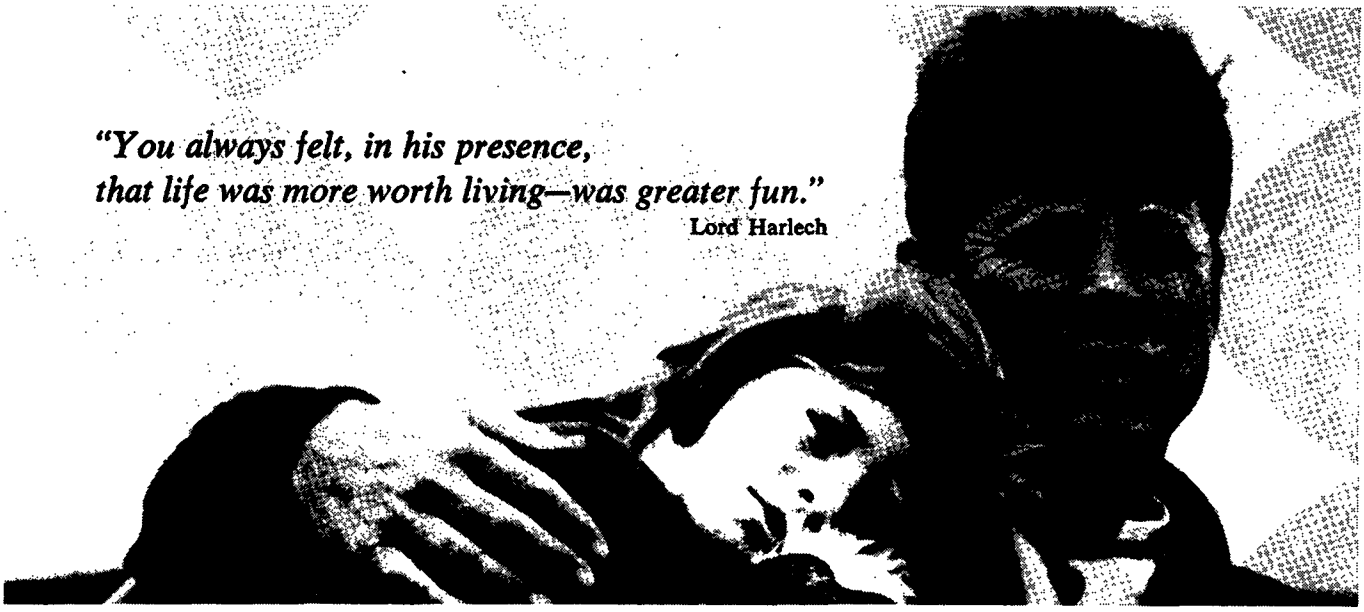

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thoroughly Jewish," "written out of rooted knowledge," "written with art and scholarship." Like Mr. Alter, I think our young "Jewish" writers are mistaken in thinking that "the name or idea of the Jew" is sufficient "to conjure up all sorts of images, from epiphany to pogrom, of a unique history, and a unique moral heritage." And I, too, have been offended by the tendency to insinuate the image of Christ into "Jewish" heroes. . . .

IRVING FINEMAN
Shaftsbury, Vermont

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Alter's fine article on sentimentalizing the Jew in fiction calls to mind a similar tendency . . . in movies. . . . As film critic Pauline Kael once lamented, the Jew can never be depicted as other than honorable on the screen—though he can be portrayed as ineffectual. The example she cited was that of the Jewish storekeeper in the filmed version of "West Side Story." Emasculated, humble, kind, he was placed, as is frequently the case, *vis à vis* some prototype of brutality —in this instance a gang of teenage hoods. . . . John Crosby made the point several years ago that the only character allowed to appear as the villain in movies and TV nowadays is the obvious Anglo-Saxon type—and as a staunch "WASP," *I* protest.

ROBERT C. BERNHOLM
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I hope that Robert Alter's article will be the first of a long-needed series protesting . . . the saccharine philo-Semitism that is now so popular, and so dangerous as well . . . insofar as it contributes to what sociologists have begun to call "the American religion," a tolerant, soulless ecumenicism. . . .

Philip Roth boasted in 1963 that his knowledge of Yiddish and Hebrew literature, and of the Bible, was practically nil and his books would seem to bear that out. In *The Prize,* Irving Wallace has one of his characters pull a well-worn Talmud from his pocket, a feat equivalent to hiding the Encyclopedia Britannica up one's sleeve. Hortense Calisher, in a sensitively written story, "A Short Forever," . . . has the celebrants at an anniversary party dance a hora to the tune of *Hatikvah.* In a story by Sylvan Karchmer, anthologized in the *Treasury of American Jewish Stories,* the father goes to see a dying woman to sing the Kaddish for her, an evidence of the author's confounding of the administering of the Sacrament for the sick with Orthodox Jewish custom. By writing about Jewish custom with so little understanding of it, these writers are showing contempt for it; otherwise, they would spend time on research to authenticate the details of their stories as they do when writing about Swahilis or Swedes. . . . Small wonder that the "Jewishness" that comes out of much contemporary literature by American Jewish writers is false, adulterated, and smugly ignorant. . . .

LEONARD TUSHNET
Maplewood, New Jersey

MR. ALTER writes:

Mr. Stark, co-editor of an anthology of American Jewish writing with the melodramatic title *Breakthrough,* is of course the kind of promoter of Jewish literature I had in mind, and his letter is a good example of the apologetic mentality criticized in my article. We hardly need the authority of Ihab Hassan to know that Jewish writers who in no way disguise their origins are now a central movement in American literature. This could be a significant new stage in the development of a pluralistic American culture, but hardly in respect to the development of a real Jewish culture.

There are, to be sure, some instances of American Jewish writing where the informing imagination is authentically Jewish and use of Jewish materials legitimate—much of *Herzog,* a few stories of Malamud and Roth. But why do Jews have to expropriate interesting American novelists like Mailer and Wallant, or bad ones like Herbert Gold, simply because of their ethnic origin? Mr. Stark suggests that all the characters and—apparently—all the writers he cites are to be considered Jewish for seeking "to rediscover the ways by which God is manifest in the world." Such portentous phrase-making plays fast and loose with God, something that almost all the writers named—whose perspectives are usually quite naturalistic—have had the integrity not to do. Or again, Mr. Stark would have us believe that American Jewish writing represents a "confrontation between American culture as actuality and historic Jewish culture as ideal." But if these writers' knowledge of historic Jewsh culture is at best scanty, as Mr. Stark himself half concedes in his understandably fuzzy formulation, then the ideal of Jewish culture dragged into literature is likely to be empty, sentimental.

There are some serious confusions in Mr. Stark's argument. In connection with American literary myths, I used "alien" in a clearly cultural and historical sense—the Jews as the embodiment of a culture palpably foreign to America, offering the American new habits of mind and action, a new burden of past experience, with which to become himself. Mr. Stark misunderstands "alien" into "outsider." As for renaissances, I suggested that a writer needs the verbal, symbolic, rhetorical, ideational materials of an ongoing cultural tradition—which Faulkner, Joyce, James, even Hemingway, each in different ways possessed. What I did not say was that a writer had to be in harmony with his society. Indeed, some of the greatest Jewish writers from the prophets on have been spiritual expatriates in the midst of their people. Similarly, I did not claim that today's serious Jewish writers had a sensibility compounded of gefilte fish, etc. Those who write about Jews are clearly reacting *against* such vulgarities; my objection is that these are paltry and finally boring things against which to react. Writers like Mendele, Peretz, Bialik could on occasion protest against three thousand years of intimately known Jewish experience —a kind of dissidence that has real resonance.

As for Mr. Gartner, it is natural enough that American Jewish writers should have to face the fact that they are Jews, but too often they end up merely faking the fact, in the various ways I indicated in my article. (*Vide* Mr. Tushnet's charming little anthology which makes the point very well.)

For the Record

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Your advertisement in the current issue [October] quotes me as saying: "I consider COMMENTARY among the top few periodicals appearing here or in England." This is correct as far as it goes. I went on: "I am dissatisfied with its attitude toward creative Jewish values." If you wish to use my statement please use all of it. I would be greatly obliged if you would publish this letter.

MAURICE SAMUEL
New York City

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THE DOMINICAN CRISIS

A Case Study in American Policy

THEODORE DRAPER

JUDGING FROM the experiences of the last three administrations, Latin America might well be designated a disaster area for U.S. policy. During the Eisenhower administration, Fidel Castro came to power. The Bay of Pigs was John F. Kennedy's most humiliating moment. And now President Lyndon Johnson has had his Dominican crisis.

Of the three, the last is in some ways the worst because it was the most gratuitous, the least predetermined. Castro's struggle for power was a protracted, complex, uncertain process. President Kennedy's adventure was somewhat halfhearted; American troops were at least not engaged; and the President knew how to end the misery, without deception or whimpering, in a way that made him seem to grow in defeat. But the present administration's Dominican policy was, if ever there was one, a self-inflicted wound, and a wound that is still open.

In the end, the Dominican aspect of this crisis may appear to be far less depressing than the American aspect. In fact, the Dominican people will probably look back at the past few months with pride and even exaltation. They have not had much to boast about in over a hundred years. For perhaps the second time in their entire history, they have fought for something worth believing in. Lawyers and peasants have been stirred by the same common aspirations and ideals. This is so unprecedented that the price paid for it may in the end seem relatively modest.

But the reverse may be true of the United States. Whatever may be thought of U.S. policy, the way in which it was carried out has made the entire operation disproportionately and excessively expensive. The more I have studied and thought about these recent Dominican events, the more I have come to feel that what was done cannot be separated from how it was done, how it was conceived and executed, how it was justified to the American people and the world at large. For this reason, I will be concerned as much with the *how* as with the *what*—not only with the nature of the policy but the way it was managed and rationalized. If, as I believe, the Dominican events were symptomatic of an American crisis, or more exactly, a crisis in the conduct of foreign affairs in this area, the crisis is primarily one of Presidential power and policy, inasmuch as the President and the men around him are almost wholly responsible for the conduct of our foreign affairs.

This does not mean that we know all we need to know to reach anything like a full understanding of the Dominican events. We know far more than our policy-makers seem to have wanted us to know. We owe a great deal of this knowledge to a small group of perceptive and courageous journalists who were faithful to the highest standards of their craft. Two of them, Tad Szulc of the New York *Times* and Dan Kurzman of the Washington *Post*, have written books that are indispensable for anyone who wishes to learn what happened in the Dominican Republic before and after April 24 of this year.* In addition to relating their personal experiences, Szulc and to a lesser extent Kurzman, were able to make use of confidential messages exchanged between Santo Domingo and Washington during the decisive days. Official records had previously been made available to Philip Geyelin, the Washington correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*. Other references to hitherto still unpublished official documents and testimony were made by Senator J. William Fulbright in his admirable speech of September 15, 1965, based on the hearings before the Foreign Relations Committee of which he is chairman, and by Senator Joseph Clark of the same committee two days later. When all this material is put together with all other sources, a fairly clear impression of U.S. policy emerges. At times, however, the available material merely enables us to ask the right questions, rather than to give the right answers. Some of the innermost secrets of this affair have not yet been disclosed, and we may get them more quickly only by looking for them in the right place.

THEODORE DRAPER's articles on Cuba and the Dominican Republic have won international acclaim. He is also the author of a history of the American Communist party, of which the first two volumes have appeared. Mr. Draper's last previous contribution to COMMENTARY was "Five Years of Castro's Cuba" (January 1964).

* Tad Szulc, *Dominican Diary* (Delacorte Press, 306 pp., $6.00), and Dan Kurzman, *Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned* (Putnam's, 310 pp., $5.95). A third book, by Barnard Law Collier, to be published shortly, was not available to me at the time of writing.

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We cannot put off asking these questions, because elementary political hygiene in a democracy demands it. But there is more to our interest than an obsession with raking up the past, even the recent past. Nothing of importance has yet been settled in the Dominican Republic. The same forces that made the revolt possible are still locked in combat. The breathing spell may be broken at any moment, and the United States will be confronted with essentially the same problems and pressures. More than that: any one of at least a half dozen Latin American countries could produce a similar crisis at any time. If we are satisfied with our Dominican policy, we are likely to do the same thing all over again. And if we are not satisfied, we must know what was wrong with it.

II

MOST OF THOSE who are not satisfied believe that the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo was chiefly or wholly to blame. "The principal reason for the failure of American policy in Santo Domingo," said Senator Fulbright, "was faulty advice given to the President by his representatives at the time of acute crisis." Szulc says that the embassy reports "became a key factor in creating a state of mind" in Washington that led to military intervention. Kurzman thinks that Washington acted with the best of intentions but was "stampeded into unfortunate decisions by a panicky, ill-informed embassy."

How ill-informed—if that is the right word—the embassy was we may leave for later, but the image of a pure, innocent Washington and an incompetent, frightened embassy seems somewhat fanciful. The embassy was staffed with career officers who had been carrying out Washington's instructions before the April 24 revolt and tried to carry on in the same spirit afterward. A Washington that had pursued a different policy before April 24 would have discouraged the kind of advice that came from Santo Domingo.

The crisis of U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic was germinated in the first weeks of the Johnson administration. The late President Kennedy had left a Dominican legacy that might have decisively changed the course of what had been, on the whole, unsavory U.S.-Dominican relations. The Kennedy policy, to be sure, had not always favored the political and social leadership of Juan Bosch. It had previously supported Bosch's opponents, who were obviously expected to stay in power. But when Bosch proved in a free and fair election that his people were overwhelmingly behind him, Mr. Kennedy decided to support him loyally, not merely because they had ideals in common but because it was the only way to demonstrate that the United States really intended to back constitutional democracy and social reform in Latin America. Conversely, Kennedy did not conceal his dismay and disgust with Bosch's overthrow in September 1963, and refused to do business with the coup's strong men and front men. Whatever may have been wrong with U.S.-Dominican relations for over a hundred years, the Kennedy policy was sufficiently different to blot out the past temporarily and to lay the basis for a more hopeful future.

Yet, as Kurzman suggests, even Kennedy's policy was double-edged. It supported Bosch, but it sought to take out reinsurance by simultaneously supporting the old military establishment. In effect the State Department gave aid and comfort to Bosch, and the Pentagon took care of the Dominican armed forces. When the latter decided to stage the coup, this double bookkeeping proved to be the undoing both of Bosch's regime and Kennedy's Dominican policy.

Kurzman notes that Bosch's overthrow dejected the embassy's civilian officials and delighted the military attachés. A U.S. military attaché told him that the then Colonel Elías Wessin y Wessin, one of the coup's ringleaders, was properly "upset" because Bosch was "leading the country to Communism," the alibi for the coup. The former head of *Time* magazine's Caribbean Bureau, Sam Halper, who was close to the Dominican situation, has gone even further. The Dominican military decided to oust Bosch, he wrote in the *New Leader* of May 10, 1965, "as soon as they got a wink from the U.S. Pentagon," which, he believes, successfully "undercut the State Department." Other correspondents also heard U.S. military personnel claim credit for the coup. The least that can be said is that the Pentagon, on which the Dominican military establishment depended, was curiously incapable of controlling its protégés.

Bosch heard these rumors but, for lack of proof, did not complain. Far more publicity was given to the gesture made by Ambassador John Bartlow Martin offering to call for the U.S. carrier *Boxer* to deter the military conspirators. The net result of the Kennedy policy was undoubtedly encouraging to all those who had sympathized with Bosch's cause.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON waited less than a month after Kennedy's death to embark on his own Dominican policy. The United States recognized Bosch's successors on December 14, 1963. This action coincided with the choice of Thomas C. Mann as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. The President presented Mr. Mann in a way that indicated the new Assistant Secretary was going to have, in his sphere of influence, some unusual assistants: the President and the Secretary of State. "We expect to speak with one voice on all matters affecting the hemisphere," Mr. Johnson said on December 18. "Mr. Mann, with the support of the Secretary of State and the President, will be that voice." These words suggest that Mr. Johnson was keenly conscious of his own limitations in Latin American affairs,

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and had also made a modest appraisal of his Secretary of State's ability to act as his surrogate. Thus came about the extraordinary decision to give the new Assistant Secretary precedence over both of them in this field. To find the Johnson policy, then, we must seek the Mann policy.

For our purposes, Mr. Mann's views on the military overthrow of democratically elected governments hold the greatest interest. The traditional U.S. position went little further than paying lip service to the desirability of constitutional government. On February 5, 1964, for example, Secretary of State Rusk opened the Third Pan American Interparliamentary Conference with a conventional speech extolling "parliamentary government," which he intimately related to the Alliance for Progress. But four months later, on June 7, in a commencement address at the University of Notre Dame, Mr. Mann chose to emphasize an exception to the rule. After paying his respects to the orthodox U.S. policy of discouraging "any who conspire to overthrow constitutionally elected governments" and encouraging "a return to constitutional procedures," he went on to strike a distinctly different and disturbing note. He pointed out that the United States could not "put [itself] in a doctrinaire straightjacket of automatic application of sanctions to every unconstitutional regime in the hemisphere" and engage in "unilateral intervention" to restore constitutional government. Then he gave this curious example of what he had in mind:

> To illustrate, not long ago, a majority of the Guatemalan people voted in free elections for Arbenz, a candidate for president. Later the Guatemalan people discovered that Arbenz was a Marxist-Leninist. Colonel Castillo led a successful revolt and was widely acclaimed by his people as he marched into Guatemala City. Had we been unconditionally committed to the support of all constitutional governments under all circumstances, we would have been obliged to do everything within our power to bring about the overthrow of Castillo and to restore a Marxist-Leninist power against the will of the Guatemalan people.

The Guatemalan coup of June 1954 had been an important step in Mr. Mann's career; he had had a hand in it and, after it was over, had been appointed deputy chief of the U.S. mission in Guatemala City. I do not wish to re-fight the Guatemalan coup in detail here, but some observations must be made about it because of Mr. Mann's strategic reference to it in 1964 and because it has become the *locus classicus* of one extreme of U.S. policy. It provided the successful precedent for the Bay of Pigs adventure and was undoubtedly in the minds of those U.S. operatives who inspired or approved of Bosch's overthrow.

The beauty and charm of the 1954 Guatemalan operation was that it had been so cheap and easy. An almost ridiculously small group of soldiers of fortune under Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, aided and abetted by the U.S. Embassy and the C.I.A., had virtually bluffed President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán out of power. The U.S. involvement was later publicized because the proud and pleased Washington authorities decided to make the late John Emil Peurifoy, then U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala, a hero of the affair. It had turned out so successfully because Arbenz had not controlled the Guatemalan army, and the army had decided not to fight for him. The notion that the Guatemalan people had discovered Arbenz to be a "Marxist-Leninist," that most of them had known what a "Marxist-Leninist" was, and that the will of the people had anything to do with Arbenz's overthrow or possible restoration, recalls the Duke of Wellington's legendary reply to the man who had addressed him as Mr. Smith: "Sir, if you can believe that, you can believe anything."*

THE REAL QUESTION raised by the Guatemalan coup was not whether the United States should have restored Arbenz to power but whether it should have conspired to overthrow him. In order to get rid of a minor nuisance who was consorting with the Communists, the United States sacrificed a major principle for which it might have to pay dearly in other situations.† In

* In an interview on October 14, 1965, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower reminisced about the Guatemalan coup in a way that seemed to reflect adversely on former President Kennedy's handling of the Bay of Pigs operation. Eisenhower took credit for ordering the replacement of some planes, provided by the C.I.A. and flown by U.S. pilots, which had been lost in action. Since Castillo Armas and his "army" of all of about 150 did not fight and merely waited at the Guatemalan-Honduran frontier for the planes to frighten Arbenz out of office, the replacement of the planes and more strafing of Guatemala City were crucial to the success of the plan. This depressingly hilarious story—an essential detail of which the former President has now helpfully corroborated—has been told in *The Invisible Government* by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. It would have been more to the point if (a) Castillo Armas's men had actually fought and been defeated in battle as was the Cuban Brigade at the Playa Girón, (b) Eisenhower had been called on to send in an overwhelmingly superior U.S. air and ground force, and (c) a victorious U.S. invasion had almost inevitably resulted in a long-term U.S. occupation of the country. The magnitude of President Eisenhower's decision was so derisory that it hardly bears comparison with President Kennedy's. Indeed, one now wonders why President Eisenhower did not carry out the invasion of Cuba, with U.S. troops if necessary, in 1960, instead of preferring to hand on the unpleasant task to his successor. The crucial importance of a handful of planes, operated by the C.I.A., in the Guatemalan coup, suggests how much "the will of the Guatemalan people" was involved in Arbenz's overthrow or restoration.

† Mr. Mann and Secretary of State Rusk have evidently never synchronized their views on this point. On the "Meet the Press" program of May 30, 1965, Mr. Rusk was asked about the danger of Communists coming to power through the proposed "broadly based government" in the Dominican Republic. Mr. Rusk replied: "I don't know of any case in history where Communists have come to power through free elections." Yet it was precisely Mr. Mann's point that a "Marxist-Leninist" had come to power in Guatemala through free elections.

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effect, Mr. Mann could get around the contradiction only by pretending that Castillo's coup was somehow equivalent to free elections as registering "the will of the Guatemalan people." Moreover, the Guatemalan operation was the kind of trick that may only work once. It later provided Fidel Castro with his most persuasive argument for totally liquidating the former Cuban army. In retrospect, there was a serious flaw in the great Guatemalan victory: it was too quick and easy. Arbenz was such a pushover that he made thinly camouflaged C.I.A.-managed coups seem to be the answer to "Communist" or "Communist-infiltrated" governments in Latin America. If Arbenz had been able to fight a little harder, it is hardly likely that the C.I.A. would have considered about 1,500 men enough to topple Fidel Castro in 1961. That Mr. Mann should have given such prominence to the Guatemalan coup in his Notre Dame address suggests that it was still central in his thinking ten years later.

But whatever the merits of Mr. Mann's reflections on the Guatemalan coup, the more pressing question is what bearing they may have had on the existing Dominican situation. Was Juan Bosch to be equated with Jacobo Arbenz and did it therefore follow that the United States was not "obliged to do everything within our power" to bring about Bosch's restoration? Mann himself did not explain what deductions might be drawn from his remarks about an event in 1954 for the problems of 1964, but his actions spoke for him.

The 1964 Mann, or Mann-Johnson, policy in the Dominican Republic implicitly sought to prevent the restoration of the constitutional Bosch government. After recognizing the post-Bosch regime, the Johnson administration in February 1964 appointed a new ambassador, W. Tapley Bennett, Jr., who proceeded to establish the closest personal and political ties with the new rulers. The United States poured more money into the country after Bosch's overthrow—about $100,000,000 in direct and guaranteed loans—than had ever been made available to any Dominican regime before. And as the original post-Bosch "triumvirate" more and more developed or degenerated into a one-man operation by a former automobile dealer, Donald Reid Cabral, the Johnson administration did more for him than the Kennedy administration had ever done for Bosch.

The other side of the coin was equally striking. From November 22, 1963, when John F. Kennedy was assassinated, to May 1, 1965, a week after the recent revolt broke out, the only U.S. official personnel who talked to Juan Bosch were F.B.I. agents who wanted him to inform them about Communists in the Dominican Republic.* Otherwise, the Mann-Johnson policy refused to recognize his existence.

In the light of this post-Bosch policy, what was the relevance of Mr. Mann's mid-1964 dictum that the United States should not be expected to bring about the overthrow of military juntas and restore constitutional governments to power? If this had any meaning in Dominican terms, it would conjure up visions of U.S. marines and paratroopers jumping off landing craft and helicopters to oust Reid Cabral and replace him with Juan Bosch. It might have been worth knocking down this proposition if anyone had seriously proposed it. Mr. Mann at best gave the right answer to the wrong question. It would have been more profitable if he had tried to tackle two other questions: Should the United States show a special affinity for a regime that owed its existence to a military coup? And should the United States treat with such conspicuous and callous disregard the constitutional victims of the coup?

In effect, Mr. Mann had set up the straw man of a U.S. policy which punished military coups and rewarded constitutional governments in order to justify a real policy, at least as practiced in the Dominican Republic, of rewarding a military coup and punishing a constitutional government. One wonders to what real situation Mr. Mann thought he was addressing himself in his Notre Dame address.

The only thing that could have made the Mann reasoning relevant to the Dominican Republic was the implicit assumption that the overthrow of Bosch's government was somehow similar to the overthrow of Arbenz's regime. Mr. Mann never did commit himself publicly as to the degree of consanguinity between them. But the alleged Communist character of Bosch's regime was the very *raison d'être* of the 1964 Dominican regime, the theme which its supporters and apologists repeated endlessly. What Mr. Mann left unsaid, others said for him.

NEVERTHELESS, life would be much simpler for both the United States's friends and foes if they could count on any U.S. policy to run its course smoothly. Just as the Kennedy policy of maintaining the Dominican armed forces *in statu quo* contained a time bomb for Bosch, so the Johnson policy contained a time bomb for Reid Cabral. As it became increasingly clear that the money lavished on bolstering his regime was being largely wasted, that the Dominican foreign debt was reaching alarming proportions, that the balance of trade was becoming more and more unfavorable, that a contraband operation run mainly by the military was milking the entire economy, and that even the Dominican press was growing restive, U.S. agencies began to press for "reforms." Some of these reforms struck at the privileges of the very social and political

* Not that official U.S. personnel made contact with Bosch on May 1 or afterward. On May 1, Bosch spoke with Abe Fortas, an unofficial intermediary, and on May 2 and 3 he spoke with John Bartlow Martin, a "private citizen," as Secretary Rusk later described him.

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groups, particularly the armed forces' top leadership, on which the Reid Cabral regime rested. As soon as Reid Cabral threatened to cut down the incredible 38 per cent of the national budget allotted to the armed forces in 1965, his days were numbered. In January of this year, a U.S. mission headed by General Andrew P. O'Meara, head of the U.S. Caribbean Command, arrived in Santo Domingo, and soon thereafter, the Dominican command was shaken up. By exhausting his usefulness to the vested interests created by Trujillo, primarily, but not wholly, military, Reid opened up a political void around himself. If the United States had left well enough alone, Reid Cabral might have lasted a bit longer. Early this year, Ambassador Bennett evidently recognized that Reid was slipping because he wrote to the now Under Secretary of State Mann: "We are almost on the ropes in the Dominican Republic." From his behavior, one gathers that he considered the Dominican situation desperate but not serious. Despite his apprehensions, the revolt of April 24 caught him by surprise.

One little social note on the eve of the revolt may provide the perfect symbol of U.S. policy. On April 23, the U.S. naval attaché was off dove-shooting with Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras, a mastermind of the anti-Bosch coup.

III

In order to follow the official U.S. reaction to the April 24 revolt, it is necessary to move on two levels: what U.S. officials publicly said, and what U.S. officials privately did.

On the public level, we have the following statements:

President Johnson: The revolt of Saturday, April 24 "began as a popular democratic revolution, committed to democracy and social justice." From Saturday afternoon onward, U.S. officials in Washington and Santo Domingo urged and worked for a cease-fire. (This was President Johnson's version on May 2. He added one more important piece of information on June 17, which we will discuss later.)

Under Secretary of State Mann: Available information suggested that the uprising "began as a democratic revolution." U.S. intelligence from the very beginning reported that "the revolutionary movement was probably led by elements in the Dominican Revolutionary [pro-Bosch] party" (interview with Max Frankel in the New York *Times*, May 9, 1965).

Ambassador Adlai Stevenson: The PRD, Bosch's party, "planned and during its first hours led the revolutionary movement against the Government of Reid Cabral" (at the UN, May 3, 1965).

These statements would suggest that the highest U.S. officials reacted to the news of the outbreak with the sympathy owing to a virtuous, democratic revolution.

Now let us try to reconstruct what actually happened in the first days in Washington and Santo Domingo.

Reid Cabral has claimed that he knew a rebellion was coming fifteen days before the actual outbreak.* It was to have been launched, I have been informed by Juan Bosch, on Monday, April 26. It started two days prematurely because Reid tried to head it off by ordering the arrest of some of the officers implicated in it. In the early morning hours of Saturday, April 24, these officers were arrested by General Marcos Rivera Cuesta, who had been promoted to the post of Chief of Staff the previous February in the shake-up that had followed the arrival of the O'Meara mission. Alarmed at the apparent miscarriage of the plan, one of its leading spirits, Captain Mario Peña Taberas, and a group of sergeants and corporals burst in on General Rivera Cuesta, took him and other officers into custody, and liberated the arrested pro-Bosch officers. Then Captain Peña Taberas telephoned a Bosch civilian leader, José Francisco Peña Gómez, the PRD's cultural and propaganda secretary, who immediately announced the news of the revolt over a radio station for which he frequently spoke. Another group also succeeded in making the announcement over the official Radio Santo Domingo, with the result that other members of the conspiracy immediately sprang into action to carry out the plans made for the later date. The revolution was on.†

Thus the first and subsequent stages of the revolt were largely determined by the character of the officers who took part in the plot. The ringleaders were younger officers whose fathers had almost all been leading military henchmen of the former dictator Trujillo. Among the former were Col. Rafael Fernández Domínguez, the chief military organizer, Col. Miguel Angel Hernando Ramírez, who had been appointed to lead the revolt, Col. Francisco Caamaño Deñó, who took over the leadership after Col. Hernando Ramírez sought asylum in a foreign embassy on April 27, and Lt. Col. Manuel Ramón Monte Araches, whose naval "frogmen" gave the revolution a highly trained assault force. These key figures, backed by numerous lesser commissioned and non-commissioned officers, had worked with PRD civilian political leaders, such as Peña Gómez, to undo the anti-Bosch coup of September 1963 and restore the former constitutional government to power. Szulc notes that Ambassador Bennett, in one of the latter's more lucid moments, com-

* *El Tiempo* (New York), July 23, 1965. In an interview with Jules Dubois, General Wessin said that he "had reported the conspiracy to President Reid for 15 or 20 consecutive days but he did not pay any attention to me" (Chicago *Tribune*, April 30, 1965).

† This sequence of events is based on a letter to me from Juan Bosch. Kurzman has a somewhat different but essentially similar version.

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mented that "many of the Dominican problems stemmed from a cleavage between the older and the younger generation, with the latter trying to atone for the guilt of their parents who had sold out to Trujillo." If the ambassador and his Washington superiors had only held on to this thought, they might have had a guiding thread to lead them through the maze of Dominican politics. This revolt took place because the Dominican people had never really settled accounts with the Trujillo era, and the personalities were much less important than what they symbolized politically.

In any event, the premature detonation of the revolt was not fatal. By mid-afternoon of the first day, April 24, two military camps near the capital were in "constitutionalist" hands. But they had not been able to make much headway in the single most important military center at San Isidro, originally an air force base about a dozen miles to the west of Santo Domingo, to which the elder Trujillo's son, Ramfis, had added tank and infantry forces to turn it into a fully self-contained citadel of the former regime. At San Isidro, the main question was what the strong-man of the 1963 anti-Bosch coup, General Elías Wessin y Wessin, would do. In addition, an army regiment commanded by General Montás Guerrero was waiting to make up its mind at San Cristóbal, about a dozen miles to the east of the capital. The air force and navy commanders were also temporarily benumbed, watching for a signal of where, when, and how to jump.

THUS, FOR ABOUT thirty-six hours, the military initiative was wholly with the "rebels." The difficulty faced by the old guard, which the press soon dubbed "loyalist," was that it did not know whom to be loyal to. Wessin and his breed did not want Reid Cabral to stay in power, and they wanted even less for Bosch to get back in power. In effect, Reid was too good for them, and he was not good enough for the younger Boschists. To the unreconstructed Trujillo holdovers, who had never seen anything wrong with the vicious old dictator until he was safely dead (as one of them, General Miguel Atila Luna, the air force chief who had assisted at Bosch's overthrow in 1963, once put it to Kurzman), the ideal solution was a "military junta," dominated, of course, by themselves, and followed, of course, by "free elections," held under their benevolent auspices. A military conference on Sunday morning broke up into two main groups—those who wanted Bosch back, and those who wanted a military junta. No one, apparently, wanted Reid.

In these approximately thirty-six hours, no one raised the question of a Communist threat or Communist domination. If we may trust the statements of the highest U.S. officials, they were fully aware of the revolution's popular and democratic character. U.S. intelligence, according to Mr. Mann, correctly estimated that the revolutionary movement was probably led by Bosch's party.

But those who have studied the messages exchanged between Washington and Santo Domingo in this period tell another story. It is not at all what one would expect to hear about a popular, democratic revolution, probably led by Bosch's partisans.

In Santo Domingo, the U.S. Embassy was hardly prepared for a crisis. Ambassador Bennett, en route to Washington, had stopped off in Georgia to visit his sick mother. Of the thirteen members of the Military Assistance Advisory Group, eleven had gone off to Panama for a routine conference. The director of the U.S. Economic Mission to the Dominican Republic was attending another conference in Washington. And in Washington, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Jack Hood Vaughn, was listening in on a conference of Western Hemisphere intellectuals in Cuernavaca, Mexico. The point is certainly not that these men were particularly remiss in their duties; it is simply that they cannot have any particular claim on our confidence so far as their knowledge or judgment of the immediate, local situation goes. Many of their later assessments were obviously based on informers, who, however, seem to have been singularly uninformative in the pre-revolt period.

On Saturday, April 24, the head man in the embassy was Chargé d'Affaires William B. Connett, Jr., who had been in Santo Domingo for only five-and-a-half months. The other key figures on the scene at this time were the C.I.A.'s chief agent, Edwin N. Terrell, the air attaché, Lt. Col. Thomas B. Fishburn, the naval attaché, Lt. Col. Ralph A. Heywood, and the army attaché, Lt. Col. Joseph W. Weyrick. The first messages from Connett to Washington on Saturday were not alarming; Connett reported that the unrest did not seem to amount to much. "We thought this would be another revolution," Under Secretary Mann later told Leonard Gross of *Look* (June 15, 1965), "that we'd just wait it out like you do all revolutions."

But by Saturday night, the embassy knew that Reid was in serious trouble. When Reid's ultimatum of surrender was not heeded at 5 P.M., he called on the armed forces to attack—and soon discovered that they had no intention of fighting for him. In desperation, we learn from Senator Fulbright, Reid asked for U.S. intervention on Sunday morning, April 25. The negative response was his *coup de grâce*.

What did Washington want? As we have seen, President Johnson has said that from Saturday afternoon onward, U.S. officials in Washington and Santo Domingo wanted to get a cease-fire. What he left unsaid, and what we now know from Senator Fulbright, is that in the next four days instructions from Washington called on the embassy to work for the formation of a military junta as well as a cease-fire.

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There was one more thing of importance that happened on Saturday. As President Johnson revealed on June 17, he and his advisers began to consider the advisability of U.S. intervention on the very first day of the revolt. By intervention, he meant the massive landing of marines and paratroopers that later took place. But if intervention is interpreted more broadly, the United States did not wait that long.

Sunday, April 25, was a day of decision. The fatal U.S. moves were probably made on that day —not, as the official story would like to have it, three days later. When the United States permitted Reid Cabral to resign without a struggle on Sunday morning, it was left in practice with the option of supporting the Wessin-type generals or the Bosch-converted colonels. Since the political vacuum created by Reid's resignation was at least nominally filled on April 25 by the installation as Provisional President of José Rafael Molina Ureña, the President of the Chamber of Deputies during the Bosch regime, and the old-line generals had not yet countered this move with one of their own, the United States was given the opportunity to support the "popular democratic revolution" before the Communist issue was raised. In this confused situation, the induction of Molina Ureña was the nearest thing to a legitimate succession that Dominican institutions made possible. Oddly, U.S. authorities made light of his accession on Sunday but saw fit to attribute undue importance to his diplomatic asylum two days later.

There is every reason to believe that U.S. backing of Molina Ureña on Sunday would have given the Bosch forces a quick, easy, almost bloodless victory. Wessin and the other generals were still holding their fire, many of them undecided whether to join the rebellion or to crush it. The balance of forces seemed so favorable to the pro-Bosch side on Sunday afternoon that a signal from the United States would in all probability have proved determining.

INSTEAD, at about 4.30 P.M. that Sunday, the Dominican air force and navy opened fire on the Presidential Palace which Molina Ureña and his aides had taken over. This fratricidal strafing and shelling signified that the Wessins had at last made up their minds—to drown the rebellion in blood.

What had led them to make up their minds? The answer to this question may haunt U.S. policy for years to come. If it is not yet possible to be sure of the answer, enough has come out to make possible the question that must be answered.

The question was raised by Philip Geyelin of the *Wall Sreet Journal* (June 25, 1965), who based himself on official records and conversations with key figures in Washington and Santo Domingo:

> What the record reveals, in fact, is that *from the very outset of the upheaval* there was a concerted U.S. Government effort, if not actually a formal decision, to checkmate the rebel movement by whatever means and whatever cost. Consider these facts:
>
> ITEM: By Sunday, April 25, just one day after the uprising got under way, while Washington remained openly confused and noncommittal, the Santo Domingo embassy had clearly cast its lot with the "loyalist" military cabal and against the rebellion's original aim: The return of Juan Bosch, who had been deposed by the generals in 1963 after winning the first free election in the republic in 40 years. Restoration of the Bosch regime would be "against U.S. interests," the embassy counseled. Blocking Bosch could mean further bloodshed, the embassy conceded. Nonetheless, Washington was advised, the embassy military attachés had given "loyalist" leaders a go-ahead to do "everything possible" to prevent what was described as the danger of a "Communist takeover" (*my italics, T. D.*).

Tad Szulc, on the basis of the same kind of evidence, came to similar conclusions:

> Meanwhile the events of the last 24 hours seemed to have convinced the United States embassy in Santo Domingo of two things. One was that a return of Dr. Bosch would mean "Communism in the Dominican Republic in six months." The second was that U.S. forces would have to be used in support of General Wessin's troops if the pro-Bosch rebellion was to be defeated.
>
> These two basic judgments, which the embassy arrived at *even before the rebellion could be identified politically in any way,* went far to shape subsequent United States attitudes and policies. It was Ambassador Bennett who had long felt that the Bosch influence would be pernicious for the Dominican Republic, and in his absence his staff members apparently shared this view (*my italics, T.D.*).

Szulc also provides evidence that the embassy began to raise the Communist issue that Sunday. In the absence of Assistant Secretary Vaughn, Thomas Mann, who had been appointed Under Secretary of Economic Affairs earlier in the year, had taken over the State Department's operations center for the Dominican crisis. Late that Sunday, a cablegram from the State Department to the embassy stated: "We are very concerned with your reports of pro-Communist and anti-United States statements." It seems that Chargé d'Affaires Connett, according to Szulc, was beginning to hint by late Sunday that "the pro-Bosch uprising was a Communist danger."

Senator Fulbright summed up the change in U.S. attitude that took place from Saturday to Sunday and after as "characterized initially by overtimidity and subsequently by overreaction." With far more testimony at his disposal, he, too, was struck by the early appearance and tenuous

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manifestations of the Communist factor in U.S. calculations:

> The essential point, however, is that the United States, on the basis of ambiguous evidence, assumed *almost from the beginning* that the revolution was Communist dominated, or would certainly become so (*my italics, T.D.*).

SO FAR, WE HAVE BEEN mainly concerned with diplomatic messages between Santo Domingo and Washington. We must now turn our attention to another aspect of U.S. policy which is traditionally shrouded in almost impenetrable mystery and secrecy. In some countries, especially where the military dominate politics, diplomats may no longer be the most influential or decisive executors of U.S. policy. In almost every embassy, besides the traditional diplomatic staff, we now have a C.I.A. station, military attachés and missions responsible to the Pentagon, economic delegations, and all the rest. When something goes wrong, we hear about the diplomats but not about the C.I.A. agents or the military attachés. Yet the latter may have a far more interesting and important story to tell. The military masters of some countries in Latin America and elsewhere have learned that what the C.I.A. and Pentagon do may be more important than what the diplomats say. U.S. ambassadors have been known to complain that they did not know what the nominally subordinate C.I.A. agents and military attachés were up to.

In the incalculable mass of words written about the Dominican crisis, very few have been devoted to the military attachés and none to the activities of the C.I.A. agents. Yet the activity of the U.S. military attachés in Santo Domingo in the first two days may get us closer to the real U.S. policy than all the diplomatic messages between Washington and Santo Domingo. While the diplomats may have been trying to make up their minds, the military attachés apparently acted.

It is now impossible to ignore what, according to Juan Bosch, the attachés did in Santo Domingo. Though he was still in Puerto Rico at the time, Bosch was in constant telephonic communication with his supporters in Santo Domingo. The Boschists in the Dominican Republic were easily able to provide him with inside information because they were strategically placed in top Dominican military echelons and because the attachés' messages were apparently sent through the regular air force and naval communications network, as a result of which many air force and naval personnel listened in on them. In fact, there is supposed to be in existence a tape recording of conversations between two U.S. attachés and General Juan de los Santos Céspedes, head of the Dominican air force, and General Wessin y Wessin. By chance, there is also a record of unintentional eavesdropping a few days later. On April 29, U.S. correspondents aboard the *Boxer* accidentally tuned in a transistor radio on shortwave communications between the U.S. Embassy and the San Isidro base, and then heard conversations between Ambassador Bennett and military junta leaders coming through in the clear from the ship's radio. In addition, Szulc reports, U.S. military attachés were stationed at the San Isidro base with the Wessin command and relayed requests for assistance to the embassy as early as Monday, April 26. The only question, then, is what the attachés were doing a day or two earlier.

Bosch's information was made known in part by Homer Bigart in the New York *Times* of May 7, 1965. On the evening of Saturday, April 24, the first day of the revolt, when the military leaders were still immobilized, Bosch said, the U.S. air attaché had called the San Isidro Air Force Base to talk to General de los Santos Céspedes. The attaché "ordered the Dominican general to have two air squadrons ready to bomb the city early Sunday morning." But de los Santos Céspedes then refused. In a private letter to me, Bosch has added that both the U.S. air and naval attachés began on Saturday evening to "order" the Dominican air force, navy, and General Wessin to attack the Boschist forces, and that another demand for an air attack on the National Palace was made on Sunday afternoon.

Bosch also told Bigart that the U.S. air attaché had again called General de los Santos Céspedes on Sunday night and had informed him that the U.S. embassy "had intercepted three telephone calls made by [Provisional] President Jose Rafael Molina Ureña to Fidel Castro asking for military aid." The attaché authorized General de los Santos Céspedes to print handbills to this effect and have planes ready to distribute them from the air throughout the country. In his letter to me, Bosch adds that the air attaché assured de los Santos Céspedes that the intercepted telephone conversation revealed that Castro had agreed to Molina Ureña's request for aid and that the Cubans were going to send some that very night. The leaflet containing this utterly unfounded story, according to Bosch, was dropped by Dominican air force planes the next day, Monday, April 26, especially on military posts. One of these planes landed and was interned in Puerto Rico the following day, with the result that the story leaked out again.

As far as I know, two other sources have referred to this activity of the U.S. military attachés. The first reference appears in the last sentence of the passage already quoted from the article by Philip Geyelin in the *Wall Street Journal* of June 25, 1965. This sentence, dealing explicitly with the events of Sunday, April 25, is important enough to cite again:

> Nonetheless, Washington was advised [by the embassy], the embassy military attachés had

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given "loyalist" leaders a go-ahead to do "everything possible" to prevent what was described as the danger of a "Communist take-over."

It appears from the context that Geyelin was able to put forward this assertion, with direct quotations, from the official records made available to him. Whether or not all the details provided by Bosch prove to be accurate, Geyelin's version confirms the essence of the charge. It would go far to explain why the Dominican air force finally attacked the National Palace at about 4:30 P.M. on April 25.

THE SECOND reference occurs in Szulc's book, where, however, it is limited to the naval attachés:

> Messages between the embassy in Santo Domingo and the State Department in Washington Sunday and Monday had disclosed growing concern over the navy's role and one of the principal functions of the embassy's naval attachés had become to persuade Captain Rivero Caminera [Dominican naval commander] to cast his lot with the loyalist troops or at least remain neutral. To judge from the lobbing of shells into the Presidential Palace area Tuesday morning [April 27], the attachés' effort had proved successful.

It is unclear from this account whether the attachés' persuasion as well as the embassy's concern should be dated Sunday and Monday. But Szulc also seems to be basing himself on material in the State Department's files.

If the intervention of the U.S. military attachés should prove to have been the determining, or even a major, factor in the Dominican air force and navy decision to launch attacks on Sunday and the following days, the verdict of history will be that U.S. pressure contributed to the prevention of an early Boschist victory and helped to plunge the country into a bloody civil war.

The question arises whether the military attachés might have acted on their own or had consulted in advance with their Washington superiors. It is hard to believe that they could have acted on their own because communications between Washington and Santo Domingo were never interrupted. But if they did, they must have done so on the premise that the pre-April 24 policy required it, that Wessin's tanks and de los Santos's planes had to do the job that Reid Cabral had done previously. Either way, there is reason to stress the continuity of the policy before and after April 24.

President Johnson and other U.S. spokesmen have sought to concentrate public attention on the events of April 27 and 28, when U.S. lives were allegedly in immediate danger, the Boschist movement had allegedly collapsed, and the Communists had allegedly taken over, to justify U.S. military intervention. They have been notably reticent about the actual policy in the first two to four days, except to imply that they were initially sympathetic to a popular democratic revolution that went out of control. This claim of initial sympathy has never been very persuasive because it was not matched by any actions that might have been expected to flow from it. The least that might have been expected was some slight effort to make contact with Juan Bosch, the avowed and acknowledged leader of the "popular democratic revolution," who was, after all, in Río Piedras, a suburb of San Juan, Puerto Rico, a telephone call away. The failure to show the slightest interest in Bosch was, however, only a negative reason for suspecting that official U.S. sympathy with the Boschist revolution might have been a literary afterthought to make the actual intervention somewhat more palatable. But now we have more positive reasons for this suspicion—the repeated Washington instructions in favor of a military junta, the increasingly anti-Bosch tenor of the embassy's messages, and above all, the evidence pointing to the military attachés' pressures before April 27 and possibly as early as April 24 for Dominican air and naval attacks on the pro-Bosch forces. The difference between what President Johnson said about the "popular democratic revolution that was committed to democracy and social justice" and what was done about it has become almost incredibly grotesque.

IV

WHEN ONE COMES to consider the direct U.S. military intervention on April 28, one is again struck by two different levels on which the policy operated—the public and the private.

On the public level, President Johnson's statements must be considered the most authoritative. His first statement, on April 28, justified the landing of marines wholly in terms of the protection of American lives. On April 30, he suggested for the first time that there might be something more—"there are signs that people trained outside the Dominican Republic are seeking to gain control." But "signs" of people "seeking" control seemed to refer to a future danger; this cautious allusion to the still-unnamed Communists did not appear to apply to his decision two days earlier to send the marines. Not until May 2 did President Johnson clear up this point in a speech which will long be debated for what it said and left unsaid.

It said, for example, that the United States had worked for a cease-fire, but it did not say that the United States had four times urged a military junta. It said that "we have also maintained communications with President Bosch, who has chosen to remain in Puerto Rico," but it did not say that there were no communications with Bosch until he took the initiative and called one of President Johnson's confidants, Abe Fortas, and it did not say that Bosch had vainly asked for U.S. transportation to the Dominican Republic. It

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told of the two telegrams from Ambassador Bennett on April 28 that had triggered the actual decision to intervene, but, as we shall see, in a highly garbled and tendentious form. And it gave the now familiar official version of the so-called Communist takeover before the marines moved in.

According to this account, U.S. servicemen had "rescued" the Dominican Republic from an "international conspiracy" on April 28. A "tragic turn" had taken place in the revolution whereby the original leadership had been "superseded" by "other evil forces." The exact transformation was spelled out twice: "And what began as a popular democratic revolution, committed to democracy and social justice, very shortly moved and was taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of a band of Communist conspirators." A few minutes later, the President repeated: "What began as a popular democratic revolution that was committed to democracy and social justice moved into the hands of a band of Communist conspirators."

Whatever truth there may have been in this intelligence, it invites two questions. First, why was President Johnson far more cautious and tentative about the Communist takeover on April 30 than on May 2? The apparent answer, which we will explore later, is that something happened between those days which had made him more certain and unqualified in his approach to the problem. But the delay also suggests that his conviction on this point came too late to explain an action which had already taken place on April 28. Second, how "tragic" could the revolution's turn have really been to an administration which had never made the slightest effort to support it in the first place? If words have any meaning, if it was "tragic" that the revolution took a Communist turn, was it not equally "tragic" that the United States did not support—if nothing worse—the revolution before it took that turn?

Nevertheless, one thing emerges from the public Johnsonian interpretation: the good Boschist stage was followed by the bad Communist stage. They were so different that the one had to be "taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of" the other, tragically.

Privately, however, officials of the same administration titillated journalists with quite a different story. Here is a sampling of version No. 2 that came out of Washington and Santo Domingo:

> "We can't afford to let Wessin lose," said one U.S. official. "We're not going to allow Bosch to come back and let the country drift into chaos so that the Communists and pro-Castro elements can take over" (*Life*, May 7, 1965).
>
> U.S. intelligence flatly reported that ousted President Bosch had been in contact with several Communist leaders from the Dominican Republic shortly before the rebellion (*Time*, May 14, 1965).
>
> American officials here are convinced beyond any possible doubt that the man who rose to the top of the Dominican rebellion—Col. Francisco Caamaño Deñó—is only a front for the real conspirators, the Communists behind his movement (*U.S. News & World Report*, May 17, 1965).
>
> Ambassador Bennett had reports "that Juan Bosch, from his exile in Puerto Rico, was working closely with them [the Communists] in an attempt to regain power" (*The National Observer*, May 17, 1965).
>
> Certainly, the State Department's middle echelon was aware that Bosch's PRD had entered into a working arrangement with the Moscow-Communist Popular Socialist Party (PSP), the Peiping-dominated Dominican Popular Movement (MPD), the Castroite June 14 Party. . . . In the days before the revolt, intelligence sources were aware that a Communist junta had been organized to rule the united front (Ralph de Toledano, King Features Syndicate, May 9, 1965).
>
> Dr. Bosch, in violation of Federal law, directs the activities of the Communist Castroite rebellion by long distance phone from American soil (*ibid.*, May 10, 1965).
>
> Captured documents and highly secret reports in the hands of the Central Intelligence Agency show very clearly that the crisis in the Dominican Republic was merely the first on a long Communist timetable for the takeover of Latin America (*ibid.*, May 19, 1965).
>
> Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett told a group of us on April 29 that the PRD and the Communists had been collaborating. He said: "The Communists worked with Bosch's PRD for months. They were prepared well in advance of Reid's overthrow" (Paul D. Bethel, Washington *Daily News*, June 21, 1965).
>
> A U.S. government official in Santo Domingo told a news briefing that "the U.S. government has evidence that Caamaño met Tuesday [May 4] with members of three Communist organizations. These Communists, the official said, 'obtained from Caamaño a solemn promise that if he wins [the Presidency in elections] their Communist parties will have a solid voice in running the government'" (Associated Press, May 5, 1965).

THUS, OTHER official U.S. sources, usually anonymous, were sponsoring a different kind of interpretation of Bosch's relations with the Communists—that they were virtually indistinguishable because they had entered into a pact before the revolt and had sealed it afterward. The U.S. officials and intelligence agencies that fed these stories to the press inferentially cut the ground from under President Johnson's position, which at least recognized a basic difference between the democratic Boschists and the totalitarian Communists, and predicated the Communist takeover on a regrettable Boschist setback. To make matters even more peculiar, one

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of the primary sources for version No. 2, Ambassador Bennett, was also one of the chief authorities for version No. 1. One hopes to live long enough to read in someone's memoirs the explanation for this strange discrepancy in so notoriously single-minded an administration.

Whatever the reason may prove to be, these different versions of the Bosch-Communist relationship before and after the revolt, both emanating from official sources and neither of them necessarily true, raise a particularly disturbing and insistent question: what and whose was U.S. policy in this crisis? Was it solely embodied in a formal speech by the President? Or was it the product of all the words and actions of all the executive departments and agencies concerned with the problem? Insiders often feel that U.S. policy is made like a stew: many people put various things into the pot, and what comes out may not altogether please any of them. The execution of that policy may also be stew-like.

Government officials and the press play a game of politics and propaganda which has become as stylized as an 18th-century dance. First the officials hand out privileged information to favored journalists ("U.S. intelligence flatly reported that . . ."). Then the journalists pass on the same information, with or without attribution, to their readers. Finally, pro-administration Congressmen fill pages of the Congressional Record with the same articles to prove that the officials were right.

The correspondents whom public officials used as transmission belts for these juicy tidbits about Bosch's tie-up with the Communists were, of course, in no position to check their sources. The deals had allegedly taken place weeks or months before, outside the Dominican Republic. But one of the most sensational stories about Colonel Caamaño's dalliance with the Communists was not so far away in place or time. I refer to the tale told by the usual "U.S. official" at a briefing in the embassy on May 5, which I have cited previously as reported by the Associated Press. Since the Caamaño-Communist meeting had allegedly taken place in Santo Domingo the day before, some correspondents decided to track it down.

This is how Kurzman describes the denouement:

> Meanwhile, Caamaño, [Héctor] Aristy, and Peña Gómez, all of whom were listed as being present at the meeting, flatly denied to me that such a meeting had taken place. "American diplomats must be nuts," Caamaño said, twirling his finger next to his head. "They have Communists on the brain."
>
> About two weeks later, after Washington decided that the Communist threat had greatly diminished, embassy officials said privately that the information about the meeting had apparently proved to be inaccurate.*

I have looked in the press for a retraction of the story, in vain.

THE classic case of contaminated news is undoubtedly Ambassador Bennett's briefing on April 29. It was Bennett's first meeting with the newly arrived correspondents, none of whom could yet circulate freely in the city. The ambassador devoted most of the meeting to the "Communist takeover" and rebel atrocities. The first list of 53 Dominican Communists was passed out. The ambassador horrified the assembled correspondents with some of the reports that he had received: the rebels were shooting people against walls to the accompaniment of the Castroite cry, *"Paredón!"* (To the wall!); they had severed heads and paraded them on spikes; Colonel Caamaño had machine-gunned Colonel Calderón, the aide-de-camp of Reid Cabral. Szulc tells us that a telegram from Bennett to the State Department that same day reported that Caamaño had "personally killed" Colonel Juan Calderón. The message said that "Caamaño had gone berserk" and had committed numerous atrocities.

This is how Ambassador Bennett's briefing was worked into the story in *Time* magazine of May 7:

> No one had an accurate count of the casualties as frenzied knots of soldiers and civilians roamed the streets, shooting, looting and herding people to their execution with cries of "Paredón! Paredón!" (To the wall! To the Wall!) . . . The rebels executed at least 110 opponents, hacked the head off a police officer and carried it about as a trophy.

Here is the version in the *U.S. News & World Report* of May 10:

> Victims were dragged from their homes and shot down while angry mobs shouted, "To the wall!"—the same cry that marked the mass executions in Cuba in the early days of Fidel Castro. The assassinated Dominicans were dumped into crude graves right at the execution spots.

Other reports from the embassy found their way into President Johnson's speeches: there were "1,000 to 1,500 bodies that are dead in the street" and "six or eight of the embassies have been torn up" (May 4); "some 1,500 innocent people were murdered and shot, and their heads cut off," and "six Latin American embassies were violated"

* In his book, Szulc mentions the embassy briefing on the Caamaño-Communist deal but does not report the follow-up. On the "Open End" television program, however, Szulc told the whole story, including the ending: "Several days later we went back to Ambassador Bennett, I think quite a few of us did, and said, could we have a few more details because we cannot check it out. And we were told at the embassy rather sheepishly, well, it seems that we were misinformed about the alleged meeting between Colonel Caamaño and the five top Communists. This was never mentioned again."

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(June 17). Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker went the President one better and told the O.A.S. he understood that the El Salvador embassy had been sacked and burned.

NONE OF THESE atrocity stories turned out to be true. When the correspondents were able to see for themselves and talk to Dominicans in the street, they quickly learned that the mass executions and cries of *"Paredón!"* had never taken place. No one had ever seen heads on spikes. Colonel Calderón was found in a hospital suffering from a slight neck injury and was soon released. Since President Johnson told of 1,000-1,500 dead bodies in the street on May 4, the correspondents could go right out to look for them; they found, as Barnard L. Collier later put it, "no more than 6 to 10 bodies in the streets at one time." There had been no looting in the rebel zone.* No embassy was torn up, and the El Salvador embassy had not been sacked or burned.

Ambassador Bennett never expressed regret for his horror stories of April 29. Instead, embassy officers have blamed the press for having reported these admittedly unverified "rumors" or "reports received" as if they were "known facts."† Whatever sins the press may have committed, this is surely the grossest injustice to a group of hard-pressed correspondents who had just arrived on the scene, were getting their first briefing from the ambassador, and were still totally dependent on him for their information. They were certainly entitled to assume that no responsible and experienced diplomat in these circumstances would stand before them and feed them not one but a succession of atrocity reports implicating by name the main military leaders of the revolt.** It is also hard to believe that Mr. Bennett was not aware of the dubious journalistic practice of leaving out the source and passing off information as if the correspondent had first-hand knowledge of it himself. As the versions in *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report* show, the worst offenders were precisely the "news" organs that most crudely took their lead from the ambassador: not only did they themselves assume responsibility for some of his stories but they never did inform their readers that the stories had started out as unverified rumors and had ended up as verified myths. There must be thousands of readers who depend on *Time* or *U.S. News & World Report* for their news, and still think that *"Paredón! Paredón!"* was the theme song of the Dominican revolution. After all, President Johnson still brought up the 1,500 people who had been "murdered and shot, and their heads cut off" at a news conference on June 17, over six weeks after he should have known better.

I do not mean to suggest that the correspondents did not find enough death, destruction, and suffering to be appalled. What they found, however, was the result of the civil war, not of a lust for blood peculiar to Colonel Caamaño and his supporters. If there were any true atrocities in the entire struggle, they were committed by the Dominican air force and navy which repeatedly bombed, shelled, and strafed the city. The most reprehensible air attacks came on June 15 and 16 in flagrant violation of the cease-fire. If shooting "innocent people" was so disturbing to President Johnson, it is hard to understand how he was able to resist speaking out against this crime, especially since he chose to recall the 1,500 "innocent people" who had allegedly been murdered and shot and had their heads cut off between April 24 and April 28, on June 17, the day after the utterly indefensible Dominican air force attacks on "its own" defenseless city.

It is difficult, if not impossible, in a country like the United States to separate what anyone, even the President, says U.S. policy is and how that policy is transmitted to and through the press. The way our Dominican policy was transmitted to and through the press in the last week of April 1965 indicates that what this country needs at least as much as anything else is a pure news law.

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* "The widespread looting that U.S. officials have described in the past simply did not occur there, and a broken display window in the rebel area is a striking exception ratrer than the routine" (Lee Winfrey, Miami *Herald*, May 11, 1965). I cite Mr. Winfrey because he can hardly be accused of having had a pro-Bosch bias.

† This belated admission that the ambassador's information was made up of nothing better than unverified "rumors" and "reports," and the criticism of the press for presenting them as "known facts," were made through Selden Rodman in *The Reporter* July 15, 1965. Mr. Rodman communicated the embassy's complaint as if it were so self-evident or well-founded that nothing more needed to be said about it.

** There is reason to believe that Mr. Bennett did not present his atrocity stories as merely unverified "rumors" or "reports received' but that he related them as if he gave them full credence and based his attitude toward Colonel Caamaño on them. Lee Winfrey writes: "My own notes from U.S. Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett's April 30 [29] press conference in Santo Domingo show him telling of 12 people executed by rebel firing squads in one incident 'eye-witnessed by one of our own employees,' of a Dominican woman gang-raped by 12 rebels, of an anti-rebel man beheaded and his head carried around on a pole. Other than Bennett's assertions, no evidence of any of these incidents has ever been found" (Miami *Herald*, July 25, 1965). The contemporaneous report by Barnard L. Collier quoted the ambassador directly: "Mr. Bennett said Col. Francisco Caamaño, the apparent military leader of the rebels, personally was 'going blood berserk. He is busy working off his grudges with a pistol,' the ambassador said. The rebel colonel was responsible for at least 12 shootings yesterday as he lined up opposing troops against a wall in a downtown square and ordered them all machine-gunned. The dead included . . . Col. Juan Calderón . . . 'This is collective madness," the ambassador said. 'I don't know where we go from here.'" (New York *Herald Tribune*, April 30, 1965). In a later article, Collier cited Bennett's words about Caamaño: "He has gone berserk, blood-crazy" (*ibid.*, May 18, 1965). Szulc and Kurzman tell essentially the same stories, though minor details vary.

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WE MAY GET CLOSER to a fuller understanding of the strange contortions of U.S. policy in the Dominican crisis by observing a peculiar phenomenon—the almost obsessive insistence on the part of the highest U.S. officials that they did not do what they did and that they did what they did not do.

"Let me also make clear tonight that we support no single man or any single group of men in the Dominican Republic," said President Johnson on May 2. The United States, Thomas Mann told Max Frankel in the New York *Times* of May 9, did not respond to a request from the military junta formed April 28 to send in U.S. armed forces "because this would have amounted to taking sides in the internal struggle." Five months later, on October 12 at San Diego, Mr. Mann again insisted that "in the case of the Dominican Republic we refrained, during the first days of violence, from 'supporting' the outgoing government or 'supporting' either of the factions contending for power." Throughout, "neutrality," "non-intervention," self-imposed abstention from "supporting" anyone or any cause has been an article of faith.

One asks not merely whether this was true, but whether it was fitting. Whatever a great power like the United States did or did not do in the Dominican Republic, it could not help influencing the course of events. Ever since Secretary of State William H. Seward tried to annex the Dominican Republic to the United States a hundred years ago, the United States has partly or wholly determined the Dominicans' fate. A U.S. "receivership" of Dominican finances was imposed in 1905; a U.S. military occupation lasted from 1916 to 1924; Trujillo's tyranny was favored for almost two decades; when the old despot decided to bite the hand that had fed him, the C.I.A. provided the weapons for his assassination; and U.S. official representatives have taken a hand in every succeeding change of government. After all this, it is really too much to promise and pretend and protest that we support no one in the very act of supporting the wrong ones.

We may hold in abeyance the question of whether the military attachés incited the Dominican armed forces to fight the Boschist revolt in the first days. But there can be no doubt that Ambassador Bennett himself soon arranged for matériel support in behalf of the military junta.

The story can be pieced together from several sources. On Monday, April 26, according to Szulc, U.S. military attachés at the San Isidro base, General Wessin's command post, relayed to the embassy requests for communications equipment, particularly for walkie-talkies to coordinate the action of Wessin's tanks. Szulc then refers to a long cablegram from Chargé d'Affaires Connett to the State Department that afternoon, and paraphrases its contents as follows:

> that while direct United States intervention in the Dominican civil war might be inadvisable because of Dr. Bosch's popularity, the pro-Bosch movement had to be stopped by other means—or there would be "extremism in six months" in the Dominican Republic. The cablegram implied in effect that at least logistical support should be given the Wessin forces.

And logistical support was given the Wessin forces. Ambassador Bennett returned to Santo Domingo at about noon on Tuesday, April 27. Szulc goes on:

> One of the ambassador's first acts after he got behind his desk was to send a cablegram to Washington recommending that walkie-talkies and other communications equipment be flown in for the Wessin forces. He indicated that the availability of such equipment could spell the difference between victory or defeat for Wessin.

Philip Geyelin of the *Wall Street Journal* (June 25, 1965) had previously derived similar information from the official records:

> While Washington continued to proclaim impartiality and to decry continued bloodshed, the Santo Domingo embassy, by Wednesday [April 28], was even more actively laboring in the "loyalist" cause. Communications gear was urgently requested, to help the isolated anti-rebel units maintain closer contact.
>
> Though regretting the necessity for a "military solution for a political crisis," the embassy went on to warn, in the afternoon of the day marines finally landed [April 28], that denial of communications help could so dishearten the junta forces that U.S. military intervention might well be recommended "in the near future" to protect citizens and possibly for other purposes. Pointedly, Washington was asked to make a choice.

Geyelin, it is clear, had known whereof he had written. Szulc's book gives the exact time and language of Ambassador Bennett's message. As the newly formed three-man military junta headed by Colonel Pedro Bartolomé Benoit of the Dominican air force began to see victory slip from its grasp on the morning of April 28, its desperation became infectious. At 1:48 P.M., Ambassador Bennett cabled the State Department that Wessin's communications problem was "critical." He reminded the department that "these people are facing leftist forces" and asked the department to realize "what would be the effect on the morale of the air force and others" if their requests were rejected.

Shortly afterward, Ambassador Bennett sent this message to Washington:

> I regret that we may have to impose a military solution to a political problem. . . . While

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leftist propaganda will fuzz this up as a fight between the military and the people, the issue is really between those who want a Castro-type solution and those who oppose it.

I don't want to overdramatize, but if we deny the communications equipment, and if the opposition to the leftists lose heart, we may be asking in the near future for a landing of marines to protect U.S. interests and for other purposes. What does Washington prefer?

IT SHOULD BE remembered that the ambassador had barely been back in Santo Domingo for twenty-four hours. His concern was entirely political, not "humanitarian." His language was so vague that it seemed designed to take in far more than genuine Communists. "Those who want a Castro-type solution" was a peculiar circumlocution if he meant bona-fide Castroites, and "leftists" might easily have embraced anyone to the left of Reid Cabral or General Wessin. We have here a diplomat who was not necessarily unbalanced by panic or misinformation but rather had been conditioned to take a certain course of action by his general background and previous U.S. policy.

So far in this incident I have cited correspondents who had some access to official records. The rest of the story can be told in the words of two leading members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who undoubtedly know what is in the diplomatic files. On September 15, Senator Fulbright declared:

> Ambassador Bennett thereupon [the morning of April 28] urgently recommended that the anti-rebels under Air Force General de los Santos be furnished 50 walkie-talkies from U.S. Defense Department stocks in Puerto Rico. Repeating this recommendation later in the day, Bennett said that the issue was one between Castroism and its opponents.

Another member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, assured the Senate two days later: "I can testify from my own personal knowledge that the comments of the Senator from Arkansas [Fulbright] are fully and accurately documented by the classified record in the files of the Committee on Foreign Relations." On the incident in question, Senator Clark went on to say: "Ambassador Bennett requested walkie-talkies for the military junta, and he got them."

As for the origin of the three-man junta, Senator Clark also lifted the veil a little higher:

> At the instance of the C.I.A.—I believe it can be documented—a new junta headed by a certain Colonel Benoit had been formed, although it was pretty well confined to the San Isidro air base.

Thus Ambassador Bennett was under pressure from two directions—from the military attachés stationed with Wessin's forces and from a Dominican military junta behind which was the C.I.A.

One thing, however, may be said in behalf of this episode of the walkie-talkies—it has never been mentioned by President Johnson, Secretary Rusk, Under Secretary Mann, or anyone else in an official position, and so they cannot be accused of having misrepresented it. Unfortunately, the President could not similarly ignore the actual request from Colonel Benoit for U.S. military intervention or tell the whole story. As I have previously mentioned, it appears that he told it in a garbled and tendentious form.

As Mr. Johnson reminisced on May 2 and May 4, he was sitting in his office on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28, with Secretary of State Rusk, Secretary of Defense McNamara, and Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy, and with "no desire to interfere" in the Dominican Republic. Suddenly, shortly after 3 P.M., he received a cable from Ambassador Bennett that the police chief of Santo Domingo and "governmental authorities" had informed him that they "could no longer protect us" (May 2). The same cable also stated that the ambassador was "not prepared at this moment to recommend that you take this action" and merely wished to alert Washington to the necessity of contingency planning (May 4). About two hours later, at 5:14 P.M., another cable from Ambassador Bennett repeated that the Dominican "police and the government" could no longer guarantee American or foreign lives, but this time the ambassador went on to say that "only an immediate landing of American forces could safeguard and protect" them (May 2); or in the later version, a cable at 5:16 P.M. said "there is firing in the streets, there is great danger to all personnel in this area, land the troops immediately to protect our people" (May 4). The same two cables were described in more or less the same way by Secretary Rusk on May 26.

I WOULD recommend the sequence of events on April 28 to a graduate seminar in history as a classical case study of three stages of historical events: what actually happened, what is at first said to have happened, and what later comes out as having really happened.

Our seminar might well start with the events of the previous day, Tuesday, April 27. That morning an incident took place at the Hotel Embajador which later became, in a distorted form, the main exhibit to support the contention that a landing of marines had been necessary to save American lives. Over 1,000 Americans were assembled at the hotel waiting for evacuation. A group of armed "rebels" burst into the lobby obviously looking for someone, lined up the naturally frightened American civilians against the walls, and fired some shots in the air. When they did not find what they were looking for, the intruders left, the evacuation of 1,172 Americans went off on schedule, and except for some frayed nerves, no one was any the worse for the experience.

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The class will please note how easy it is, in the heat of defending a policy, to get even the date of a key event wrong. On May 26, a month later, Secretary of State Rusk referred to the Hotel Embajador incident in order to impress his audience with the grave peril to "hundreds" of Americans at the moment the President received the second telegram from Ambassador Bennett at 5:15 P.M. on Wednesday, April 28.* The Secretary said: "That is, that telegram indicated that there was a most immediate problem on the scene. Hundreds were gathered at the Embajador Hotel, and there were people running around the hotel, shooting it up with tommyguns, and so forth." This incident had actually happened over twenty-four hours before the telegram was received, but it apparently meant so much to the Secretary that he unwittingly juxtaposed it with the famous "critic" telegram.

If the incident signified anything, however, it was that the rebels had not been bent on harming Americans. With over a thousand Americans at their mercy in the hotel, they could easily have done more than at worst to have given them a good scare. It later transpired that the rebel band had been looking for Rafael Bonilla Aybar, publisher of the newspaper, *Prensa Libre*, as close to a fascist sheet as has existed in Latin America. In short, the incident was not anti-American in origin; it was a typical, short-lived contretemps in the midst of a civil war; and it had a happy ending.

It is noteworthy that Ambassador Bennett's cable to Washington three or four hours later that same day intimating that the marines might have to be called soon, did not owe its inspiration to the Hotel Embajador incident, as one might have expected if saving U.S. lives had been uppermost in his mind. His entire argument, as we have seen, took off from the urgent need of the Wessin forces for "communications equipment," the denial of which might so make them "lose heart" that the marines instead of the Dominican armed forces might have to "protect U.S. interests and *for other purposes*" [*my italics, T.D.*]. Indeed, from the moment he stepped back into the embassy at about noon on April 27, Ambassador Bennett followed a coldly consistent, ruthlessly rational line. From the first, the ambassador told Washington what it had to do to make possible a military junta victory or, failing that, to frustrate a revolutionary victory. It was not his fault that, for political reasons, Washington decided to "fuzz" the real issue as he saw it and which he stated with tough-minded clarity in his cable of April 27, before there was any reason for him to become panic-stricken.

In fact, soon after Mr. Bennett had sent the plea for walkie-talkies on April 27, he had every reason to believe that Wessin's forces had turned the tables on the revolutionaries and had victory in their grasp. The reason for this shift in favor of the Dominican armed forces on April 27 now seems somewhat clearer. One of the initial advantages of the revolt had been the hesitations and dissensions within the armed forces' command.† By April 27, however, the vacillators had made up their minds. The Dominican navy as a whole cast in with the old regime. General Montás Guerrero decided to jump off the fence and sent his regiment from San Cristobal into the western sector of the capital, not far from the Hotel Embajador. Wessin's tanks staged a major push to get into the city from the east across the Duarte bridge. In any event, the outlook seemed so unfavorable to the rebel leaders by the late afternoon that a group of them, including Provisional President Molina Ureña and Colonel Caamaño, came to the U.S. Embassy to ask the ambassador to mediate and negotiate a settlement.

This meeting has given rise to such conflicting accounts that there is no way to recapture it to the satisfaction of both sides. In brief, Mr. Bennett says that he refused the request for mediation and negotiation because they would have amounted to "intervention," for which he lacked authorization. Colonel Caamaño claims that Mr. Bennett told them not to try to negotiate but to surrender outright. The only thing both seem to agree on is that the ambassador refused the request to mediate and negotiate, which is enough for our purposes. Sick at heart, Sr. Molina Ureña and Colonel Hernando Ramírez were persuaded to take asylum in a Latin American embassy.

THERE WAS nothing panicky or ill-informed about Mr. Bennett's refusal to mediate. With virtually the whole rebel command in his office asking, in effect, for a face-saving end to the revolt, he had every right to consider it all but over. The only question was whether he would make it easier for them. The reason he has given for telling them to do it the hard way is so unconvincing that one is forced to seek another explanation. He was so little loath to "intervene"

* This is, of course, the same telegram that the President said was received at 5:14 P.M. on May 2 and 5:16 P.M. on May 4. Since the *Department of State Bulletin* of May 17, May 24 and June 14, 1965, contains the official texts with the three slightly different times of arrival, I have thought it best to cite them in the same way.

† In an interview with the U.S. journalist closest to him, Jules Dubois of the Chicago *Tribune* (April 30, 1965), General Wessin complained rancorously about the other Dominican commanders. He had "bitter words about" General Marco Rivera Cuesta, whom he accused of having been "lax about the conspiracy." When asked by Dubois why he had not attacked on Sunday morning as ordered to do by Reid Cabral, Wessin replied: "The navy started in this with us and then decided to be neutral. The same happened with the air force. Then a group of officers of the air force were ready to surrender and accept the conditions of the rebels." General Wessin asserted that "had he failed to convince the reluctant air force and army chiefs to attack the Communists at 6 A.M. Monday, the Reds would have been in power that night." These complaints suggest that a great deal of pressure must have been necessary to get the air force, navy, and army chiefs to fight.

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that he had spent a good part of that afternoon trying to persuade Washington to save Wessin's forces from possible defeat by giving them what seemed to be desperately needed communications equipment. Instead of similarly seeking authorization from Washington to accede to the request for mediation, he merely rejected it on the ground that he lacked authorization. Given the documentary evidence of the lengths to which the ambassador was willing to go to bring about a rebel defeat, it is hard to believe that fastidiousness in his interpretation of intervention was his real motive. More probably, he did not wish to drag out the apparent rebel defeat by interposing a period of negotiation, and preferred to leave the rebel leaders to the tender mercies of the old *trujillista* generals without accepting any responsibility for them.

This was the second time in three days that a U.S. action may have served to prolong the conflict. On April 24 and 25, the U.S. military attachés may have kept the war going by egging on the Dominican military leaders. On April 27, Ambassador Bennett almost certainly kept the war going by refusing to arrange what at that moment could only have been an armed forces' victory. On the basis of hindsight, it is easy to accuse the ambassador of misjudgment. It would be nearer the truth to consider him a victim of bad luck. No one could have foreseen that the conflict would take another sharp turn in the next twenty-four hours and transmute his refusal to mediate into the surpassing irony of the entire crisis.

A fully satisfactory account of what happened on the evening of April 27 and morning of April 28 to change the perspective from a collapse of the rebels to a collapse of the armed forces does not yet seem possible. The official U.S. interpretation, as expressed by the President on May 2, is that the collapse of Colonel Caamaño's forces on April 27 enabled the Communists to move in and take over and really seize and place into their hands the originally popular democratic revolution. The implication is that the Communists defeated the armed forces and revived the revolt under their own leadership. On the other hand, it is known that Colonel Caamaño, Colonel Monte Araches, and others of their group, infuriated by what they considered Ambassador Bennett's insulting behavior in rejecting their request for mediation, went back to the Duarte bridge and renewed their resistance to the incursion of General Wessin's tank force. It should be kept in mind that over 1,000 officers and enlisted men fought with Colonel Caamaño to the bitter end.

Other U.S. sources suggest that Colonel Caamaño, now in charge of the revolt as a result of Colonel Hernando Ramírez's having taken asylum. again benefited from cross purposes within the Dominican armed forces. The testimony before Senator Fulbright's committee led him to comment: "Owing to a degree of disorganization and timidity on the part of the anti-rebel forces which no one, including the U.S. Embassy and the rebels themselves, anticipated, the rebels were still fighting on the morning of Wednesday, April 28."* And Representative Armistead I. Selden, Jr. of Alabama, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, and as such also privy to all the documentation, attributed the rebel recovery on April 28 at least in part to the fact that "the armed forces under command of Gen. Wessin y Wessin did not move" and "the Dominican Army was sitting out at San Isidro base doing nothing."† Whenever the armed forces met much resistance, it appears, many of the soldiers lost their taste for fighting and deserted *en masse*. The problem may well be why the overwhelmingly superior Dominican army did not fight harder rather than why their opponents were able to fight so well.

Thus a number of factors other than the alleged Communist push and takeover may explain the armed forces' reversal on April 28. It is certainly reasonable to suppose that Colonel Caamaño did not administer any political tests to anyone who was willing to go out and fight in the darkest hours of April 27-28. But the theory of the Communist "miracle" was never very convincing. If the Communists, with nothing more than Molotov cocktails, some machine-guns and small arms at their disposal, could have overwhelmed at minimum an infantry regiment and tanks from San Isidro, another infantry regiment from San Cristóbal, plus the Dominican air force and navy, all in a matter of hours, they would certainly have been strong and headstrong enough to attack the first few hundred marines who landed on April 28-29. The Communists would have been delighted to exchange them for the Dominican military as their real enemy. One little understands Fidel Castro or the Castroite mentality if one can believe that the Dominican Castroites, flushed with a lightning victory over the entire Dominican military establishment, would have missed a golden opportunity to wage a holy war of national liberation against direct U.S. military intervention.

In any event, Ambassador Bennett woke up on Wednesday, April 28, to an altogether different situation. Instead of the Boschists begging him to intercede, the C.I.A.'s brain child, Colonel Benoit's military junta, was crying for help. This unexpected upset again gave the United States an opportunity to demonstrate how it was not "taking sides in the internal struggle" and not " 'supporting' either of the factions contending for power."

WE MAY NOW take a closer look at the two cables from Ambassador Bennett on the afternoon of April 28, which had supposedly con-

* *Congressional Record*, Senate, September 15, 1965, pp. 23000-01.

† *Ibid.*, House of Representatives, September 23, 1965, p. 24075.

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vinced President Johnson that he had to send in the marines for no other purpose than to save American lives. We have been solemnly told by the President and the Secretary of State that the first cable at about 3 P.M. had broken the news to them that the Dominican "governmental authorities" could no longer protect Americans—but that it contained no request from the ambassador for U.S. armed intervention. Then at about 5:15 P.M. came the other cable with more or less the same message from the Dominican "law enforcement and military officials" but now accompanied by the ambassador's urgent appeal for immediate troop landings.

The only deduction that can be drawn from this account is that something had happened in the two-and-a-quarter hours between 3 P.M. and 5:15 P.M. to change the ambassador's mind about the necessity for U.S. armed intervention. In subsequent statements, the President tried to give the impression that what had happened was greater personal danger for American citizens, and even for the ambassador himself. "As we talked to Ambassador Bennett," the President related somewhat melodramatically six days later, "he said to apparently one of the girls who brought him a cable, he said, please get away from the window, that glass is going to cut your head, because the glass had been shattered, and we heard the bullets coming through the office where he was sitting while talking to us."* As time passed, the President's saga of the ambassador's ordeal on April 28 became more and more imaginative, until seven weeks later, he had Mr. Bennett "talking to us from under a desk while bullets were going through his windows."†

One of those who has read Mr. Bennett's second message, Philip Geyelin, was surprised to find that it was not at all as anguished about the safety of Americans as Mr. Johnson had led him to believe. Geyelin wrote:

> Though Mr. Johnson, with the poetic license to which a politician may be entitled, was later to report that he received at 5:16 P.M. on Wednesday [April 28] a cable from Ambassador Bennett, warning that "you must land troops immediately or blood will run in the streets, American blood will run in the streets," the actual message was considerably more low-key.
>
> It did recommend the landing of marines and did state, in one short sentence, that the lives of U.S. citizens were endangered. But it dwelt at far greater length on the rapid collapse of the anti-rebel drive and on the pathos of the weary, weeping generals in the "loyalist" headquarters at San Isidro air base. And it contained a revealing passage which for security reasons must be paraphrased. If the policy-makers preferred, the embassy said in effect, the troops could be sent in with a mission of covering the evacuation; the clear implication was that the embassy had some other real mission in mind, such as a show of force to hearten the anti-rebel junta.**

There is also some question about the verisimilitude of the details with which the President embellished his telephone conversation with the ambassador (which apparently took place after the arrival of the second cable).†† Tad Szulc looked into the circumstances and found:

> There was intermittent sniper fire, apparently by irregulars or plain hoodlums, around the embassy when Mr. Bennett spoke to the President. Somehow the idea was conveyed to the President that the embassy was at that moment under direct and heavy machine-gun fire. As Mr. Johnson later related the episode, Mr. Bennett and his secretary were under their desks as the ambassador spoke to the White House.
>
> But embassy officials said later that at no time had the embassy building been fired upon by machine guns. For that matter, despite many subsequent sniper firings, there were never any bullet marks on the embassy's walls.

IF DANGER TO Americans was the controlling factor, there was no good reason why Ambassador Bennett should have made up his mind between about 3 P.M. and about 5:15 P.M. No less dangerous fighting in the streets and around the embassy had raged intermittently for at least three days, and the single most explosive incident had occurred the day before at the Hotel Embajador without having caused him to lose his aplomb. By conjuring up such a vivid scene of an ambassador who advised him to send in the marines while crouched under a desk ducking bullets flying through his office, the President inadvertently encouraged the impression that Mr. Bennett may have temporarily surrendered to a panicky concern for his own and other Americans' safety. On the contrary, the ambassador had something else on his mind, and he never made any attempt to disguise it.

The plot thickens if we turn our attention to what the Dominican "governmental authorities" had told Mr. Bennett that had impelled him to send these two cables. Fortunately, we have the text of what is supposed to be the key message from Colonel Benoit to Ambassador Bennett. It reads:

> Regarding my earlier request I wish to add that American lives are in danger and conditions of public disorder make it impossible to provide adequate protection. I therefore ask you

* *Department of State Bulletin*, May 24, 1965, p. 821.

† *Ibid.*, July 5, 1965, p. 20.

** The *Wall Street Journal*, June 25, 1965.

†† Senator Smathers said that it occurred during the President's consultation with congressional leaders after the decision to send in the marines had been made (*Congressional Record*, Senate, September 15, 1965, p. 23007). Thus the decision had had nothing to do with these sound effects. Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio later tried to explain away the under-the-desk story as a "theatrical touch" for which the President should not be blamed inasmuch as he was relying on the ambassador's statements (*ibid.*, September 22, 1965, p. 23846).

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for temporary intervention and assistance in restoring order in this country.*

The reader will note a telltale phrase at the beginning of this message—"Regarding my earlier request." In effect, Colonel Benoit had sent two messages, but only one has been made public. The missing message is also the missing link in the chain of events that we have been trying to unravel.

We still do not have the text of Colonel Benoit's first message but we have two very authoritative versions of what it conveyed from members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Fulbright tells us:

> In mid-afternoon of April 28, Col. Pedro Bartolomé Benoit, head of a junta which had been hastily assembled, asked again, this time in writing, for U.S. troops on the ground that this was the only way to prevent a Communist takeover; no mention was made of the junta's inability to protect American lives.†

Senator Clark read the same meaning into Colonel Benoit's first message:

> That junta sent word to Ambassador Bennett, "You had better send American troops in because a Communist takeover threatens."**

The forthrightness of this request was not what the ambassador had bargained for. At this juncture on April 28, the evidence in Washington of a Communist takeover was virtually nonexistent. So Colonel Benoit was instructed what to say in order to get the U.S. troops that he wanted.

Here, according to Senator Fulbright, is what happened next:

> This request was denied in Washington, and Benoit was thereupon told that the United States would not intervene unless he said he could not protect American citizens present in the Dominican Republic. Benoit was thus told in effect that if he said American lives were in danger, the United States would intervene. And that is precisely what happened.

Senator Clark, as usual, gives us a more colloquial account of what took place:

> Ambassador Bennett sent word back, "I can't get away with bringing Americans in on that ground because the evidence is not clear. If you will change your request and make it in writing, and ask American forces to intervene in order to protect American lives, then I believe that we can persuade Washington to do it."
>
> So Benoit changed his position and put it on the basis of protecting American lives. Bennett forwarded that post haste to the State Department and to the White House, and troops were sent in.

In effect, Ambassador Bennett first put words into Colonel Benoit's mouth or pen, and then used those words to justify sending in U.S. troops. The rest of the operation in Washington was mainly an effort to cover up the tracks of this rather extraordinary transaction. In a totalitarian country, it would probably have taken years, if not decades, to uncover these tracks. In a free country, it took only a few weeks or months. Senator Fulbright told nothing but the unwanted and unvarnished truth in his speech of September 15, which was informed with a grandeur and integrity that can hardly be matched in recent congressional history:

> The United States intervened in the Dominican Republic for the purpose of preventing the victory of a revolutionary force which was judged to be Communist dominated. On the basis of Ambassador Bennett's messages to Washington, there is no doubt that the threat of Communism rather than danger to American lives was his primary reason for recommending military intervention.

One may settle, then, for a minimal interpretation of the Johnson-Mann-Bennett policy. If it was not aimed at obtaining victory for the reactionary military forces, it certainly did not wish to see them lose. Conversely, if it did not do anything to defeat the revolt, it was willing to do almost anything to prevent its success.

This policy also managed to prolong the civil war for the second time certainly and the third time possibly in four days. The fighting might never have flared up but for the putative pressure of the military attachés on April 24 and 25; the revolt would have lost its outstanding military and civilian leaders if Ambassador Bennett had agreed to help them give up on April 27; and only twenty-four hours later, the complete collapse of the other side was admittedly averted by sending in U.S. troops. Fate and a word have rarely played such tricks on a diplomat as befell Mr. Bennett on April 27 and 28; in the name of "non-intervention," he missed an opportunity to end the conflict successfully for "his" side, and then he non-intervened U.S. marines and paratroops right into a shooting civil war.

THE WALKIE-TALKIES and the non-intervention of the U.S. marines on April 28 do not constitute the only evidence of how the United States "refrained," during the first violent days, from supporting either of the "factions" struggling for power.

I have previously mentioned the unintentional eavesdropping of U.S. correspondents aboard the *Boxer* as they approached Santo Domingo on Thursday morning, April 29. To their astonishment, they were able to hear official U.S. communications through both a transistor radio and the ship's radio, evidently because the embassy's messages were being relayed to the San Isidro

* This note was first made public on May 7, 1965, in the report of the first O.A.S. investigating committee.

† *Congressional Record*, Senate, September 15, 1965, p. 23001.

** *Ibid., September* 17, 1965, p. 23366.

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base via the aircraft carrier. Even more disconcerting was the discovery that the ambassador of their nation which, as far as they still knew, was fiercely protesting its neutrality, was manifestly encouraging and assisting the San Isidro generals. They heard lengthy exchanges about the delivery of U.S. equipment and food to the San Isidro forces. Kurzman and Szulc cite almost the same words in one message from Ambassador Bennett to Colonel Benoit: " . . . Do you need more aid? . . . Believe that with determination your plans will succeed." Szulc adds that a correspondent asked the ambassador later that day about the radio conversations which had provided the newsmen with their first inkling that something untoward was going on.

"The ambassador looked embarrassed and changed the subject," Szulc notes.

ON THIS same day, April 29, two other leading characters in the Dominican drama, General Antonio Imbert Barreras and former U.S. Ambassador John Bartlow Martin, moved to the center of the stage. As the *Boxer*'s helicopters landed the first group of correspondents in Santo Domingo, they spotted Imbert, accompanied by a U.S. colonel and a Dominican bishop, getting into another helicopter, obviously on their way to the *Boxer*. Late that night, Mr. Martin received a telephone call from President Johnson's special assistant, Bill D. Moyers, to come to Washington to consult on the Dominican crisis.

Martin returned to Santo Domingo the next evening, April 30, and one of the first persons he went to see was Antonio Imbert Barreras. Imbert reminds one of the former Cuban strongman, Fulgencio Batista. The two built up their political careers on their association with the military but were not themselves military men; Batista had been an army stenographer and Imbert was given the honorary rank of Brigadier General at the end of 1962. What a U.S. official told Philip Geyelin about Imbert might well have been said about Batista: "Tony Imbert is a hood—but with all the advantages of a hood" (the *Wall Street Journal*, June 3, 1965). Like Batista, too, Imbert was perfectly capable of working with anyone who happened to serve his interests. Trujillo had once appointed Imbert a provincial governor, and he was one of the two surviving assassins of Trujillo; the Communists had also made themselves useful to Imbert in return for his favors, and now he was making his bid for power to save the country from Communism.*

As Mr. Martin told the story in *Life* of May 28, he visited Imbert again at the latter's invitation on May 3. "Various people" had asked him to "reconstitute" the three-man military junta headed by Colonel Benoit, Imbert said. He was, they had told him, the only man in the Dominican Republic "strong enough" to force the "old generals" to leave the country. Then ensued this dialogue:

I [Martin] asked, "Do you want to do it?"

He said, "I do it. For my country. Not for myself. Whatta hell I want to get into this mess for? I can sit here quiet."

I said, "We are not going to support any military dictatorship."

"I know."

"And I don't think any better of the old generals than you do. Can you get rid of them?"

"I fix."

"What about the junta?"

"We leave one of them in, Colonel Benoit. The others resign."

"Will they?"

"Su-u-re," drawing it out, a way he has.

"What kind of a government is this going to be? Who'll be in it?"

"No politicians, you can be sure of that Mr. Martin."

And, as far as the readers of *Life* could know, this is how Antonio Imbert applied for the job of forming and heading another junta.† The man who had gotten into the mess of assassinating Trujillo, who had gotten into the mess of the post-Trujillo Council of State as one of its seven members, who had been one of the chief impresarios of the mess that had resulted in the anti-Bosch coup, who had made the mess of the Dominican police his private preserve, had been reluctantly talked into the mess of taking power in May 1965 —for his country, not for himself. The old fixer knew in advance who in the existing three-man junta had to stay and who could be counted on to go. He accepted three civilian figureheads who were never heard from again. He was so incorrigibly venal that he did not scruple to betray his former comrades-in-arms. For part of the deal to make Imbert the top man required the expulsion from the country of a number of leading military commanders to give Imbert's junta a new look. Ambassador Bennett candidly informed visitors, according to Szulc, that U.S. officials had made up the list to get rid of those generals whose previous association with Trujillo was considered to have made them politically objectionable. Thus, General Belisário Peguero, whom Im-

* For Imbert's dealings with the Communists in 1962, see Virginia Prewett, the Washington *Daily News*, June 16, 1965, and Norman Gall, the Washington *Post*, June 17, 1965. Both articles are based on depositions by Imbert's go-betweens, the originals of which I have seen. The stories seem entirely in character with the man.

† On another occasion, Mr. Martin explicitly stated that he was personally responsible for giving Imbert the green light. Here is some of the dialogue on the CBS program, "Santo Domingo—Why Are We There?" of May 31, 1965:

Marvin Kalb: Mr. Martin, the question comes up, why General Imbert? Did we find him, or did he find us?

John Bartlow Martin: He found us, specifically me.

Kalb: What happened?

Martin: Well, he called me and asked me to come and see him. And he told me that he had been approached by a number of Dominicans. He told them that they could not support either the rebel government or the San Isidro junta, which represented the military elements that the rebellion had begun against. These people, the Dominicans, had asked Imbert to form á third force, a new government. And I told him, "Go ahead."

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bert had put in charge of the police and whom Reid Cabral had fired in one of the reforms that had brought about his downfall, General Montás Guerrero, who had belatedly brought his San Cristóbal regiment into the capital, General Atila Luna Pérez of the air force, who had worked with Imbert on the anti-Bosch coup, and three or four others were unceremoniously hustled out of the country. To his credit, it must be said that General Wessin refused to play this game, and a resignation, already announced, was repudiated by him.

MR. MARTIN WRITES as if he had so much authority that he could tell Imbert to go ahead. Whether or not he should have given a little more credit to Ambassador Bennett and the C.I.A., there is no doubt that General Imbert succeeded Colonel Benoit as the chosen instrument of U.S. policy. On May 26, Secretary of State Rusk blandly told a news conference: "As far as the civilian-military group under General Imbert's leadership is concerned, we did encourage them to form a group that could try to assure the normal processes of the countryside which was not involved in downtown Santo Domingo." He reiterated: "And so we did encourage these gentlemen to associate themselves and to try to help deal with the problems of those areas of the country that were not directly involved in the violence in Santo Domingo itself." From these words, one might gather that Imbert was "encouraged" merely to form a "group" to "help" (whom?) to deal with (what?) problems outside the capital. In fact, Imbert set up what he called a "Government of National Reconstruction," which Mr. Martin says "began to behave surprisingly like a government." Since by the time Mr. Rusk spoke, it had already appointed a foreign minister and representatives to the United Nations and the O.A.S., and demanded all the rights and privileges accorded to legitimate governments, it is difficult to understand the Secretary's language. One can hardly recall a Secretary of State afflicted with such squeamishness.

Mr. Rusk also cast some doubt on Mr. Martin's credentials. When he was asked to comment on the "ethical question" of Mr. Martin's kiss-and-tell article, the Secretary of State delivered himself as follows: "Mr. Martin was not down there on an official appointment. He was not down there as a salaried employee of the Government." What was he down there for? Only "to establish contact" with people he had known as ambassador during Bosch's administration. His status had only been that of a "private citizen" to assist Ambassador Bennett. We are asked to believe, then, that two "private citizens," John Bartlow Martin and Antonio Imbert Barreras, had a private little conversation out of which came a "group" which surprisingly behaved like a government.

No one, of course, was deceived, least of all the forces behind the new junta. Only a week later, when the Bundy mission seemed to be pulling the rug from under it, Imbert's chief of staff, General Jacinto Martínez Araña, protested: "We cannot stop because the present government was selected, you know, by a group of American people, United States people. One of them is the ambassador and some more, you know."* And Hal Hendrix, from Imbert's corner, reported heartlessly: "Exactly a week earlier American representatives here had stage-managed the creation of a five-member military-civilian junta government of national reconstruction" (New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, May 18, 1965). Indeed, if Mr. Bundy had had his way at this time, American representatives would have been able to take credit for having stage-managed the creation of Dominican juntas at the rate of one every ten days.

It would have required some of the greatest flimflam artists of all time to get away with this kind of political legerdemain. Somehow one does not quite see Mr. Rusk or Mr. Mann or Mr. Bennett or Mr. Martin in the role.†

VI

OF ALL the controversial issues that have arisen in the course of the Dominican crisis, the least necessary to dispute is President Johnson's pronouncement that there was a Communist takeover of the revolt. Seldom has a chief executive been led to take such an extreme position by subordinates who could not hold on to it for more than a week.

The trouble starts as soon as one asks when the Communist takeover took place. One school of U.S. officials, as we have seen, inspired stories to the effect that Bosch had sold out to the Communists before the revolt. One of the State Department's advocates, Adolf A. Berle, assured readers of *The Reporter* of May 20 that the pro-Bosch forces were "infiltrated and then dominated by the trained Communist elements" within 48 hours, that is, by April 26. Mr. Berle evidently knew better than the President, who had dated the takeover from the temporary Boschist setback on April 27.

Privately, of course, Bennett was indoctrinating Washington to the effect that the conflict was one between Castroism and anti-Castroism by, at latest, the afternoon of April 28. After the marines had landed at about 7 P.M. that evening, Mr. Bennett was evidently afraid that their mission might indeed be limited to protecting Americans,

* General Martínez Araña on the CBS program, "Santo Domingo—Why Are We There?", May 31, 1965.

† I have chosen here to ignore the deleterious effects on the revolt of the strictly military action by the U.S. force. It cut the rebel zone in two and later permitted the regrouped pro-Imbert troops to wipe out the northern rebel-held sector. Inasmuch as I am not trying to deal with every phase of the revolt, and the military actions raise a whole set of different problems, I have limited myself to behind-the-scenes political actions and decisions which go directly to the heart of U.S. policy.

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and he went all-out to prevent that unpleasant eventuality. At 8 P.M., he sent what Szulc thinks may have been the most crucial single recommendation from the embassy in the entire crisis: "I recommend that serious thought be given to armed intervention to restore order beyond a mere protection of lives. If the present loyalist efforts fail, the power will go to groups whose aims are identical with those of the Communist Party. We might have to intervene to prevent another Cuba." And in the famous or notorious briefing of April 29, Mr. Bennett handed out the first list of 53 Communist names, though there seems to be a difference of opinion as to how far he went in characterizing the rebel side as Communist.*

In any event, Ambassador Bennett did not commit himself publicly to the Communist takeover. Mr. Bennett permitted "private citizen" John Bartlow Martin to make the first U.S. announcement that the revolution was Communist-controlled at a joint press conference in the embassy on May 2. Martin is quoted as having said: "This was originally a PRD attempt to restore Bosch's constitutional government, but I am now convinced after having talked to many people on the rebel side that this is Communist-dominated, and moderate elements of the PRD are themselves aware of this fact."† He had already sent this advice to the President who that same day went on record in support of the extreme Communist-takeover line.

Previously I raised the question of why the President was far more cautious and tentative about the Communist takeover on April 30 than on May 2. The answer very likely lies in Mr. Martin's role those three days. An open enemy of Juan Bosch could not do what a self-professed friend did. This Brutus-like stab inflicted more harm on Bosch's cause than all Wessin's soldiers were able to do.

For about a week after John Bartlow Martin and President Johnson made the first U.S. statements committing this country to the idea of a Communist takeover of the revolt, it became the U.S. party line, though different and somewhat more equivocal expressions were also used. On May 3, Adlai Stevenson was instructed to say at the U.N. that "Communist leaders, many of them trained in Cuba, have taken increasing control of what was initially a democratic movement." On May 4, the President declared that "some 58 Communists began to rise on that crock of milk, they came to the surface and took increased leadership in the movement and the leaders and friends of ex-President Bosch were more or less shoved in the background and stepped aside." On May 8, Secretary of State Rusk told John Hightower of the Associated Press that the U.S. government had acted on mounting evidence that "the Communists had captured the revolution according to plan." And on May 9, in the New York *Times* interview with Max Frankel, Under Secretary Mann said that the democratic revolution had "moved into the hands of a band of Communist agents."

But then a strange thing happened. U.S. spokesmen began to back away from this extreme position and to cast doubt that the Communists had really succeeded in taking over the revolt. For example, at his news conference on May 26, Secretary Rusk merely talked of a "possibility" and "a very serious threat" that Communists would seize control of armed mobs. On June 9, Leonard C. Meeker, the State Department's Legal Adviser, delivered an address before the Foreign Law Association in which he would go no further than to allege that there had been "a grave risk" and a very real "threat" and an appearance that the Communists had been "in a fair way" to take over. Most curiously of all, in a speech in Atlanta, Georgia, on September 17, Ambassador Bennett himself praised U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic in the following terms: "The Communists were prevented from taking over in a chaotic situation and pushing aside the democratic elements involved in the revolt."

AND THUS we have come full circle. First the United States sent in the marines because the Communists had taken over the revolt and now the United States claims credit for having prevented the Communists from taking over the revolt. In fact, the congressional defenders of the administration's policy have argued that the intervention was justified on the basis of the "risk" and "threat" and "possibility" of a Communist takeover, not the accomplished fact.

If we accept something that Under Secretary Mann told Max Frankel, then, there is no longer any need to argue about the original U.S. justification for its military intervention. This is what Mr. Mann said: "But there really is no problem, as far as our policy is concerned, unless and until the Communists succeed in actually capturing and controlling a movement."

By this criterion, a "risk," "threat," or "possibility" is not good enough. That is possibly why President Johnson went as far as he did on May 2, but U.S. spokesmen since then have moved further and further away from that dangerously exposed position to one more easily defensible.

This strategic retreat may also be observed in the strange fate of the various "lists" of Dominican Communists and Castroites.

By chance, the new director of the C.I.A.,

* According to Kurzman, the ambassador said that "the Communists had completely taken over the revolution." Szulc reports him as merely saying that "he personally was concerned about the Communist inroads in the rebel movement."

† This is Szulc's version. Kurzman quotes Martin as having said that the revolution had "fallen under the domination of Castro Communists" and "they are now in control." In his *Life* article, Mr. Martin alludes to the fact that "I had said publicly that in my judgment his [Bosch's] party had fallen under the domination of adventurers and Castro-Communists."

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Admiral William F. Raborn, Jr., was sworn in on April 24, a few hours after the revolt had broken out. At least as late as April 28, according to Senator Clark, he was able to produce the names of only three Communists allegedly implicated in the revolt.* From 3 P.M. to 7 P.M. on April 28, President Johnson disclosed on May 4, U.S. intelligence indicated that no more than two of the "prime leaders in the rebel forces" were men "with a long history of Communist association and insurrections," one of whom had allegedly fought in the Spanish civil war. Later reports, the President also said, brought the figure up to eight. Then special "alerts" were sent out for more names. On April 29, as we have seen, Ambassador Bennett upped the ante to 53. This jump was apparently made possible by ransacking old, pre-revolt lists for Dominicans who had been previously reported active in Communist movements. For this reason, the first lists were curiously dated, with much of the data no more recent than 1963. On May 1, a list of 54 was leaked to the press in Washington. By May 3, according to the President, he had "the names and addresses and experience and numbers and background" of 58. When four of these proved to be duplications, only 54 were published in the New York *Times* of May 6.† And in mid-June a final list of 77 was released *sub rosa* in Washington.**

One thing is immediately apparent about these lists. They were all *ex post facto* jobs, hastily put together to justify an already adopted policy rather than to provide raw material for a policy in gestation. Whatever may have been right or wrong about the lists, they were not available to President Johnson and his small circle of advisers when they had to make up their minds to send the marines to frustrate a reported Communist takeover. In fact, if we may judge from the list published in the New York *Times* on May 6, the President still did not have much to go by. Only one person on it was allegedly "involved in the direction of the insurrection," and only one other was classified as a "probable military leader." Of the 54, only 20 were positively identified as having taken part in the April 1965 revolt. One entry simply reads: "Pro-Castro student leader." Even the list of 77 a month later contains only six imputed to be in the "top leadership group of the rebel government."

In fact, we have at least one authoritative testimonial that, on April 28, the President was able to give assurances not that there was a preponderant Communist influence but only a "definite" one. On that day, before taking action, Mr. Johnson telephoned his long-time mentor, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, who was then at home. Mr. Russell later told the Senate:

> The President was kind enough to ask me what I thought of the situation. I asked him if there were any indications of a definite Communist influence in the so-called rebel forces. He stated that there was little doubt that there was a definite Communist influence there, and I told him that, in my opinion, he had no alternative other than to proceed to send the Armed Forces to San Domingo to avoid another Cuba.††

It is possible to argue that the President was later proven right by the information which the intelligence agencies subsequently gathered. But if we are also interested in what the President had before him at the moment of decision, we can hardly fail to be impressed by the paucity of the data. When it is carefully examined, it is clear that he was largely forced to depend on the judgment of two men, Ambassador Bennett and former Ambassador Martin. Since the list of 77 was put together too late to influence the President's decision, we are here mainly concerned with the lists of 53, 54, and 58.

THE TROUBLE with these lists was that they tended to prove what did not need to be proved—that Communists act like Communists. With the two exceptions already noted, the list of 54 merely ascribed such activities to those on it as "armed for action," "making Molotov cocktails," and "distributing leaflets." It was notably weak at the crucial point—whether the Communists had gained control of the rebel leadership. The correspondents to whom Ambassador Bennett gave his list of 53 spotted this weakness immediately, even before they discovered other reasons to find fault with it. The only substantial tie-up between the Communists and Colonel Caamaño at this time was made in a charge that he had appointed "three men of well-established Communist sympathies and associations" to posts in his "provisional government." On investigation, the correspondents soon learned (a) that they were almost certainly not Communists, and (b) that Caamaño had not appointed them to any cabinet posts. When Kurzman pointed out these blemishes to an embassy official, the latter agreed that a mistake had been made.*** As we have seen, the charge that Colonel Caamaño had made a deal with Communist leaders on May 4 similarly boomeranged.

By this time, the correspondents in Santo Domingo were so suspicious that they were primed to pounce on every defect in the ambassador's list. James Nelson Goodsell of the *Christian*

* *Congressional Record*, Senate, September 17, 1965, p. 23366. Senator Clark did not give the exact date for the three but said that they had been produced 72 hours before the 58.

† An early edition carried 55 names but, owing to a duplication, the number was reduced to 54 in the later edition.

** This list may be found in the *Congressional Record*, House, September 23, 1965, pp. 24079-81.

†† *Congressional Record*, Senate, September 21, 1965, p., 23667.

*** The best treatment of this mix-up is in Kurzman's book, pp. 197-98. The original charges against the three appeared in the New York *Times* story on May 6, 1965. Unfor-

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Science Monitor gave it the most thorough going-over. "A good degree of sloppy intelligence work went into the preparation of the lists," was his verdict on May 19, "for they contain the names of persons in prison at the time of the April 24 revolt, others out of the country at that time, and still others who are not Communists but rather are widely known as Nationalists who agree with Communists on the anti-American issue." Goodsell found two in prison; six not in the country; four jailed within two days of the outbreak and, therefore, *hors de combat* when the Communist take-over supposedly took place; at least three others released from jail before the list was promulgated; four and possibly six not in Santo Domingo at the time. If Goodsell was right, from 19 to 21, or almost 40 per cent of the list, could not have played active roles at the time it was issued. This percentage of error may have been too great, but the list-makers themselves admitted to a margin of error of almost 20 per cent. When the list of 77 was given out, 10 of those on the original list of 54 had been removed from it. Goodsell, of course, was not the only enterprising correspondent who refused to take the lists on faith. Mauro Calamandrei of *L'Espresso* (Rome) and Luis Suárez of *Siempre* (Mexico City) went looking for the redoubtable Manuel González y Gonzalez, whom President Johnson himself had mentioned as a veteran of the Spanish civil war. Calamandrei had no trouble locating him several times at home, and Suárez talked to him in the street, a pistol in his belt as he fixed a jammed gun for a young rebel fighter. But he hardly impressed them as "the probable military leader in the current insurrection"; the revolt had caught him by surprise as much as anyone else, as he was seeing off an aunt on a trip; he had never met Colonel Caamaño; and it was his father who had fought in the Spanish civil war when he was still in his teens.

The skepticism of the *Christian Science Monitor* was bad enough. But who would have expected to find these blasphemous words in the *Wall Street Journal* of June 25: "What the record also suggests is a sometimes-carefree, sometimes-clumsy tendency toward inconsistency, contradiction and even outright misrepresentation for the sake of expediency"?*

It is not often that journalists can be said to have saved the honor of their country. This was, I believe, one of those very rare occasions. Tad Szulc, Barnard L. Collier, Dan Kurzman, James Nelson Goodsell, Philip Geyelin, Bert Quint of CBS, and others, made one feel proud of and grateful for a free press without which the moral and political disaster would have been infinitely greater. When they were struggling against the greatest odds to get the truth and make it known, no public figure was able or willing to speak out against the inconsistencies, contradictions, and outright misrepresentations. In this Dominican crisis, the best and worst of American journalism was manifested—but the worst is far less a stranger than the best.

IT SHOULD BE remembered that Ambassador Bennett's list of 53 was issued at the same press conference on April 29 at which he regaled the correspondents with a collection of anti-Caamaño atrocity stories. There was no reason why the sources for his list should have been much better than the sources for his stories. Both were quite clearly the products of hastily enlisted informers and material obtained from the Dominican police and military "intelligence" factories. I do not mean to question the practice of using informers by all intelligence agencies, but anyone who has had any experience with this type of information, especially in the heat of an unexpected civil war, knows how treacherous it can be. The informers did very badly tipping off the embassy about the imminence of the revolt; they did very badly with the horror tales; they did very badly with the three alleged Communists in Colonel Caamaño's provisional government; and they lived up to their record in the matter of the first lists. Ambassador Bennett later told Al Burt, Latin American editor of the Miami *Herald* (August 22), that "we had to operate by antenna and by guess." We can sympathize with Mr. Bennett's plight and respect his candor, but that is not how the matter was originally presented to the American people or the world at large, and too much hinged on his antenna and guesswork.

As for John Bartlow Martin's judgment, it is perhaps the most depressing aspect of this whole calamitous affair. As the ambassador to Bosch's government, of whom Bosch had written that he and the Alliance for Progress director, Newell F. Williams, "did not appear to be agents of the U.S. government but rather two Dominicans as anxious

tunately, no one told Senator Frank J. Lausche of Ohio that he no longer had to worry about them. More than four months later, Mr. Lausche rose in the Senate and indignantly proclaimed that "the most ardent Communist of the whole group" had been put in charge of the "investigative forces" of a "temporary government" formed in April (*Congressional Record*, Senate, September 17, 1965, p. 23345). The Senator was referring to Luis Hómero Lajara Burgos, who had been appointed Director General of Security in the two-day Molina Ureña provisional government but had not been reappointed by Colonel Caamaño. Sr. Lajara Burgos had also been a Rear Admiral (ret.) and Chief of Staff of the Dominican Navy, Chief of the Dominican National Police, member of the General Staff of the Inter-American Defense Board, and Naval Attaché, Dominican Embassy, Washington, D.C. Norman Thomas included a contribution by Luis Hómero Lajara Burgos in the recent pamphlet, *Dominican Republic: A Study in the New Imperialism*. Kurzman writes of Lajara Burgos: "A naval officer, he was, I found, regarded even by conservative Dominicans as anti-Communist."

* Later, Szulc, Collier, and Kurzman became the favorite whipping boys of pro-administration congressmen. For some reason, Goodsell and Geyelin did not receive the same treatment, possibly because the very names of their papers might have caused some wonderment, though there is very little of importance in the first three that cannot be found in the last two.

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as the best of Dominicans to accomplish the impossible for us,"* Mr. Martin was the living symbol of U.S. faith in democracy and social justice, whatever his abilities may have been. If there came a time when the U.S. would need to change its policy from what W. Tapley Bennett, Jr. symbolized, Martin would have been an invaluable asset in making it. Instead, he was yanked from home in Connecticut, ulcers and all, to "assist" Mr. Bennett, "open up contact" with the hitherto despised and ignored rebels, and advise the President. He says that he was at first skeptical of reports that the revolt was Communist-led. Only two days later, he was so sure of it that he gave the President the final shove to go overboard on the Communist issue.

In his *Life* article, Mr. Martin set out to vindicate this judgment. Presumably he tried to make his case as strong as possible. Yet in the entire article, there are exactly two passages in which the author gives any clue to the basis for his conclusion. In the first, he relates a rather boring interview with Colonel Caamaño and his political adviser, Héctor Aristy, on May 1. As Mr. Martin and his aide, Harry Shlaudeman, departed and got into a car, a crowd gathered and cried, "We trust you, Mr. Martin," and, "We want democracy." But though Mr. Martin tells us compassionately that the crowd was made up of "the Dominican people, the real sufferers—hungry, penniless, disease-ridden, defenseless," he immediately changes his tone and calls it a demonstration that had been "well organized to reinforce our sympathies." Then comes the shocker:

> And Shlaudeman noticed something else: a black-shirted young man, whom he recognized as a member of the Castro-Communist terrorist party, had yelled beside the car, "Yankees go home." Immediately a powerful hand had gripped his shoulder from behind and jerked him away out of sight. He had used the wrong script.

I have cited this scene in Mr. Martin's own words because it is literally the only personal experience that he offers to account for his momentous decision. The entire incident turns on a familiar anti-American slogan uttered by a single young man. It might have been the "wrong script" for more than one reason. The young man might have been jerked away because he had been indiscreet or because the owner of the powerful hand did not agree with him—Mr. Martin had no way of knowing. Even if we accept the worst interpretation and consider this shattering little incident a "Communist demonstration," as Mr. Martin seems to do, it still constitutes very slight grounds for determining who controlled the entire revolt.

After this, Mr. Martin immediately moves on to May 2 and tells us that he and Shlaudeman "studied the massive evidence assembled by our intelligence agencies" and talked quietly to Dominicans on both sides. From these talks he quotes snatches that are hardly worth repeating. His *pièce de résistance* is really a selection of eleven "dedicated Communists" from Ambassador Bennett's longer list of those who "almost immediately joined the revolt." The most that Mr. Martin says of them is that "our intelligence agents saw many of these men at rebel headquarters and rebel strongholds." What they were seen doing, or what bearing it had on the crucial question of control, deponent doth not say. In any case, Mr. Martin was in no position to evaluate the "massive evidence" put before him, some of which we have already examined. One of his eleven, for example, is Dato Pagán Perdono, no doubt a Communist, but hardly capable of almost immediately joining the revolt because he had been safely tucked away in prison at the time. On one other point, which was open to checking, Mr. Martin committed a more serious indiscretion. During a later meeting with Colonel Caamaño, Mr. Martin conveyed the impression that three of the most respected Latin American leaders, who had been called to Washington to advise the President, had inferentially given up the rebel cause for the same reasons as Mr. Martin and, therefore, had decided against coming to Santo Domingo.† This revelation was supposed to break down Colonel Caamaño's resistance to Mr. Martin's viewpoint, and the latter intimates that it hit home: "Caamaño looked shocked" and "Caamaño realized instantly the significance of their decision."

COLONEL CAAMANO should have been shocked that Mr. Martin would tell him a cock-and-bull story and then publish it in a national magazine. In *Life* of June 18, the three Latin American statesmen in question—Rómolo Betancourt, former President of Venezuela, José Figueres, former President of Costa Rica, and Luis Muñoz Marín, former Governor of Puerto Rico—were forced to protest against Mr. Martin's "variance with the truth." They made known that the O.A.S. was responsible for their failure to go to Santo Domingo and that they had at all times been "ready to serve." I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Martin deliberately misled Colonel Caamaño. I do think that this misunderstanding on his part,

* Juan Bosch, *Crisis de la Democracia de America en la República Dominicana* (Mexico: Centro de Estudios y Documentación, 1964) p. 155. This book has just been issued in an English translation by Praeger (*The Unfinished Experiment*, 239 pp., $5.95).

† This is the only interpretation that I can draw from Mr. Martin's own account. He tells how he was pressing Colonel Caamaño to admit that there were Communists in the rebel leadership. Colonel Caamaño allegedly acknowledged that there were individual Communists around but not in the leadership. Then Mr. Martin comments: "I was far from sure. And I think he was, too." This is the prelude to his reference to the three Latin American leaders: "I said, 'I have something to tell you. Time is running out. We have been trying to get Betancourt, Figueres and Muñoz Marin to come here under the O.A.S., but they are not coming'." This is what reputedly shocked Colonel Caamaño and made him instantly realize the significance of their decision.

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and the uses to which he put it, suggest how poorly prepared he was for his difficult assignment.

I am not sure, however, whether Mr. Martin can be absolved of more serious misrepresentation in his treatment of Juan Bosch. When he saw the Dominican leader in Puerto Rico on May 2 and 3, he had already committed himself publicly to the notion of a Communist takeover of Bosch's movement. After an interval of nineteen months, it was not an auspicious introduction. Instead of making their reunion an effort to reach a new understanding, Mr. Martin was merely bent on persuading Sr. Bosch to accept the U.S. thesis and to support it. To imagine that Sr. Bosch, who had already publicly rejected the thesis and who had been in constant touch with his adherents in Santo Domingo long before Mr. Martin had come on the scene, would be likely to accede to such an appeal was at best naïve. Once Mr. Martin had committed himself openly to the U.S. thesis, he was no longer capable of carrying out that portion of his mission which had envisaged him as the friendly untarnished go-between who might pave the way for better Bosch-U.S. relations. There was no point in sending Mr. Martin to Puerto Rico if he were not going to play a somewhat different role from Mr. Bennett; two Bennetts were hardly an improvement over one.

Even if Mr. Martin's mission to Puerto Rico was doomed, however, his subsequent betrayal of confidence in *Life* was indefensible. He had, after all, been entrusted with an exceedingly delicate diplomatic mission. When his article appeared, things were more confused than ever. Even according to U.S. sources, the Communist tide had receded or was about to, and the Boschists were again a force to be reckoned with. Yet Mr. Martin describes their leader and his former friend as if he were a blood-crazed psychopath, so incapable of discussing the issues rationally that Mr. Martin "seldom felt more helpless." I cannot recall a diplomatic envoy, whether or not he was technically a "private citizen," who rushed into print with such an indecent breach of good faith. One can only conjecture whether the administration was so anxious to discredit Sr. Bosch that it put him up to it or whether Martin, the journalist, got the better of Martin, the diplomat.

But this is not all. There is reason to believe that the *Life* article committed a far more serious transgression. On this point, we have not only Sr. Bosch's recollection but the word of a man of unquestionable integrity at whose home Mr. Martin and Sr. Bosch met—Chancellor Jaime Benítez of the University of Puerto Rico. Here is Mr. Martin's version of the discussion about Sr. Bosch's possible return to Santo Domingo:

> I asked if he himself did not intend to return.
>
> "No," putting up one hand, "I cannot. I am—how do you say it?—burned."
>
> "Would you return to advise and assist in rebuilding the country?"
>
> "No. I cannot. If I return, I am the President."

This seems reasonably clear: Mr. Martin gave Sr. Bosch an opportunity to say that he wanted to return home and the latter categorically refused.

According to Sr. Bosch, however, the subject came up twice. The first time, on the night of May 2, Bosch wrote in the *New Leader* (June 21), he had asked Martin for a plane to take him to Santo Domingo.

> "No, impossible. They'll kill you," he answered.
>
> "But if so many Dominicans are dying, it matters little whether I die," I said.
>
> "Mr. President, you don't understand the situation. Your men, Wessin y Wessin's men, even the Marines have fired at me. The place is in chaos. If you go they will kill you, and you are the leader; you must not die."

Bosch says that the subject came up again the following day. After he had suggested that the constitutional issue might be solved by getting Sr. Molina Ureña out of the Colombian embassy and reinstalling him as provisional president, Mr. Martin telephoned Washington. When he returned, he again asked whether Bosch would return "to advise and assist." This time, Bosch understood that the question of his return was bound up with his own proposal to restore Sr. Molina Ureña to the provisional Presidency. He therefore replied: "No, I cannot. If I return, I would be the President."

In an interview with Homer Bigart in The New York *Times* of May 6, 1965, Chancellor Benítez recalled: "Twice, Bosch said he'd be willing to go if that would avoid a frontal clash, but Martin said that he would only get himself killed."

According to Bosch and Benítez, who were the only other ones present, then, Martin's account was the kind of half-truth that results in a total falsehood. Also, Bosch emphasizes, he had already, forty-eight hours earlier, asked Abe Fortas to arrange for a plane to transport him to Santo Domingo without having received a reply. In his mind, the United States clearly did not wish him to go back, and an anti-Bosch compaign in the United States was attributing to him all sorts of unworthy reasons for not wishing to go back. A difficult political decision was transformed into a simple failure of nerve.*

* The best explanation that I have seen for Bosch's decision at this time appeared in a letter to the San Juan *Star* of July 21, 1965, by Chancellor Benítez: "The issue is not one of courage as has been invidiously suggested elsewhere. In many ways Mr. Bosch is much more courageous than any one of us. His personal life fully supports this. It is rather a matter of intimate outlook, of emotional and intellectual reactions to dead-end situations which our tragic times force upon many of us. In Mr. Bosch's estimation he could only return during his unexpired term to the Dominican Republic as President or not at all. In 1963 he had chosen exile rather than precipitate a blood bath in Santo Domingo. He could not discard the possibility that his presence in the

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After the second exchange about Bosch's possible return, the Dominican leader says that Mr. Martin received a telephone call from Washington. When he came back, according to Bosch, he attempted to get Bosch to issue a message to the Dominican people which would acknowledge that the revolution had fallen into Communist hands and accept this as justification for the landing of U.S. troops. Bosch says he was so astonished that he did not hear the other points Martin went on to dictate to him. Bosch heatedly told the U.S. emissary that he was "not an American functionary and Washington cannot dictate what I must do." Bosch states that Chancellor Benítez intervened and succeeded in convincing the former ambassador that Bosch was right.

Nothing of this found its way into Mr. Martin's article. Eventually, no doubt, the three participants will give their versions of the full story. Whatever Mr. Martin may add in his forthcoming book, his article must be judged on its own merits, and its political effect viewed in its contemporaneous setting. For my part, I find it hard to decide whether it was worse as journalism or as diplomacy.

THE ODD THING is that one might very well criticize U.S. policy makers both for exaggerating the Dominican Communist influence and for minimizing it. A devout believer in the theory that every U.S. weakness and mistake must be attributed to a Communist conspiracy might well be suspicious on both counts.

In the *Saturday Review* of August 7, 1965, Juan Bosch estimated that there were 700 to 800 Communists and 3,000 to 3,500 Communist sympathizers in the Dominican Republic two years ago. Our devout believer might easily demand an investigation of the C.I.A. on the ground that any intelligence agency which could do no better than 10 per cent of the card-carrying Communists or only 2 per cent of Communists-*cum*-sympathizers is clearly a matter of the gravest national concern.

The best minds of the Johnson administration went through three stages in their efforts to make the idea of a Communist takeover of the pro-Bosch revolt convincing. At first, the numerical tendency was upward—from 3 to 8 to 53 to 58, back to 54, and finally to an altitude of 77. We have it from the President that, when only eight Communists were reported to him, apparently on April 28, "alerts were set up, and our men continued to ferret out and study the organization" for more names, addresses, experience, numbers, and backgrounds. Presumably the authorities would not have gone to all this trouble if they had not believed that numbers were important. But only about a month later, the holes punctured in the lists by the newsmen and the gradual realization that the numbers game was defeating its own end set the numerical machinery in reverse.

In the second stage, the numbers began to move downward. Instead of trying to prove how dangerous a large number of Communists could be, the best minds labored to demonstrate how dangerous a very few Communists could be.

On May 26, Secretary of State Rusk hit back at critics of the administration's policy as follows:

> I am not impressed by the remark that there were several dozen known Communist leaders and that therefore this was not a very serious matter. There was a time when Hitler sat in a beer hall in Munich with seven people. And I just don't believe that one underestimates what can be done in chaos, in a situation of violence and chaos, by a few highly organized, highly trained people who know what they are about and know what they want to bring about.

Analogies soon became contagious. On the CBS program of April 31, Ambassador Bennett brought up Castro:

> I don't think it's so important the actual number when one recalls that Fidel Castro first took to the hills with only twelve men. I think it's a question of training, of determined objectives and of being able to influence others who, for very legitimate motives, may be in the fight.

The Castro analogy was so appealing that Under Secretary Mann used it on Leonard Gross in *Look* of June 15: "Look at Cuba. There were only twelve people in the beginning, and yet they took it over."*

When the administration's friends in the press began to work on this argument, the numbers proceeded to diminish almost to the vanishing point.

Raymond Moley in *Newsweek* of June 7 took the line that numbers did not count at all: "Another gripe is that there were only a 'few' Communists involved in the fighting. It was irrelevant whether there were 60 or 600 Communists involved."

In *The Reporter* of July 15, Selden Rodman got down to as low as two. In Santo Domingo,

midst of conflict might intensify one now. Furthermore, Bosch resents bitterly American occupation, broods over his anticipation that it may last several years, and often says it is not within himself to deal personally and constructively with such an occupation. At the same time he cannot seal himself off from what is happening, for it is happening to his country, his people and himself." It should be noted that Dr. Benítez did not by any means see eye to eye with Bosch on everything. Of all the attacks on Bosch, however, the dregs were reached by William F. Buckley, Jr. In his column of June 1, he wrote that Bosch's "enormous personal weaknesses" suggested "even the possibility of dysphasia, or senility."

* As usual, these historical references get mangled even more by the time they get to the Senate. Senator George Smathers improved on Mr. Mann as follows: "It has been admitted that there were only about 12 known Communist leaders in Cuba with Castro when he started his revolution" (*Congressional Record* Senate, September 15, 1965, p. 23006). And to think that I have written two books that attempt to demonstrate (a) that Castro was a Castroite and not a Communist in 1956, (b) that the "twelve" were also Castroites and not "known Communists," and (c) that the official Communists disapproved of Castro's tactics before 1958!

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he relates, he flung this crushing question at Héctor Aristy: "Did it take more than Raúl Castro and Che Guevara to guide the Cuban revolution into the Soviet fold?"

But if I were awarding a grand prize, it would undoubtedly go to Eric Sevareid. In his column of May 30, he promulgated what may henceforth be known as "Sevareid's Law," which might be summed up as follows: the fewer Communists there are in a country, the more dangerous they are. Lest the reader think that I am being unfair to Mr. Sevareid, I hasten to quote his exact words:

> I fail to understand the editorialist who points out with disdain that after all, there were only a few handsful of Communists present. In a very real sense their lack of numbers is their strength. It was because they were few that President Bosch had not bothered to deal severely with them. It was because they were few that they could do much of their work undetected. It was because they were few that they could act with rapidity when the explosion came. It was because they were few that foreign opinion makers could make the Americans seem ridiculous and give us a propaganda defeat.

And so Mr. Sevareid has discovered a new and most dangerous form of the Communist conspiracy—to keep the number of Communists as low as possible. Conversely, the more there are, the more likely they are to be dealt with severely, to be detected in their work, to act less rapidly, and to make it more difficult for foreign opinion-makers to make the Americans seem ridiculous. This line of reasoning clearly establishes Mr. Sevareid as the winner over Mr. Rodman by at least one point, downward.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the crisis, then, is not merely what the policy was, but how it was defended intellectually. When a Secretary of State thinks that he is justifying something as serious as U.S. military intervention in Latin America by reference to Hitler's "seven" and both the under secretary and the ambassador try to make the same point by evoking Castro's "twelve," it is necessary to ask: Is this the proper way to educate the American people to the real danger of Communism?

I suppose that Secretary Rusk was alluding to the fact that Adolf Hitler became member No. 7 of a committee of the German Workers' party in September 1919, usually considered the birth of the National Socialist movement.* It was an obscure little group at the time, that is true, but it was only one manifestation of a postwar German disease that was neither obscure nor little. Except for the somewhat ludicrous "beer hall *Putsch*" of 1923, Hitlerism did not become a serious menace until the world economic crisis of 1929, the increasing support given to Hitler's party by leading industrialists, and the sensational upsurge of the Nazi party in the election of September 1930.

As for Castro, the legend of his "twelve" is equally dubious historically. There were 82 with Castro aboard the yacht, *Granma,* when it completed its voyage to Cuba from Mexico in December 1956. After the disastrous landing, only a handful came together again in the Sierra Maestra. Castroite propaganda used to cite the number twelve, possibly to evoke the memory of twelve earlier disciples, but Castro himself a few months ago reduced it to seven. In any event, almost half of the original contingent gradually reassembled in the Sierra Maestra and were joined by others. The anti-Batista struggle had already been going on for over four years, and many different groups had taken part in it. To think of the seven or the twelve as having represented "the beginning" merely perpetuates the myth of Castro's monopoly of the struggle.

I do not think that this is sheer pedantry. Hitler's and Castro's rise to power should be well enough known to leading officials of the State Department to make them wary of such vulgarized and misleading popularizations.

But of course, the deeper issue is what the numbers mean, not how large they are. If Mr. Rusk, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Bennett had sought to get across the idea that great and dangerous movements may begin with a few people and that they bear careful watching from the outset, there could be no objection. Yet many movements start with a handful and never change the course of history. Why do some succeed and others fail? The answer obviously does not lie in the prepotency of the few but in the social conditions which enable the few to become the many. If Hitler's "seven" or Castro's "twelve," to use the examples that have been given to us, remained seven and twelve, there would have been nothing more to worry about. But Hitler gained almost six-and-a-half million votes in 1930, and Castro capitalized on what became a truly national revulsion against the Batista regime.

Unfortunately, the purpose of these analogies with Hitler in 1919 and Castro in 1956 was not to warn against the *future* potentialities of such charismatic, demagogic figures. In the present context, the analogies were rather intended to convey the idea that Hitler with seven men and Castro with twelve men were able to take over Germany and Cuba, even as a few Communists were allegedly able to take over the Dominican Republic. Something on the order of the U.S. landings in the Dominican Republic, it was suggested, should have taken place against Hitler's "seven" and Castro's "twelve." If we must trust Selden Rodman, moreover, not even Fidel was necessary; Raúl and Che had done it all by themselves.

* As No. 7, Hitler must have sat in the Munich beer hall with only six people. Alan Bullock says that Hitler attended his first party meeting in a Munich beer-cellar with twenty or twenty-five people present (*Hitler: A Study in Tyranny,* p. 64).

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At this late date, it really should not be necessary to restate the A.B.C. of Castro's victory: Batista was overthrown because the people turned against him and his own henchmen deserted him, not because he was "defeated" by Castro's 12 men or 1200 men.

THE *reductio ad absurdum* of these intellectual monstrosities is that the administration's defenders were forced to flaunt the specter of Communist supermen. If a few Communists could take over a revolt that had failed and in a few hours vanquish the entire Dominican military establishment, they were obviously a superior breed. In fact, in all Communist history, there had never been so few who had done so much so quickly against so many. At his press conference on May 26, Secretary Rusk emphasized that it was not the numbers of the Dominican Communists that had counted but their organization and training. On the CBS program of May 31, Under Secretary Mann reiterated that the actual number of Communists was not important—"it's a question of training, of determined objectives, and of being able to influence." Senator Lausche put it this way on September 17: "By skilled manipulation, propaganda, by assertion of leadership in proper points, in street fighting, by aggressive activity, these Communists take hold. That is what they did in the Dominican Republic. A few skilled people can do this in the proper circumstances."

For a while, as I read these words, I wondered where I had seen them in somewhat different form before. Suddenly I realized that some of our foremost U.S. spokesmen had on this point become the faithful disciples of Ernesto Che Guevara. For more than any other Communist ideologist, Guevera has popularized the idea that a few revolutionists can take power, though even he has never gone so far as his *epigoni* in the State Department and U.S. Senate. Guevara has taught that a few revolutionists could *begin* the armed struggle for power, not that they could in a few hours or days successfully end it. The fact is that U.S. officials had and may still have a very vague notion of what happened in Santo Domingo on April 27 and 28 to cause the collapse of the Dominican armed forces, and they seized on this vulgarized form of "Guevara-ism" to give some credibility to the story that a few Communists had been responsible for both the collapse and the subsequent takeover of the revolt. The same U.S. sources, however, did not even make an effort to explain how victory-flushed Communist leaders could have decided to "withdraw from the scene" a week later without making a single effort to embroil the marines in a real battle.*

On at least two occasions, moreover, Under Secretary Mann has suggested that the combined forces of the Soviet Union and Communist China were behind the Dominican Communists. In his interview with Max Frankel, Mr. Mann pointed out that "members of the Communist apparatus" are really an "instrument of Sino-Soviet military power." And on the CBS program, he again argued that U.S. passivity would have resulted in "a takeover of another island by the Sino-Soviet military bloc."

Can it be that no one has told the Under Secretary about the little discourtesies that have made the "Sino-Soviet military bloc," if it ever existed, a thing of the past?

FINALLY, there came the third and last stage in the rationalization of U.S. policy. Instead of inflating the numbers of Dominican Communist supermen or insisting how strong a few could be, the new line sought to emphasize the weakness of the opposition. This stage was neatly put in one sentence by Professor John N. Plank, a former State Department official, in *Foreign Affairs* (October 1965):

> It should be noted, however, that President Johnson's intervention course was decided upon, not because of a judgment that the Communists in the Dominican Republic were strong, but rather because of a conclusion that non-Communist elements were too weak, too lacking in political sophistication, and too little skilled in the arts of governance, to withstand Communist infiltration and subsequent control.

On the face of it, this is a far more sensible and moderate position. It seems to avoid making the Dominican Communists too big or too small and introduces a seemingly more thoughtful element of relativity into the discussion. Nevertheless, it is, I think, only a variation on the original theme and it also brings out in bolder relief some of the most disagreeable aspects of U.S. policy.

I do not wish to go over already familiar ground—how weak the non-Communist elements really were, how much of their weakness was caused by U.S. policy, how much and for how long the Communists actually exercised "control." But have we earned the pretension of a superior "political sophistication"? It is assumed with disarming candor that President Johnson's intervention was justified because he and his advisers on Latin American affairs are endowed with a "political sophistication" denied to Juan Bosch and his supporters. I doubt whether anyone would care to dispute Mr. Johnson's "sophistication" in U.S. domestic politics, but I also doubt whether this sophistication has carried over to his conduct of foreign affairs in general and Latin American

* As put together later, an official U.S. day-by-day account of events in the Dominican Republic from April 24 to May 5 now alleges that two of the Communist groups discussed the advisability of withdrawing their top leaders from open activity on May 4 and that the leaders of all three groups decided to withdraw on May 5 (*Congressional Record*, Senate, September 16, 1965, pp. 23311-14).

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affairs in particular. Indeed, the U.S. handling of this Dominican crisis has been marked by such bungling and blundering that only the strongest power in the world could afford them. Political sophistication, like the strength of the Dominican Communists, is relative, but I question whether one student in a hundred of Latin American affairs believes that the United States has the political sophistication to carry off such tricky enterprises. I know that Professor Plank referred only to the Dominicans' lack of political sophistication; but he implied that we must be able to give them what they lack.

IN THE "arts of governance," for example, have we given them what they lack?

On the "Meet the Press" program of May 30, Secretary of State Rusk was asked about the re-establishment of the last Dominican constitution. The Secretary answered in part: "As you know, there is a very high controversy at the moment as between the constitution of 1963 and the constitution of 1962. In those circumstances, why not ask the Dominicans?"

From this, one might have gathered that there was a 1962 Dominican constitution comparable to the 1963 constitution and that both somehow enjoyed the same status. Any Dominican could have given the Secretary a lesson in Dominican constitutional history.

It was in December 1960 that Trujillo promulgated his last constitution. It remained in force for the next two years, except for modifications by decree. These changes were mainly designed, after Trujillo's death the following year, to remove articles dealing with the former dictator's special privileges and to enable the 1962 "Council of State" to rule and hold elections. The Council at first promised to convene a Constituent Assembly in August 1962 and to call general elections in December 1962. But it later changed its mind and decided to hold the elections first. As a result, the pro-Bosch landslide enabled an overwhelmingly pro-Bosch Congress to draw up the new constitution, something which the Council had not planned on.

Thus, in Dominican terms, the "constitution of 1962" was basically a relic of the Trujillo era. The "constitution of 1963" was the first democratically enacted document in almost forty years. This is what the "very high controversy" was essentially about.

But Max Frankel of the New York *Times* would not let the matter rest. He asked, "Why don't we now simply go back, since we are shooting for elections, to the only government that has been elected in that country within the past three years, actually?"

Mr. Rusk then gave the Dominicans more free tutelage in the "arts of governance": "That government lasted seven months, Mr. Frankel. What is important about a constitution in the government is that it have the consent of the people at the time, of the day."

According to this principle, whenever a democratically elected government and a democratically enacted constitution are overthrown by force, the slate is wiped clean and the *golpistas* have the right to demand "consent" to a new constitution. Every coup, in effect, automatically voids the "consent" given to the previous constitution, however democratically enacted.

Nothing, to my mind, reveals the abyss that separates the U.S. official mind from the national aspirations of the Dominican people as much as this insensitivity to the meaning of the 1963 constitution.

For most of its history, the Dominican Republic has been a nation in name only. No sooner was it liberated from Spain in 1844 than it became the plaything of one *caudillo* after another, one junta after another. Insurrection after insurrection, assassination after assassination, frustrated hope after frustrated hope—these were its lot. I know of no nation in Latin America, with the possible exception of its neighbor, Haiti, which has had such a disastrous past. From 1930, for thirty-one endless, remorseless, monstrous years, it was one man's chattel—a private fief, not a nation. In all this time, sophisticated American politicians paid homage to and demeaned themselves before the aging tyrant. His paid Washington lobbyist, Joseph E. Davies, was appointed U.S. ambassador to another tyrant in Moscow.

Trujillo's assassination in 1961 was, then, a unique moment in the decades-long agony of this people. For whatever reason, the door had opened on a new and better future. Were they to go through it to escape from the accursed cycle of coups, insurrections, juntas, despots, and "benefactors"? Or were they to fall back into the old pattern of self-appointed saviors who invariably became their exploiters and executioners?

This explains why the finest minds of Latin America have been filled with such a deep yearning for a constitutional solution to the still tormenting problem of political power and succession. Constitutional democracy is not merely the only way out of periodic bloodletting and dictatorship in all its forms; it is also the end of chatteldom, a reawakening of national consciousness, a rediscovery by a people of itself, and in the case of the Dominican Republic, the very beginning of a process of political self-realization that should have started over a hundred years ago.

For such a country and such a people, the free democratic elections of December 1962 and the democratically enacted constitution of April 1963 were promises, above all, of a new national destiny. It did not matter so much that the constitution was not perfect (which is?) or that the President had his share of human defects (which one has not?). The constitution provided for its own amendment, and the President could be changed

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every four years. That is why the reaffirmation of the 1963 constitution was the banner and symbol of this revolt, why it was not a step backward but a step forward.

And now to tell the Dominican people that a tyrant's constitution enjoys the same status as a democratically-enacted constitution, that the first democratic constitution they have had in almost forty years is simply voided by a coup, that there must be an infernal rhythm of coup and "consent," coup and "consent," that the provisions of a constitution are not binding if they are "highly controversial"—is this the way to teach the "arts of governance" to the poor natives too little skilled in them?

VII

I HAVE, in these pages, tried to find out how we got into the Dominican morass. It is too early to tell how we are going to get out of it. But one thing is already clear: we have successfully disappointed everyone.

The United States thought well enough of Donald Reid Cabral to invest a great deal of treasure and prestige in him. When he asked for U.S. intervention on the morning of April 25, he was permitted to fade away without a word of condolence. Nor did the new Provisional President, José Rafael Molina Ureña, get any U.S. sympathy on April 25 and 26; he was snubbed as a usurper or brushed off as a Communist front. Instead, our first hero was General Wessin y Wessin. *Time* magazine, which huckstered every twist and turn of the U.S. line most shamelessly, gave him its *de luxe* build-up (May 7). No secret was made of the fact that General Wessin was the strong man behind the three-man junta headed by Colonel Benoit, which the C.I.A. accredited on April 28.

But in Washington, a different solution of the Dominican crisis was soon in the making. On April 29, three Latin American advisers, former Costa Rican President José Figueres, former Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, and former Puerto Rican Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, were brought to the White House. They were encouraged to act as an "informal committee" to consult with the Organization of American States (O.A.S.), the U.S. government, and Juan Bosch. Sr. Figueres seems to have been particularly close to the Dominican situation because he relates that he had received a letter from Bosch in February 1965, three months before the outbreak, in which the latter had forewarned: "The Dominican situation is frightening. While the United States is economically at its best, my poor country, which is in its orbit, is going through a crisis that is nearing the stage of a revolution with jet-like speed. We are at the brink of the explosion."

Now Sr. Figueres got in touch with Bosch in Puerto Rico and in conversations lasting two days they began to work out a new understanding. After two more weeks of these telephone negotiations, they arrived, in Figueres's words, at the following formula: "constitutional government, without Communism and without Trujilloism." The White House, Figueres says, "agreed with the objectives."*

After April 29, therefore, a struggle went on in Washington for the conscience and comprehension of President Johnson and those closest to him. If they had not been deeply disturbed by the events and their own part in them, they would not have gone to the trouble of bringing three of the most respected and most progressive Latin American elder statesmen to advise them. In effect, one arm of U.S. policy was working against Bosch and one arm was working with him. On the night of May 2, as we have already seen, special Presidential emissary John Bartlow Martin told Juan Bosch that "his party had fallen under the domination of adventurers and Castro-Communists," and Martin went off the following day to concoct a new junta with Antonio Imbert at the head of it. It was inducted on May 7, and the benediction was given by *Time* (May 14)—"a Dominican national hero, Antonio Imbert Barreras."

But from various quarters—the news correspondents in the Dominican Republic, the three Latin American consultants, and probably its own intelligence sources—Washington began to hear that perhaps Tony Imbert was not quite the right man for the job. He was not such a national hero, despite his part in the assassination of Trujillo, after all; politically he was trusted by no one; socially his base was just as narrow as Wessin's or Benoit's. Thus the Figueres-Bosch telephone negotiations were not discouraged, and within days after Imbert had been set up in business, the last thing that one would have expected to happen, considering the foregoing, happened—a decision was made in Washington to dump Imbert and to go back to an understanding with Bosch.

THE PRESIDENT'S *homme de confiance,* Abe Fortas, according to Tad Szulc, arrived incognito in San Juan, Puerto Rico, on May 13. He met with Chancellor Jaime Benítez, after which they went to see Juan Bosch. Former Governor Muñoz Marín, who had returned home, was also active in these secret discussions. The basic formula had already been worked out in the Figueres-Bosch telephone negotations: a "constitutional government, without Communism and without Trujilloism." Bosch himself was eliminated from

* An English translation of Sr. Figueres's account may be found in the pamphlet, *Dominican Republic: A Study in the New Imperialism,*" pp. 43-56. It is a particularly thoughtful and penetrating analysis of the Dominican problem. On May 2, President Johnson said: "We are in contact with such distinguished Latin American statesmen as Rómulo Betancourt and José Figueres. We are seeking their wisdom and their counsel and their advice."

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consideration as the head of such a government, but the problem arose whether it should not, in some sense, derive from Bosch's 1963 government. According to Szulc, Bosch proposed as head of the new government his former Minister of Agriculture and a successful Dominican businessman, Silvestre Antonio Guzmán. Mr. Fortas, soon to be appointed a Supreme Court Justice by President Johnson, allegedly made no commitments and flew back to Washington to report to the President.

Within about twenty-four hours, the President acted on Mr. Fortas's report. He appointed a team of four—a team that could hardly have been more impressive—to go to San Juan and Santo Domingo. They were Special Assistant on National Security Affairs McGeorge Bundy (who had to cancel his announced appearance at a Vietnam "teach-in"), Under Secretary of State Thomas Mann, Assistant Secretary of State Jack Hood Vaughn, and Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance. Mann and Vaughn apparently did no more than stop in Puerto Rico en route to the Dominican Republic. Vance remained at the air force base in Puerto Rico. The negotiations with Sr. Bosch were conducted entirely by Mr. Bundy. I have been assured by a person who was present at all the discussions between them that Sr. Guzmán had been agreed upon in advance. Colonel Fernández Domínguez, who was Bosch's chief military adviser in Puerto Rico and who was slated to become the Minister of Public Works and Police in the proposed Guzmán cabinet, had previously been sent to Santo Domingo to confer with Colonel Caamaño and, with his agreement, to arrange for Sr. Guzmán's presence in Puerto Rico. Sr. Guzmán had been flown to San Juan in a U.S. military plane earlier in the day, and he as well as Bosch and Benítez were present at the discussions with Bundy. (Colonel Fernández returned to Santo Domingo on May 19 and was shot to death by U.S. soldiers in a tragic, still controversial incident.)

Sr. Guzmán, I have been informed, was a "compromise" as far as Washington and Bosch were concerned. Bosch and Bundy, it appears, quickly learned to respect each other's qualities and good faith. Guzmán was also flown to Washington for consultations. Bundy and Vance left for Santo Domingo on May 16, expressing confidence in the Guzmán plan's success. If ever the United States seemed committed to a course of action, this was it.

The Guzmán plan was presented to the top Dominican air force, navy, and army commanders on May 18. As might have been expected, they were not happy with it and saw no reason to replace Imbert's set-up. Under Secretary Mann flew back to Washington that day. Bundy, Vaughn, and Vance carried on in Santo Domingo. By May 19, the Dominican military were virtually accusing the Bundy mission of a sellout to the Communists. Hal Hendrix quoted them as saying that the United States wanted "to turn this country over to Communism" and was putting pressure on them to accept "persons of Communist affiliation or sympathizers."* At the same time, Imbert saw fit to push a military offensive against Caamaño's forces in the northern sector of the capital. In telephone calls to Washington, Szulc states, Bundy referred to Imbert first as "Napoleon" and then as "Frankenstein." This incredible imbroglio was slightly mad, inasmuch as the Imbert junta's employees and military forces were utterly dependent on U.S. funds, the bill for May and June alone coming to about $21,000,000.

THIS STRUGGLE over the Bundy mission in Santo Domingo was both a factor in, and a reflection of, a similar struggle that was going on in Washington. On Sunday, May 23, Mr. Bundy received a message from Washington which torpedoed his entire mission.† This message was the result of influences brought to bear on President Johnson, who was finally swayed by another of Secretary of State Rusk's incongruous historical analogies. Mr. Rusk apparently succeeded in talking Mr. Johnson out of the Guzmán plan by dredging up the unfortunate consequences of Sumner Welles's efforts to make and unmake governments in Cuba back in 1933. A lengthy memorandum, according to Tad Szulc, was drawn up in the State Department on these Cuban events of thirty-two years ago; it must be the first repudiation of Sumner Welles's activities in an official document. After the C.I.A.'s role in giving birth to the Benoit junta and John Bartlow Martin's vaunted midwifery of the Imbert junta, the persuasiveness of this argument against Antonio Guzmán is surely of

*It should be noted that Chancellor Jaime Benítez went along with the Bundy mission to Santo Domingo. On this point, he later wrote: "This tragedy is much different from the previous one in Cuba with which—because of thoughtlessness, or obsession, or faulty information—it was at first confused" (*Saturday Review*, July 17, 1965). It is hard to think of anyone who is less of an innocent in these matters.

† This message apparently contained three demands which Washington knew in advance were unacceptable. Sr. Guzmán had agreed to base his government on anti-Communism and anti-Trujilloism, and to make both clear in his first address. But one of the points demanded that he should also agree to the expulsion from the country of a number of Communists in express violation of the 1963 constitution which forbade the Trujillo practice of exiling opponents for political reasons. Article 66 of the 1963 constitution stated: "No Dominican can be expelled from the country. The deportation or expulsion of any foreigner from Dominican territory can only take place as a result of a sentence handed down by a competent tribunal with the observance of legal formalities and procedures." The Dominicans were dumbfounded, of course, to be confronted by U.S. "conditions," which, if meant in good faith, should have been presented to them at a much earlier stage of the negotiations. In addition, the proposed Guzmán government was expected to do the United States' bidding even before it was formed, while the United States was still protesting publicly that it did not, could not, and would not interfere in Dominican affairs. The circumstances leading up to the May 23 message make clear that it was intended to torpedo the Bundy mission, and it was so interpreted by Dr. Benítez, who was with Mr. Bundy during this period.

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psychological as well as of historical interest. In any event, the only one on the U.S. side who seems to have come out of this particular affair with dignity and honor is McGeorge Bundy.

At the time, the exact sequence of these events was confused by what was probably the most outrageous journalistic scandal of them all. On May 24, the Washington *Daily News* and New York *World-Telegram and Sun* appeared with an article by the former's editor, John O'Rourke, accusing Antonio Guzmán of financial malfeasance as director of a government bank and, therefore, obviously unfit to be the head of a new Dominican government. When reporters asked the State Department for comment on the story, the spokesman cryptically replied that "it is up to Mr. Guzmán to explain his role in the bank." The least that can be said of this answer is that it did not suggest any undue confidence on the part of the State Department in the probity of the man whom it had approached to become the next Dominican President. Since Guzmán's candidacy was obviously cooling off in Washington at this very time, the charge of financial "irregularities" seemed to be linked with it. Within forty-eight hours, the bank's auditors and everyone concerned with the alleged misconduct had denied that there was any truth in it. The story had been planted by a paid agent of the Dominican Embassy in Washington during Reid Cabral's regime. It had been knocking around the State Department for some time, as had the audit of the bank's books. At his press conference on May 26, Secretary of State Rusk came forth with one of his masterly understatements: "We have no information ourselves indicating irregularities on Mr. Guzmán's part." It is hard to believe that the editor of a Washington newspaper would not have consulted someone in the State Department's top echelon before signing his name to a story which, if without foundation, was bound to blow up in his face. The story behind the story will indeed be worth waiting for.

At the same news conference, Mr. Rusk also led the press to believe that the State Department had been talking with Sr. Guzmán "about the possibilities of a coalition government." Such a coalition, the Secretary explained, had to be based "upon a broad agreement among different political elements." Thereafter, the newspapers attributed the failure of the Guzmán plan to the fact that the Imbert group had refused to accept it.

THE TROUBLE WITH this explanation was that it assumed the Washington policy-makers to be just as naïve and gullible as newspaper readers. If Tony Imbert and his crowd were supposed to have had a veto power on the Guzmán plan, the Bundy mission was doomed from the outset, and the only problem is how anyone in the White House or the State Department could have thought otherwise. In fact, the Guzmán government was never intended to include the neo-*trujillista* elements tied up with Imbert, and the "broadly-based coalition" was not the policy Guzmán was supposed to represent but a totally new policy predicated on the failure of the Guzmán plan.

The "broadly-based coalition," which the State Department began to promote toward the end of May, was another in an already long list of political and diplomatic abortions. In effect, it envisaged the bringing together of both the Caamaño and the Imbert forces, or of the "moderate" elements in both camps, together with others not directly implicated in the struggle, into a working harmony of interests. The idea was launched at the worst possible time, in the wake of what the Boschists considered to be an odious betrayal of the Guzmán plan and in the midst of the Imbert forces' successful offensive against Caamaño's northern sector. While Secretary Rusk was talking about the "broadly-based coalition," Colonel Caamaño's territory was cut in half with either the connivance or toleration of U.S. troops, and the clean-up in the northern sector of the city made Imbert more determined than ever to finish off the now besieged Caamaño garrison with another violent blow.

Politically, however, the "coalition" concept was most revealing. It might have made sense in the United States, with a solemn, centuries-tested constitution providing both first principles and rules for orgánic change. In such a system, deals and combinations by nominal political rivals may serve a useful purpose or at least may avoid any fatal disaster in times of stress, however they may ruffle political purists. But in the Dominican Republic, the constitutional first principles and rules for organic change were lacking. These were precisely what the revolt was about. In such circumstances, the "broadly-based coalition" was a purely mechanical device, bereft of moral principle and the rule of law. It demonstrated once again how much greater the political distance between the United States and the Dominican Republic is than the geographical distance.

The struggle between contending forces and views in Washington and the mixed ideas and feelings of individual officials, prevented anything like a clear-cut decision. If there had been a consistent, unanimous pro-Bosch line in Washington, the Benoit and Imbert juntas would never have been set up; and if there had been a consistent, unanimous anti-Bosch line, the Guzmán formula would never have been entertained. Imbert's offensive against the northern sector of Caamaño's front was, to say the least, tolerated, but his planned follow-up against the southern sector was not. The "coalition" plan at first implied some kind of accommodation between Imbert and Caamaño and then turned into a search for someone outside either camp who could presumably draw some strength from both.

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THUS, BY JUNE, a new Dominican politician was given the Washington buildup. He was Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, whose political career tells all one needs to know about him. A well-known jurist, educator and historian, Balaguer had served the Trujillo dictatorship for almost thirty years as its most respectable intellectual front and had in return been rewarded with just about every honor it was in the power of the regime to bestow. He became Trujillo's vice-president in 1957, and was promoted to the Presidency in August 1960 to take some of the sting out of the O.A.S.'s investigation of the Trujillo regime. When Trujillo was assassinated in May 1961, Balaguer continued as President, but he realized much sooner than the other *trujillistas* that an epoch had come to an end. In the next year, Balaguer tried to ride out the post-Trujillo storm by making concessions to leftist demands and preparing the way for constitutional reform. Juan Bosch relates that Balaguer offered to turn over the presidency to him in December 1961.* This was not Bosch's idea of a democratic solution, and Balaguer instead formed a "Council of State," with himself as President and Antonio Imbert as one of its seven members. But penances and payoffs could not save Balaguer; the then dominant opposition, organized as the *Unión Cívica Nacional,* and backed by the United States, saw power in its grasp if it could destroy him politically. The UCN therefore waged a demagogically bitter campaign against him as the very incarnation of *trujillismo* and as Trujillo's political heir. Balaguer's military chieftain, General Pedro Rodríguez Echavarría, tried to save him by staging a military coup in January 1962, but the U.S. Chargé d'Affaires, John Calvin Hill, helped to break it up in 48 hours by threatening economic and possibly military sanctions. The "Council of State" was reorganized with the former Trujillo cabinet member and now UCN leader, Rafael F. Bonnelly, as the new President, and Donald Reid Cabral as Balaguer's replacement. Balaguer was literally driven into exile in March 1962 as an unreconstructed *trujillista,* and he was not able to return until July of this year. The man who could not live down his past in 1962 had become the United States' man of the future in 1965.†

AFTER ALL THIS, after the support of Wessin, the instigation of Benoit, the backing of Imbert, the doublecross of Guzman, and the promotion of Balaguer, it should have been easy to predict whom the United States would in the end settle for—a reactionary puppet of a reactionary power, of course.

Ah, but those who think that U.S. policy is as easy as all that do not know their United States. Lyndon Johnson may not be able to admit a mistake but it is not impossible that he is quite capable of correcting one.

In any event, the man who is today Provisional President of the Dominican Republic is Héctor García Godoy, the former Foreign Minister of the government of Juan Bosch, no puppet and no reactionary. He was able to take office for nine months on September 3 only because the United States decided to withdraw its financial support from Imbert's junta and effectively make known its will to the Dominican military. No doubt the full story of García Godoy's provisional regime will be as full of contradictions and inconsistencies as all the rest, but at least a man of good will and democratic purposes was chosen for the job.

Who would have predicted that Wessin y Wessin would tell a story of having been visited at midnight a week later—"an improper hour to call on a humble Dominican home"—by two U.S. officials, David Phillips of the C.I.A. and the army attaché Lt. Col. Joseph W. Weyrick, who allegedly offered him $50,000 for his modest home and a military attaché post in Paris or Madrid to get him out of the country? That President García Godoy would also offer to make him—the former master of his country's fate—a mere Dominican consul in Miami? That General Hugo Panasco Alvim of Brazil, commander-in-chief of the so-called Inter-American Peace Force, and Lt. Gen. Bruce Palmer, Jr., U.S. commander, would tell him that "he had to go"? That they would then escort him to a waiting U.S. plane without, he says, permitting him to go home for his clothes and passport? That General Wessin would later write a letter indignantly rejecting the Miami post, and crying out: "Never would I have imagined that an army officer of my rank would have been taken to the airport in full uniform and tossed out of the country with a bayonet at his back."**

Who would have imagined that Under Secretary Mann would bring himself to say: "It has been suggested that non-intervention is

* Juan Bosch, *Crisis de la Democracia de América en la República Dominicana,* p. 52.

† Before going home, Balaguer gave an interview to the pro-Batista Cuban organ in Miami, *Patria,* of June 25, 1965, in which he said that only future generations could pass judgment on Trujillo. "What can be said now," Balaguer declared, "is that, whatever his errors, a portion of his work will not perish and will rather become greater in the course of years." What would one say of a German politician who today spoke this way of Adolf Hitler? As for the Cuban exile organ in which Balaguer chose to express these sentiments, it is the only one that has managed to survive for the past six years. It is the only Cuban exile weekly regularly available to the Florida community. For *Patria,* President Eduardo Frei of Chile is as much of a Communist agent as Juan Bosch. Anti-Batista and anti-Castro Cuban exiles have never been able to obtain sufficient financial support to put out a remotely comparable publication, and even relatively modest efforts have been forced to suspend operations for lack of funds.

**The full text of this extraordinary letter, translated by Jules Dubois, may be found in the *Congressional Record,* Appendix, September 20, 1965, p. 5314 (reprinted from the Chicago *Tribune*). Evidently General Wessin meant that he was accompanied by troops with guns and fixed bayonets. Generals Alvim and Palmer were taking no chances.

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thought by some to be an obsolete doctrine"? Now who in the world could have thought that? Could it possibly have been Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Thomas Mann who, in two interviews, had criticized both the O.A.S. and the U.N. charters for having been drawn up in "19th-century terms"?* Could it have been that elder statesman Averell Harriman who was sent to Latin America to explain U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic and who told an audience in Montevideo that the principle of non-intervention was becoming "obsolete"?† Might President Johnson have had that thought in mind when he observed on May 28: "The first reality is that old concepts and old labels are largely obsolete"? Or could it perchance have occurred to Representative Armistead I. Selden, Jr., the administration's most ardent defender in the House, whose resolution justifying the unilateral use of force by any nation which considers itself threatened by "international Communism, directly or indirectly" in another nation was passed on September 20 by the overwhelming majority of 312-52? The State Department did not object to the Selden Resolution before it was passed, but on October 12, in San Diego, Under Secretary Mann tried to reassure the Latin American states that had protested against it. He knew of no Washington official who thought that the doctrine of non-intervention was obsolete, he said. In fact, he himself believed that it was the "keystone" of the inter-American system. That is why, he went on, the United States had refrained, in the first days of the revolt, from supporting either side in the Dominican Republic. If I were of a more skeptical mind, and Mr. Mann's reputation for gravity were not so well established, I would almost be tempted to suspect that this allusion to the way we refrained from taking sides was some sort of private joke for those who have read all the messages among the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo, the State Department, and the White House from, say, April 24 to May 1, 1965.**

WE HAVE NOW come close to the present phase of the still unfinished Dominican crisis. I do not wish to pursue it any further because we know far more about the earlier phases than about the later ones. But enough has been disclosed, I think, to see the past six months or so of U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic as a kind of political phantasmagoria that would make anyone dizzy, actors as well as onlookers.

Non-Americans are always likely to interpret this kind of extravaganza as a manifestation of diabolical malevolence; Americans are more likely to regard it as an exhibition of monumental incompetence. Every move was cancelled out by another move; every rationale was inferentially disavowed by a later one. The Guzmán formula was not acceptable in May, but the essentially similar García Godoy formula was put through in September. General Wessin y Wessin was a hero in April and a villain in September, though his Dominican version of the John Birch Society mentality had not changed at all and he was just as apt to accuse Donald Reid Cabral and U.S. officials of serving the Communist cause as Juan Bosch and Héctor García Godoy. It may be argued that this overabundance of disappointed suitors proves that the United States never played anyone's game and strictly maintained the neutrality which it pretended to observe; I rather think it merely proves that at different times the United States played everyone's game and was always unneutral to someone. A succession of inconsistencies does not add up to consistency any more than a collection of falsehoods is equivalent to the truth. U.S. policy has been so contradictory and erratic that no one trusts it, or even on occasion understands it, and an Imbert may follow a García Godoy just as a García Godoy followed an Imbert.

It has mattered little, indeed, who has represented the democratic alternative to the Imberts and the Wessins. The particular personality or political style of Juan Bosch was never the real issue. When Antonio Guzmán was proposed for the Presidency, he immediately received the same treatment Bosch had received, and now it is the turn of García Godoy—all very different personalities with different backgrounds and different styles. If one can imagine García Godoy followed by a Dominican counterpart of Lyndon Johnson, and the Johsonian achievement in domestic legislation translated into Dominican terms, there is no doubt the air would again ring with the same charges of "Communist influences." After all, the August 1965 issue of the organ of the John Birch Society has mathematically determined that the Communists now influence or control 60 to 80 per cent of economic and political affairs in the United States and that the landing of the U.S. marines in Santo Domingo was directed by "what often seems to be Communist headquarters in Washington—officially called the State Department." If this is lunacy, it is not, unfortunately, restricted to the United States.

In a deeper sense, then, the Dominican crisis is an expression of a crisis in the use and abuse of anti-Communism. Only some aspects of this larger problem can be touched on here.

It is no longer quite as clear as it used to be what Communism is. Nevertheless, in all its exist-

* New York *Times*, May 9, 1965, and *Look*, June 15, 1965.

† New York *Times*, May 7, 1965.

** It is not possible for me here to go into the role of the O.A.S., and the effect on it of the Dominican crisis. But my favorite editorial comment on the O.A.S. appeared in *Life* of June 11: "We needed the O.A.S. to validate and internationalize our intervention. In so doing it has demonstrated its own new willingness and ability to face realities." The whole thing must be extremely confusing to the poor Latins. On the one hand, we keep telling them that we did not "intervene" but merely "landed troops." On the other hand, they are assured that we need them as yes-men to our intervention. If the O.A.S. faces any more such realities, the only reality about it will be its own unreality.

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ing forms, it is still a system of political, intellectual, and social repression, based on a single dogma, sometimes arbitrary, sometimes ambiguous, and a single source of power, at best a party dictatorship, at worst a personal dictatorship. It has proven its ability to debauch the noblest ideals and to commit the most monstrous crimes. Yet, whatever form it still takes, Communism has its sacred books, its recognized national and international chiefs, and its tradition of faith and discipline.

Anti-Communism is not like that. It is merely a negation of Communism. The Communist world, however transitional it may be, is still a relatively restricted, prescribed order. The anti-Communist world is, by comparison, unlimited and non-uniform. It has no sacred dogmas or too many, no leaders or too many, no causes or too many. It takes in the best and worst of humanity. The anti-Communism of a Hitler or a Trujillo is just as evil and repulsive as the Communism of a Stalin or an Ulbricht. As a result, anti-Communism by itself tells us nothing about whether a cause is worth fighting for. The Stalins always tell us that we need to fight with them against the Hitlers, and the Hitlers always tell us that we need to fight with them against the Stalins. Thus arises the ordeal and the grandeur of humane anti-Communism—that it must usually fight on more than one front. What we must always ask is: What kind of anti-Communism do you stand for?

The problem of anti-Communism is bedevilled by an even more disturbing factor. There is no Chinese Wall between Communism and anti-Communism; almost every form of anti-Communism believes that other forms wittingly or unwittingly play into the Communists' hands. Hitlerism, to cite an extreme example, was not merely an evil in itself; it was the form of anti-Communism on which Stalinism fed the most: once the choice could be reduced to Hitler or Stalin, thousands who might have chosen neither felt that they had to choose Stalin. Conservatives think that liberal anti-Communism is really the anteroom to Communism; liberals think that conservatives seek to perpetuate the injustices and inequalities on which Communism thrives. There are those who thought that the late Senator Joseph McCarthy was the scourge of Communism; and those who were almost convinced that only a secret agent of Moscow could have sought to destroy trust in the U.S. Army's top leadership. The *National Review* thinks that the John Birch Society is causing grave damage to the anti-Communist cause; and the John Birch Society accuses everyone outside its orbit of selling out to the Communists.

Thus, many anti-Communists think that other anti-Communists are not serving the anti-Communist cause effectively enough: they may also believe that this ineffectiveness positively helps the Communist cause or is even an integral part of an all-embracing "Communist conspiracy."

IT IS NECESSARY to make these distinctions, in a consideration of the Dominican crisis, because many who were willing to admit that Juan Bosch was no Communist were also unwilling to see the pro-Bosch revolt succeed on the ground that Bosch's anti-Communism was too "soft." An editorial in *Life* (May 14) expressed this idea in a relatively genteel fashion: "The moment the rebel leadership was infiltrated by Castroite Communists, the return of former President Juan Bosch to the office he lost in a military coup two years ago ceased to be an acceptable solution to the crisis. Under *fidelista* auspices, Bosch's brand of liberalism and ineffectual, if well-meant, anti-Communism, would have lasted about as long as an icicle on the Avenida Independencia." Of course, this implied that the return of Bosch would have been an acceptable solution before the alleged infiltration of the Castroite Communists. And what "infiltration" meant, the editorial never made clear. But the general idea was clear enough and was repeated, in far more vulgar and offensive terms, in hundreds of other editorials.*

And so actual Communism and "softness on Communism" imperceptibly tend to melt into each other or, in practice, are virtually reduced to the same thing. The only question, then, is: who is to decide who else is "soft on Communism"? A recent book by the late deLesseps S. Morrison devotes pages to the proposition that the "democratic Left" in Latin America is vulnerable to "Communist infiltration," becomes an "easy target" for the Communists, or "opens the door" to the Communists. Mr. Morrison gives Bosch's 1963 regime as the horrible example of this "democratic Left" infirmity. He cites former Costa Rican President José Figueres as the organizer of the tendency and includes in it, besides Bosch, such diverse figures as former Guatemalan President Juan José Arevalo, former Puerto Rican Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, former Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, Peru's Victór Haya de la Torre, Costa Rican President Francisco J. Orlich, former Bolivian President Victór Paz Estenssoro, former Honduran President Ramón Villeda Morales, and the earlier Fidel Castro. Obviously, the problem extends far beyond Bosch personally, and any one of these figures, lumped together so in-

* The readers of *Time* must have been surprised to find the following explanation of the Latin American Communists' "new" tactics in the issue of August 6: "They are best exemplified by the Dominican Republic, where the Communists resorted to the old 'popular front' strategy, muscling into a legitimate non-Communist rebel movement with hopes of duping its idealistic leader, Juan Bosch." But *Time*'s readers had previously been led to believe that the Communists had not merely "hoped" to muscle in but had actually taken over, and that U.S. intelligence had "flatly reported" Bosch's pre-revolt collusion with the Communists. Still, we must be grateful for small favors. By August, at any rate, *Time* had discovered that the rebel movement had been legitimately non-Communist and that Juan Bosch was an "idealistic leader."

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discriminately, might have found himself in the same position and have been subjected to the same kind of treatment. Mr. Morrison was not, to be sure, one of the brightest stars in the U.S. diplomatic firmament—but he was U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States from 1961 to 1964. The views that he and his "editor," Gerold Frank, put into his book were, and are, common currency in U.S. diplomatic and political circles.*

Another former and far more distinguished U.S. diplomat, Ellis Briggs, used the same technique to justify the ouster of Premier George Papandreou in the recent Greek crisis. Papandreou is no Communist, he wrote, but he is "incompetent, does not answer his doorbell," and "has never learned not to play with Communists."† Mr. Briggs was U.S. Ambassador to Greece from 1959 to 1962. Indeed, there were startling similarities between the Greek crisis and the Dominican crisis.

I DO NOT wish to oversimplify the problem. I believe that there is a sense in which it is right and natural that some anti-Communists may question the effectiveness of other anti-Communists and even conscientiously believe that some anti-Communism does more harm than good. Nor do I think that it is necessary to equate our Dominican policy with our Vietnam policy or pass judgment on the entire Johnson administration as if it had accomplished nothing else.

But I am convinced that the anti-Communism which has made a paranoid cliché or a political racket of the terms "infiltration" and "softness" has led us onto the path of disgrace and disaster. The concept of "infiltration" is obviously far from simple. Communists do not bother to "infiltrate" their own organizations or governments; it must mean that they seek to gain influence in, or take over, non-Communist or anti-Communist movements. It also makes a difference whether they come in anonymously or openly, in the rank and file or in the top leadership. How much "infiltration" is unavoidable, how much dangerous, how much intolerable? To what extent can a democratic organization inhibit or prohibit such tactics? Are the Communists the only political group that uses them? Questions such as these might well occupy some of the time and energy of political scientists.

But when the term "Communist-infiltrated" is flung about wantonly, irresponsibly, indiscriminately, it is nothing but a swindle, blackmail, or an incantation. I have seen hundreds, perhaps thousands, of references to Juan Bosch's "Communist-infiltrated government," and I have yet to see a single member of that government identified as a Communist. The line between "Communist," "Communist-controlled," "Communist-infiltrated," and "Communist-influenced," has been all but obliterated in what has become very common usage, and repetition has given these terms a social sanction which is not only undeserved but which may wreak social havoc if improperly employed. Anyone can play this game of "hardness" and "softness" on Communism until everyone is outbid by the John Birch Society and madness emerges the only winner.

If an anti-Communist policy is shortsighted or stupid, it matters little whether it is "hard" or "soft." A great deal would be gained if the problem were attacked in different terms. Conservatives and liberals might well ponder the words of Professor Russell Kirk in a letter to Robert Welch, the founder and master of the John Birch Society:

"Cry wolf often enough and everyone takes you for an imbecile or a knave, when after all there *are* wolves in this world."**

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* deLesseps S. Morrison (and Gerold Frank), *Latin American Mission*, Simon & Schuster, especially Ch. 18.

† New York *Times*, August 6, 1965.

** *National Review*, October 19, 1965.

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INSIDE THE WARSAW GHETTO

September 1939 — August 1942

THE PERSONAL DIARY OF CHAIM KAPLAN

SCROLL OF AGONY

Twenty years after the Warsaw Ghetto was annihilated, Chaim A. Kaplan's diary was found intact on a farm outside Warsaw, carefully preserved in a kerosene can. Kaplan's notebooks, with their pages of beautiful, unbelievably disciplined Hebrew script, are an eyewitness account of the Nazi occupation of Warsaw, and a unique account of the destruction of the Jewish communities of Poland—for Kaplan persistently, at great personal risk, kept a detailed record of the cumulative Nazi horror. The diary is presented here in English translation by Abraham I. Katsh, the distinguished Hebrew scholar.

Scroll of Agony begins on September 1, 1939, as the author, who had been a respected member of the Warsaw Jewish community for forty years, records the Nazi blitzkrieg that stunned the world—the Jews of Poland most of all. It ends in August, 1942, when Kaplan realized that the Nazi noose was around his neck and determined at all costs to save his diary, although he knew now that he could not save his own life. "I have an inner awareness that I am fulfilling a national obligation," he wrote. "It is a historic responsibility."

Kaplan had resolved to be objective in his account, and he records the politics of occupation; the quartering of the city; the building of the ghetto walls; the growing, choking constriction in all aspects of human life. Yet his orderly script also records the outcry of a man of intellect and passion caught in a world of nightmare, screaming for sanity. This was a world of starvation, forced labor, and epidemics; of capricious death and the planned mass murder in which Nazism excelled. It was at the same time a world in which the struggle for survival included spiritual resistance: maintaining personal dignity in the face of humiliation and danger, holding services behind drawn shades, struggling to keep the schools open, even dancing in the courtyards; holding on to the rich fabric of communal life, in the face of the strongest force of dehumanization that the world has ever seen.

Stern, intractable, and doomed, Kaplan moved through the ghetto, experiencing all he could of this world around him—the fierce extremes of hope and fear; the gallows humor and the wild, conflicting rumors set by the Nazis; secret searches for the lost Jewish communities; the latest news from Reuters, passed hastily from mouth to mouth; indefatigable political and religious arguments; the bitter hatred for collaborators.

This book is itself a fabric, with strands of hope and anguish, of faith in humanity and fear that the world would never know or care what happened in Warsaw, of elegy and Old Testament anathema, of life and death and indestructible humanity.

CHAIM A. KAPLAN was born in 1880 in White Russia. He received a classical Talmudic education as well as a secular one. An educator and writer, Kaplan founded a pioneering Hebrew school in Warsaw and wrote frequently for Hebrew and Yiddish periodicals. He was the author of several Hebrew textbooks for children, two of which are still in print in the United States. It is believed that he died in late 1942 or early 1943.

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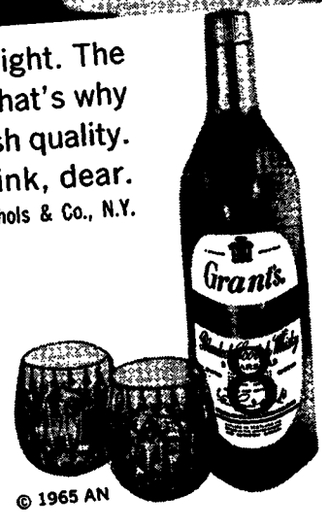

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HERBERT GOLD

VIOLENT JEWS—A Memoir

THIS IS a history of two linked violences, the first one seeming comical to me now and the second not now or ever. Both of them are family matters about the fate of men.

In 1943, at age eighteen, I entered the Army. The skinny city Jew, wearing glasses, knowing too much from books, spilled head over heels into an infantry company—this is an old story. In the movies it proceeds on ritual lines, with a folk song fresh from the factory and an end in general brotherhood (soft focus fadeout). In my particular case, I had particular trouble and felt lonely in it. Fort Bragg was a lonesome place, windswept, gritty, hot with discipline, and the thousands of men—many thousands, true fodder—made it no less lonesome for the eighteen-year-old boys given up by their families.

One day, while marching in ranks, my special persecutor, a large fat young man named Fletcher, kept whispering to me in time as we marched: "*Kike* two three four, *kike* two three four." We were carrying the Garand M.1 rifle. We were preparing to go to Europe to destroy Nazism, and in a few weeks we would be used as replacements as the last convulsions of the Nazi horror took the lives of hundreds of thousands, in uniform and out.

"*Kike* two three four—"

I swung on Fletcher. He lurched against the marching line. Metal clattered. A sergeant grabbed me and pulled me out of the company. The sergeant was screaming with rage. What I had done was a court-martial offense and he would throw the book at me.

The lieutenant, who happened to be from Akron, Ohio, a bookkeeper for Firestone Tire and Rubber, heard my explanation. It was no excuse. I had broken ranks. Without discipline, there is no Army. Didn't I know there was a war on?

I knew, but I didn't dare tell him. Talking back would only make things worse. The lieutenant did not require my services as a news commentator, though I would have been glad to show him the big picture with a pointer on a map. I was learning a little bit. "Yes, Sir," was a safe comment.

The captain sauntered up and listened to a summary of the situation. He stared eyelessly at Fletcher and me through his wraparound sunglasses. For some reason, enlisted men were not allowed to wear sunglasses; perhaps our officers wanted to see the whites of our eyes; and so the use of sunglasses implied marvelous powers of decision-making, like those given by a scepter or a miter. The captain decided on an improvement over the normal legal procedure. The G.I. way—boards and hearings—was designed for the Army, not for a war. Didn't the lieutenant know there was a war on?

"Yes, Sir," said the lieutenant.

The captain fell to thinking. His sunglasses protected from glare the powerful brain now at work. The eyes were sending filtered signals to the message center; the message center sent a message to the mouth, which broadcast the conclusion of this labor onto the drill field where we stood in ranks, swept by a hot wind, clutching our weapons.

What if the company were to be shipped overseas while I lay in the guardhouse? I would be kept out, preserved by my crime in luxurious punishment while my fellow men risked their hides. Would that be justice? *Would* that?

"No, Sir," said the lieutenant.

"Right," said the captain.

"Yes, Sir," said the lieutenant.

The captain had a better idea, and being a captain, which is a higher rank than lieutenant and sometimes a quieter, deeper one, he felt obliged to use his initiative as a leader of men. He could act on his idea. I wanted to fight, did I? Good. A-okay. There would be a fight, but a formal one, with rules, and we would *all* learn a lesson. (*What* lesson? He didn't say.) Fletcher and I would do five rounds in the Day Room. He gave us three days to think about it.

During those three days, training went on as usual. But not quite as usual. We ran, jumped, crawled, fired, marched. We listened to lectures and performed gas-mask drill. But in addition to these normal functions of a soldier, warlike in general, I also thought about murder in particular. While I practiced with the bayonet on a dummy, my mind was absent. Perhaps our drill influenced my thoughts. I wanted to kill—to crush, to maim, to destroy my enemy. Fletcher went through the same exercises. With this special event to entertain it, the entire company was alert and cheerful. There was a subject for discussion in the shower, the mess hall, the ten-minute break. The wars in Europe and Asia were far away and unreal. The war between Private Gold and Private Fletcher was close and real. Our captain had won popularity. He was A-okay.

HERBERT GOLD is the well-known novelist and short-story writer. His new novel will be published by Random House in 1966.

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ON THAT FATEFUL evening in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, a makeshift ring was drawn in chalk on the floor of the D Company Day Room. It was very hot; the sky and earth were hot, packed in a thick element; flickers of heat lightning disturbed the billowing air. Obeying some deep ceremonial instinct, most of the men had showered and shaved for this occasion. Even our officers attended. There was a thin slime of excitement on fresh cheeks. Bets, predictions, and judgments knitted the crowd together. When they put fingers in collars, the lines of tan were revealed.

During the past few days, I should mention, both gladiators had received intense bouts of advice. We each had our handlers. I must not pass over the fact that I was not very popular among the men, and this had curious consequences. Some of the most ardent partisans of Fletcher—coaching, praising, vociferously justifying—were Jewish boys from New York. Sons of cab drivers, working people, they found me as much of an oddball as did the mountain soldiers from Kentucky and West Virginia. I had been to college and talked like it. They refused to see me symbolically; they disliked me personally, and that was that. Fletcher was their man.

On the other hand, some Appalachian boys had appointed themselves as my mentors and towel-wielders. For them, this was mere sport, and used to being quarrelsome underdogs, they took my side against one of their own. Class distinctions were for the birds. They liked a fight. They were ignorant and innocent.

Fletcher had maybe forty pounds on me. This is a good edge, even for a creep. He wasn't much taller but he had reserves of blue flesh hanging from his arms and thighs, and his head was well padded. The Army had taken his fat and made firm flab of it. Occasionally my gratitude to the captain for sparing me a court-martial was tempered by the suspicion that I would be clobbered. "Hit him first with a right! Cut him with your left! Sidestep, see—like this. Look, go get them right away, but don't throw all your punches at once. Look, he's got a soft gut. Look, chop his jaw, he's got a paper jaw. . . ."

Both Fletcher and I dreamed in the language of advice. We took a steady stream of counsel. "Drop him with a quick one—left, left!" But which would be my left hand when my hour of trial arrived?

The hour arrived. We stood in that makeshift ring with its imaginary, chalked ropes. The captain—in high polish for the evening—acted as referee. The first sergeant had the stopwatch. He was memorizing the numbers on the dial, cocking his head a little. We listened to the rules, the gloves were laced on, and we listened to the rules again. The other soldiers hooted, joked, advised, and waited for the show to begin. Fletcher looked blue, plump, sullen, unhappy. I must have looked skinny and unhappy. We were both wearing G.I. khaki shorts, undershirts, and clomping G.I. shoes, all government property. When we moved, the fly of the shorts slipped and the dark sex within, also government property, was shamelessly revealed. Some of us had once been shy about our bodies. We no longer were. We were all "asshole buddies," except for those of us who were asshole enemies.

I felt weighted down by boots and gloves.

Weighted down by the gloves? I began to suspect what the captain had done. Perhaps to spare us serious damage, he had put sixteen ounce gloves on us. These are not hard to lift—once—they are like pillows. But if you wear them awhile and try to swing, an odd effect occurs.

The whistle. First round.

We wore those gloves awhile and swung. Crazily I leapt at Fletcher. I connected. He connected. I received a lace burn from the glove on my cheek. It stung. I pummelled and heaved at his chest, his belly, his head, anything I thought I could reach. Sometimes I hit him. More often I hit the wall of ballooned-up gloves. End of round one.

Intermission. Laughter and jokes and snatches of song. Fletcher and I panting in our corners, trying to nod to advice. Round two. More of the same. I was trying not merely to knock him out, but to kill him. He was trying to do the same to me, although there was no longer any murder in his eye. His eye was sad and dim. He was depressed. But he did his duty; he answered the murder in me. Also he ran with sweat. Sweat glistened on the hairy arms. Fresh sweat is not supposed to smell, but Fletcher stank, as did I. Sweat mixed with fear and rage is not fresh sweat. It goes back millennia, and it produces illness.

End of round two and we fell back into our corners. We had not knocked each other out, but we were knocking ourselves out swinging these overgrown gloves. They were both soft and very heavy. We could do a bit of stinging damage with them, but short of a special advantage of skill or luck, it seemed that we couldn't yet decide the issue. Most of the damage was in the form of fatigue in our flailing arms and tensed, harassed, twitching legs.

Third round began. My heart was thumping in its cage. A swift trickle of pain ran up my forearm, jumped the elbow, turned thick and overflowed my biceps and shoulders. I lifted my gloves and pushed them forward. I had no memory, no projects, and hardly knew why I was there. In combat for my life, for the murder of my enemy, I forgot the occasion for the war. Once more, once more, once more.

And then suddenly the other war made its claim. There was a long wail of siren. Air raid alert. All the lights on the post went off. Blackout, silence, and the clumps of stubborn pine and the red sand of this deserted waste of North Carolina seemed to take over from the temporary buildings, the raucous men, the clank of machin-

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ery. Silence. It might be a real one this time. In the dark, there was nothing anyone could do.

As usual, we all lay down on the floor to await the end of the alert. Fletcher and I flopped out near each other on the floor, within our makeshift ring. Soldiers groaned, grunted, complained, and tumbled their bodies about, breathing dust. Fletcher and I, slippery with sweat, listened to our turbulent hearts. Entranced and unthinking, I attended to my body's strange workings. In a few minutes, the fatigue always stalking the infantry trainee took over, despite showers and excitement; most of the men were asleep. Darkness and their bodies conspired. In the darkness my body trembled as the chill settled. Glands shut down, organs decelerated, my heart eased. Slimy and filthy, my nose to the floor, I did not doze or dream; I fell into a profound and desperate sleep. Fletcher the same. Silence.

In perhaps forty minutes, the all-clear sounded and the lights flashed on. The captain stood up, instantly awake, and declared that the fight would continue. The soldiers, yawning, privileged to have slower reflexes than their officer, stretched and sighed. "Okay, men! Third round! Where're the boys?"

There we were. Fletcher and I continued to lie where we lay on the floor. We could not move. The sweat and labor and the lying-still and the chill had frozen us solid. We were knotted in place. We were so stiff we could barely move.

When our state became clear, there were a few hoots of spite, but everyone recognized that we had worked as hard as we could with our sixteen-ounce gloves. We were helped up and into hot showers. The fight was over.

The war, of course, was not yet over, but Fletcher and I no longer had dispute together. We marched peacefully in ranks, preparing to kill the common enemy. Without a clear victory, I did not earn his respect, as they do in movies. But on the other hand, he disliked to start again this battle without a decision. He became discreet and discretion would suffice. Having fought him, I no longer wanted to murder him. Boys will be boys and bigots will be bigots. Together we would do our killing elsewhere.

Since then, I have sometimes wanted to kill my enemies, but I have not been given even sixteen-ounce gloves and the ritual opportunity. Though the writer may believe that his words can destroy his enemies—and he fears this power, too—in fact they do not kill. It is liberating to discover that shedding light is a worthier goal than murdering with words—even worthier than the intention to cause love. Like sixteen-ounce gloves, words are better suited to causing the truth to manifest itself. Though sometimes, of course, the truth thus manifested is as ambiguous as our frozen sleep, Fletcher's and mine, on the blacked-out floor of D Company barracks in Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Now FOR THE second violence in this linked series. The war was over. I was back in college. I was a bystander here, but the event is connected by blood and horror to my own comical strivings.

One of the few survivors among my relatives in Europe was a man named Henry Frankel. This bland, dignified person, with a sudden soft belly in 1946, and pince-nez eyeglasses attached by a ribbon to his vest, and a smooth sallow bald head, had been an eye surgeon before the war, serving on the staffs of hospitals in Warsaw, Berlin, and Paris. His immediate family—none of whom my family in America had ever met—were all dead in the camps, mostly in Auschwitz. He had survived because he had managed to be taken for a Pole; he was captured as a Pole and worked as a bricklayer for the Germans. When he was finally denounced as a Jewish doctor and not a Polish bricklayer, it was late enough in the war, and he was lucky enough in Auschwitz, so that he managed to live until the end. My family had brought him to the States. At the age of over fifty, he was learning English and studying American medicine. He had become a ferocious eater. He hoped to be a doctor again.

Imagine him visiting my family in Cleveland Heights—a reserved, silent man, taken for a hero, taken for a mysterious visitor, taken for a victim. He had an angry glare in his blue eyes, but the power of silence in his manner. He was one of those men you can never imagine as a child—you just see him reduced in size, with vest, pince-nez, and bald pate, riding a tricycle. He had put childhood out of his soul. Everyone marveled at his stubbornness in working at English, working at medicine, working as an assistant in a hospital. I studied the hands of this plump, aging man and wondered how they could have survived a lifetime of the nervous work of an eye surgeon, the brutal labor of a bricklayer held to the pace of forced labor; they seemed markless, smooth. He had gained almost a hundred pounds since his release from Auschwitz. Old, soft flesh, finding place again on his bones. Except when he ate, he looked like a mild bachelor professor—a German professor—in his vest and tweeds. When he ate, his forehead glistened.

And now imagine the scrubbed suburb of Cleveland Heights, far from the war, far from the agony of before the war and after, deluged with evidence but nonetheless with an immune essence. Here was this unmarried doctor from Europe. And there were the relatives and neighbors, worried about his lonely life. Naturally, someone had the idea: *find him a bride.*

"He's timid," my mother said, "shy."

"They all are," said my aunt. "I've noticed that about Europeans. No get-up and go."

"He's had a hard time. Those camps were no picnic," said my mother.

"They weren't summer camp, they were all year long," my aunt agreed, musing. "That's no ex-

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cuse he should suffer all by himself the rest of his life. A doctor needs someone to talk to, answer the phone for night calls."

"You forgot," said my mother proudly, "he was a specialist. No night calls."

"Still," said my aunt. "Still, a specialist don't need a wife?"

Although I report this as a fantasy of life in Cleveland Heights in 1946, it was both as I say and different. News had come back of death and desolation, a world snuffed out. For one thing, there was the absence of millions. The millions had not been known personally, but we felt the lack, even across oceans. Henry himself, focused and bland, never discussed Auschwitz. It was past —over. He was in this way an accomplice in the events that followed. He gave the family nothing to free their imaginations from the bonds of Cleveland Heights. He was a little odd; there were years behind him, but blank years, or so they seemed; old habit enabled the ladies of the family to see him as just a cranky bachelor, needing reform, needing a wife.

"He works too hard," said my aunt. "Studies all the time. He'll ruin his eyes, get headaches."

"Relax a little," said my mother, "it never hurt a man, even a student. Do you think he's nervous?"

"He don't look nervous. Why should he be nervous?" my aunt asked.

They did not dare to introduce him to the unmarried girls of the community. He was too difficult, strange, and foreign, even if not visibly nervous. But it happened that a lady up the street also had a survivor visiting her—a woman whose miracle had also saved her. My family and the neighbor's family got together. What luck! Both had cousins from Europe, male and female! They decided that the lady and the doctor might be shy. It would not do to suggest a blind date, a movie. No. Better they should meet by accident at a little party, with coffee and cake and friends to fill the gaps in the conversation. It was more mature like that—European. And so it was arranged.

The lady up the street asked one more question: Was he plump? Well, a little insulated, my mother admitted. The lady up the street sighed. Her cousin was *fat*. Good! Good! They had everything in common.

"I didn't say fat," my mother said. "The doctor is just nice, that's all."

But the negotiation had been completed.

As if they were timid children, neither the prospective groom, the fifty-five-year-old eye surgeon from Warsaw, nor his appointed bride-to-be, the plump lady from Lodz, was informed of their fate. On a spring Sunday afternoon, after dinner, my parents suggested a stroll up the street. Henry went with them—a dignified, silent, closed-off man, walking with short steps, with beribboned eyeglasses. A half block further into Cleveland Heights, where the weekend gardeners were busy and the children playing, the digesting Sunday afternoon walkers out bowing and ambling, my parents suggested that we stop to say hello at the Steins'.

"Oh, yes," my mother cried, shamming, "they told me coffee hour today."

"But not me," said the doctor, "not me—"

She had propelled him in through the open door of the house before he could mobilize himself for protest.

Inside, introductions. There were scatterings of family. Upstairs, gin rummy. Downstairs, the children were playing ping-pong. Hannah Stein, the cousin who had also survived, was in the kitchen. She, too, without knowing what was happening to her, what was about to happen, was propelled into the parlor to meet Dr. Frankel. They met. Their eyes met.

And now something happened which made it seem that Cleveland Heights was not only in another world from that which Auschwitz filled; it was on another planet, inhabited by creatures which consumed another atmosphere. Dr. Frankel seemed to draw himself up like a heavy dying bird, making his last effort; his pale blue eyes turned avid and burning; his trembling hands fluttered in despair; he pursed his lips, as if to speak, but he did not speak. He spat. He spat on Hannah Stein's face and then walked out.

HE DID NOT explain, and after much debate on the subject, no one asked him to explain.

He did once start to tell my mother: "She was in charge of the—" But he looked at my mother and could not go on.

The word "kapo" came back to my parents. That the fear of death degrades most human beings is a fact which has terrible consequences when violent death is imminent. My father, puzzled and distracted in Cleveland Heights, remarked one evening during the silent week which followed, "Well, not everybody needs a wife." But he knew that the fight to live can cause men to murder and, obscurely, that the purpose of the camps—to degrade as well as to destroy—had been accomplished upon almost everyone. Elie Wiesel has said: We cannot understand evil; we can only meet it, recognize it, and live despite it. Some can.

Dr. Frankel struggled with English and medicine. Everyone marveled at his determination. Several years later, in his very late fifties, he passed all his examinations and was licensed to practice in the United States. Within six months of this, he suffered a heart attack. As soon as he was recovered, he went back to work in the eye clinic of a hospital in Cleveland. A few months after, at age fifty-nine, he suffered another and final summons and is now disappeared utterly.

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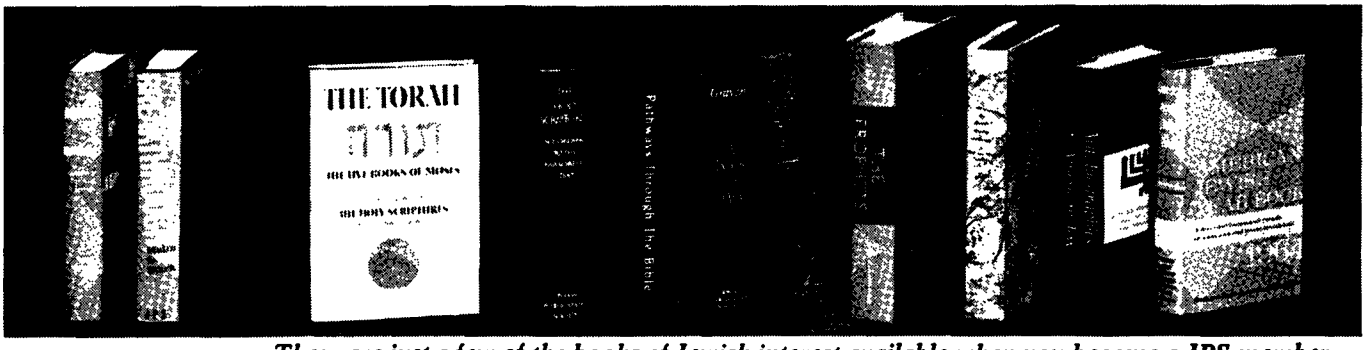

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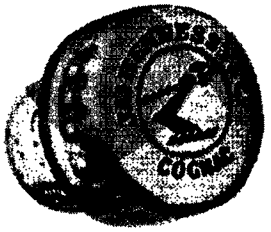

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Poetry in Israel

ROBERT ALTER

ISRAEL IS PROBABLY one of the few remaining countries where verse, far from being a dying technique, has managed to stay at the vital center of literary culture. To an American, who is accustomed to having his poetry in coffee houses, summer workshops, graduate seminars, and other suitable places of solitary confinement, it is pleasant if puzzling to discover abundant signs in Israel of the presence of a body of contemporary verse that is read as well as written. Israel may conceivably have the highest per capita production of poetry in the world—especially if you count (slim) volumes of verse and not total number of lines—and it is an even safer bet that it has the highest rate anywhere of poetry consumption. A popular book of poetry sells out a first printing of 3,000 copies within a few months. This figure in itself may not seem particularly impressive, and it scarcely suggests that sonnet cycles are hawked in the streets of Tel Aviv like hot *felaffel*. But if one considers that the Jewish population of Israel is about two million, and that, of those, considerably less than half know Hebrew well enough to read it for enjoyment, a printing of 3,000 in Israel looms as large as perhaps half a million copies of a book published in America. Compared to the successes of Hebrew poets like Avraham Shlonsky and Natan Alterman, even Robert Frost looks like a mere coterie figure.

A typical Israeli bookstore window is likely to have three or four new volumes of verse in its most prominent display, along with a book or two on Biblical archeology, a biography of some public figure, perhaps a popular American novel in translation. It is hard for the visiting American to get used to the idea that there actually exists something very much like a best-seller in poetry. This year, for example, Natan Alterman published *Summer Festival,* his first book of verse in seven years. Like his previous volume, it was a sharp disappointment to most of the critics. But Alterman, who wrote some remarkable poetry back in the 40's, has managed to attract a large and loyal following, and the appearance of *Summer Festival,* whatever the intrinsic merits of the book, was a real cultural event. Israel's leading intellectual monthly, *Molad,* devoted a long article to the book and its role in the poet's development, giving it the kind of attention that an American monthly would allow only to a widely-discussed novelist—say, Bellow or Mailer—upon a long-awaited reappearance in print. When I was in Israel last summer, I saw the Alterman book in almost every bookstore window, including even the little neighborhood shops whose main stock was school supplies and textbooks.

This last detail suggests one important aspect of the relative popularity enjoyed by poetry in Israel: a substantial number of Israeli poetry-readers are quite young. We should not, however, jump to the conclusion that the audience for Hebrew poetry is therefore constantly growing. I suspect that many of those who become devoted to it in their high-school and university years abandon it with other sins of their youth as their lives get caught up in the more prosaic concerns of career and marriage. But even if the interest of this group in poetry is in many cases temporary, it constitutes a kind of cultural phenomenon not easy to imagine in our own country.

THE DISTANCE between cultures is vividly illustrated by a story I heard this past summer from Lea Goldberg, the distinguished Hebrew poet. On her last visit to Beersheba, she went into a bookstore to look for children's books. The storekeeper, as soon as he realized who she was, gave her the most cordial reception he could (something a customer can by no means take for granted in an Israeli store). In the course of their conversation, the shop owner asked Miss Goldberg if she could guess what kind of book was his biggest seller; the answer, of course, was poetry. This would not be surprising in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, but Beersheba is a kind of frontier city in the northern Negev, largely populated by recent immigrants. The storekeeper had to explain that most of his customers were soldiers stationed at the large army camps in the area. (In Israel, it must be remembered, this group includes women as well as men, and it would be somewhat younger than an American counterpart since the compulsory period of military service usually occurs right after high school.) Now, there may be some truth in the complaint often voiced in Israel that young people have abandoned the intellectual idealism of the pioneering Zionists

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for a narrow, self-serving pragmatism; one is in fact likely to discover considerable evidence in support of this accusation among the young Israelis with whom one talks. But the anomaly of ballads in the barracks and distichs in the duffel bags should cast some doubt upon the adequacy of such facile, moralizing judgments.

I don't mean to suggest that where hostile critics have seen young Israelis as insensitive and unreflective careerists, we should now imagine a generation of soulful seekers after truth and beauty. To begin with, this group of poetry-readers, however large relatively, remains a distinct minority of all Israeli youth. The reasons, moreover, why poetry should be important to a considerable number of Israel's young intellectuals, and why it should play such a major role in Hebrew literature, are multiple, and their interrelation is neither simple nor clear. Perhaps the worst place to begin to look for an explanation is in that dubiously charted region of national character. The relative importance of poetry in Israel may be in some degree the result of cultural traditions; it surely has something to do also with the problematic role of Hebrew in the life of an educated Israeli; but the whole phenomenon must be understood ultimately in terms of the distinctive nature of Hebrew poetry.

Despite the juggernaut progress of Americanization through Israel in everything from IBM cards to supermarkets, there are important areas of cultural life still rooted in Central-European and East-European traditions. The three most significant antecedent cultures for Israel, at least as far as literature is concerned, are Russian, German, and the world of traditional Judaism. In each of these cultural milieux, poetry has been accorded a far more important place than it ever has been given in America, or, for that matter, than it has enjoyed in England since the time of Byron and Scott.

THE POETRY with which Jewish tradition filled the inner life of its adherents was, of course, the poetry learned from sacred texts, rabbinic as well as Biblical, the liturgical verse adorning the various services, and the Sabbath and festival table-hymns. There is a real, if sometimes devious, connection between this traditional use of poetry as an expression of religious experience and the kinds of inner needs which Hebrew poetry serves today. Much Hebrew verse since Bialik has been religious in its ultimate concerns, though perhaps most often in the manner of the great Hebrew poetry of Job, quarreling with God rather than praising Him. It is a revealing fact that the two major figures in the oldest generation of Israeli poets, Avraham Shlonsky and Uri Zvi Greenberg, have produced a considerable body of deeply religious work, Shlonsky in an intensely personal mode far to the Left of institutional Judaism, Greenberg to the messianic Right of it in the language of prophetic vision and the public symbols of national destiny. Religious concerns are often at the root of poems by younger poets as well, though the expression may be more oblique, less likely to couch itself in traditional terms.

The persisting influences of German and Russian traditions are more straightforward if less substantive. There was a time, one recalls, when a furor for verse-making was expected to seize virtually every good introspective German during his student years, and a continuing acquaintance with serious poetry was something generally assumed of cultivated persons in a nation of Goethe-quoters. Jerusalem is not Heidelberg, but one may see, for example, in the Israeli student abroad, who makes room in his 44 pounds of air luggage for a cherished volume of Alterman or Amihai, a shadow cast by the pale, vatic youth of a vanished Germany. Similarly, Russian cultural influences, though generally on the wane, are probably the background for the kind of public importance poetry has in Israel. While Israel has nothing to match the passionate involvement of Russia's outdoor poetry readings, the public reading and discussion of poetry have not been entirely relegated to the esoteric audiences of poetry "centers" or to the self-consciously educational environment of the university. A response to poetry like the standing-room enthusiasm evoked by Yevtushenko's public readings in Russia a few years ago is at least still a possibility in Israel. The topical interest, moreover, of Yevtushenko's verse suggests a further connection with Israel's cultural situation as opposed to our own. In America, serious writers have tried to come to terms with recent events of national relevance chiefly through fiction and—perhaps more successfully—through reflective essays or reportage. In Israel, as in Russia, the idea persists at least in some circles that poetry can, and perhaps ought to, grapple with contemporary history. Some Hebrew poetry, to be sure, has emerged from the encounter with history very much the worse for wear artistically, but it is significant that poetry as a mode of response to life can still be ambitious, has not retreated wholly to the involutions of private experience and the nuances of aesthetic discriminations.

But what seems to me more important than any cultural tradition in explaining the vitality of poetry in Israel is the very distinctive kind of life Hebrew words assume when they are put together imaginatively in a poem. Hebrew, precisely because its resuscitation as a language for modern daily use has been so successful, is in one sense now fighting for survival. That is, the Hebrew everyone reads, writes, and speaks is to a great extent a translated language (from Yiddish, German, Russian, Arabic, English, French) in which the modes of semantic subtlety and suggestiveness indigenous to it are drastically weak-

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ened. The newspapers and popular magazines, for example, are written in a sort of international journalese that wrenches Hebrew from its native patterns of idiom and syntax and that, at its worst, makes the tongue of the prophets sound like an Esperanto imitation of the style of the New York *Times*.

On a higher level, the educated Israeli finds that his native tongue is constantly put into competition with the very differently developed Western languages in areas where it must seem less than adequate. It is easier to write a good philosophical essay, a sociological study, a piece of literary criticism, in English or German than in Hebrew, because Hebrew is deficient in certain types of specialized vocabulary and particularly in the means to discriminate subtly different levels and categories of abstraction: it lacks, in short, some of the very linguistic tools that make precise analytic thinking possible. (A very intelligent Israeli who grew up in Czechoslovakia actually told me that when he returned to Prague for an extended visit, his Czech university friends congratulated him on having established himself in Israel, but, after some conversation, regretted the fact that thinking in Hebrew had "made him stupid.") The advanced student in almost every discipline except Judaica ends up doing the bulk of his required reading in English, and this is likely to be the case with his professional reading later on. That Hebrew should be a second fiddle in such circumstances is inevitable, simply because it doesn't have all the right linguistic strings to play on. More regrettable are the many instances in which Israelis adopt or imitate a foreign cultural product mainly for its appeal as attractive, imported goods. It seems a little pathetic, for example, that to a startling number of educated Israelis, *Time* is the indispensable weekly news magazine. No conceivable form of Hebrew could compete with Timese, but it is unfortunate that the two should have to compete in anyone's mind, that an Israeli should have to follow the events of the great world in a foreign cultural idiom whose meretricious cleverness is essentially unassimilable to his own language.

The educated Israeli, in sum, finds himself maneuvering intellectually in a broad Western culture to which his own language, both structurally and lexically, is not entirely suited. He frequently has to use a de-Hebraized Hebrew that misses the best of both worlds, and for many of the needs of his intellectual life he ends up depending upon a foreign language. Now, against this general background of linguistic uneasiness, poetry offers the native speaker of Hebrew, to paraphrase Coleridge, the best Hebrew words in the best Hebrew order. In a country where so much culture is translated, both in fact and in effect, the truism about the untranslatability of poetry looms with a larger than ordinary significance. Israeli fiction in this respect is a borderline phenomenon—all the younger writers have their peculiar problems about being distinctively Hebrew stylists. But it is poetry that clearly liberates the potential expressiveness of Hebrew words, so choosing and placing them as to utilize their finest nuances of meaning, striking the rich plangencies of allusion inherent in the literary history of the words, even drawing on a large vocabulary never used in speech because it does not correspond to the practical needs of the translatable everyday world.

An Israeli with serious literary interests may find Camus (in translation) or Faulkner (in English) more deeply relevant than all the Hebrew novels on the failure of the old Zionist ideals, but there are areas of his most intimate experience which only Hebrew poetry can reach because it alone speaks to him with the subtle intimacy of his first language. It is sometimes suggested that young Israelis read poetry because they are searching for "identity." What this vague explanation actually means, I think, is that poetry gives a mouth to their muteness; feelings and thoughts partly muffled by the predicament of their language are released, crystallized into the precious clarity of artfully ordered words.

There are, moreover, some remarkable possibilities for artful ordering inherent in Hebrew words. I suppose it is absurd to claim that one language is intrinsically more poetic than another, but one can say of Hebrew that its unique history makes it a supple instrument for certain species of poetic expression that have never been, or no longer are, available to poets in the major Western languages. This of course does not mean that the use of Hebrew can in any way guarantee a poet's artistic success: even some of the most gifted Hebrew poets have been known to clutter their books with more than a fair share of metric trash. But the body of really good poetry that has been written in Israel is quite impressive, and the high quality of much Hebrew verse can be attributed at least partly to the poets' success in tapping the distinctive resources of the Hebrew language.

More than anything else, what makes Hebrew poetry different is the vital presence of the Bible—through remembered words, phrases, verses, whole passages, themes, and symbols—in the mind of every genuinely literate user of Hebrew. Though much of the Biblical vocabulary, idiom, and grammar has disappeared from modern speech, the language of the Bible remains perfectly familiar in a way not easily imaginable for the average speaker of English, to whom the much more recent past of his own literature—Chaucer, or even Spenser—is barely intelligible. With the Bible always in the background, a skillful Hebrew poet can shift perspective or tone, introduce irony, focus two or three meanings on

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a single point, with a carefully weighted allusion to a Biblical text, perhaps simply by means of a borrowed phrase or word. Lines of Hebrew verse which may sound flat or tritely rhetorical in translation often are charged with imaginative power through allusion. When Natan Alterman, for example, writes that "Woman's love is treacherous," a single word makes the line transcend the banality of its English equivalent. His term for "treacherous" (*'aquba*) never occurs in ordinary modern Hebrew; it appears adjectivally in the Bible only three memorable times, and only once, as here, in the feminine form, in Hosea—"The city of evil-doers is smeared [or "crooked," *'aquba*], with blood." For the literate reader, then, Alterman's *'aquba* trails after it a wake of blood (specifically, the recalled Biblical word *midam*), and so the woman's treacherous love assumes overtones of violence and, if the whole verse is remembered, moral perversion. This apprehension of the word's darker implications is strengthened by the recollection of another Biblical verse, Jeremiah's "The heart is most treacherous [*'aqob*] of all."

The elaborateness of my explanation for this simple turn of allusion may make it seem a difficult virtuoso trick, like writing sestinas. In point of fact, however, such coalescing of associations in a word or phrase is so natural and easy in Hebrew that poets sometimes have to struggle to keep out allusion where they don't mean to have it. Hebrew love poetry illustrates this point with particular clarity. The power of the Song of Songs has so captured the Hebrew poetic imagination that a poet virtually has to make a conscious effort in order *not* to allude to the splendid Biblical model when he writes a love lyric in Hebrew. Even a poetic expression of revulsion from a demonically carnal woman (Bialik's "The Hungry Eyes") naturally works itself out as an anti-Song of Songs, following the Canticles' convention of vertical description of the beloved's body, downward from her hungry eyes and fierce lips to the insatiable sexual darkness below. The imaginative availability of the Bible, which can make such artful parallels and inversions possible, may tempt the Hebrew poet to slide from poetry to pastiche. This was the besetting ill of the earliest generations of modern Hebrew poets, and it remains an occupational hazard of Hebrew verse, cropping up frequently, for example, in the contemporary biblicizing poet Yonatan Ratosh, the central figure of the so-called Canaanite group that was much discussed a decade ago.

What is especially relevant, however, to our concern, is that Hebrew can sustain a very viable poetic mode which looks quite like pastiche, though it differs radically from pastiche in the creative energy with which it selects, fuses, and transforms different source-materials. This stanza from a poem by Lea Goldberg illustrates a kind of poetic strategy typical of Hebrew but unfeasible, I think, in most other languages:

I lift up my eyes to the mountains
And the mountains are desolate.
How you flowered in them, my soul,
My wildflower in the clefts of the rock!

The section of the poem from which the stanza is taken describes a moment of existential terror, and the sudden plunge of consciousness from daylight into what the poem calls "blood-darkness" is beautifully caught by the second line here, which amputates the verse from Psalms—"I lift up my eyes to the mountains/ From whence cometh my help"—and substitutes mere desolation. This kind of studied reversal of a well-known text could be done in another language, but the continuing modulation of compressed allusions in the two subsequent lines is uniquely Hebrew. The word for "how" in the third line is not the standard *eikh* but *eikha,* the variant regularly used in the Bible when the word occurs at the beginning of a formal elegy. The allusion here, through a single syllable, is subgrammatical, yet it carries with it echoes of fallen cities, scattered splendor, and Lamentations, which in turn play against both the wondering excitement of the exclamation and the gentle affection in the remembrance of Song of Songs—"My dove in the clefts of the rock . . ./ Let me see thy countenance . . ./ For thy countenance is comely."

IT IS WORTH NOTING that this mosaic of allusions occurs in the work of a poet whose prevailing tone is personal, quietly melodic or conversational, and who has rarely been concerned in her verse with tradition, history, or ideology. The traditional idiom, however, of classic Hebrew literature—not only the Bible, but to a large extent the prayer book and rabbinic legend as well—is so much the common possession of the Hebrew literary imagination, even in a post-traditional era, that it lends itself quite naturally to the most private uses of expression. In this connection, the case of Yehuda Amihai, the most popular new poet of the 50's, is especially instructive. Amihai is the most influential of the younger poets who, partly in emulation of modern British and American models, have attempted to introduce the rhythms of ordinary speech and the flatness or harshness of everyday language into their verse. Such a program was clearly necessary for the younger generation in order to close the gap they felt between poetic convention and lived experience, though the success of the program has been at best a mixed one—Hebrew Audenized can produce disastrously unrelieved poetic bleaknesses. What is interesting about Amihai is that this avowed poet of fragmented, tarnished realities—"Cripples and the unemployed/ Are the songbirds in the poets' trees/ And not the cuckoo and the nightingale"—

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should stud the jagged textures of his poems with shining bits from classical Hebrew texts.

One of the important expressive effects of Amihai's verse derives from the pointed contrast between traditional idioms and the colloquial poetic environment in which they occur. One poem, in which a soldier with orders for the front takes leave of his girl, begins, "The smell of gasoline ascended in my nostrils." After yoking ancient sacrifice and modern technology in this bizarre fashion, the speaker goes on to identify his tenderness for his beloved with that of his pious father for a ritual object: "Your soul, my girl, I'll put in my palm/ Like a festival citron in soft wool—/ So, too, my dead father did." In the next three stanzas the soldier expresses his feeling for the weeping girl through disarming colloquial understatement ("Wipe your face and stand by me/ And smile like in a family photo"); then he concludes by telescoping another traditional phrase into the grim menace of his own world: "The jet plane makes peace in its heights/ Over us and over all those who love in the fall." The echo, of course, is from the final words of the *kaddish*—"May He who makes peace in his heights establish peace over us and over all Israel." The finely adjusted tension here between the poet's statement and the recalled text is typical of Amihai. He is neither quarreling with his source nor merely playing with it, though he occasionally does both in his use of allusion elsewhere. Rather, the fractured piece of liturgy expresses a kind of wistful regret for that world of faith in which God made peace on high—in the poet's world, lovers between battles must depend instead upon circling jets for their fleeting moments of precarious happiness together.

YET POETRY, though it may consist partly in allusions, must exist entirely in words, and the nature of Hebrew words themselves makes them uniquely suitable for the poetic rendering of certain aspects of experience. Many Hebrew words carry a distinctive force that is related to their allusiveness, but not identical with it, as can be seen in this brief piece by the gifted young poet, Dan Pagis:

Primal chaos still is twisted in the
Power-frozen rock. The rock hasn't split.
Silence, petrified, rules it.
The darkness expects.
Imprisoned is the tremor.
And already the veins of red are running in the rock
Pounding like mute lightnings.

Some of the inadequacy of my translation is merely a result of the rigidity of English syntax. (The quaintly poetic inversion, for example, in the fifth line is natural and eloquent in the original because Hebrew, even in prose, allows more freedom in subject-predicate order.) But where the English version fails crucially is in the first two words of the poem. They constitute a nearly exact translation of the original *tohu reshit* (very literally, "chaos of beginning"), with only the background of the words—Greek cosmogony instead of Hebrew—changed. It might be argued that the verbal connection with Genesis in the original makes the Hebrew poem conceptually tighter: the same darkness that hovers over the chaos in the first chapter of Genesis "expects" portentously in the fourth line here. The essential difficulty of the translation, however, is in the taint of pretense that clings to "primal chaos"—or any English phrase like it—and of which the Hebrew equivalent is entirely free. Perhaps in the 17th century it was still possible to use a formula like "primal chaos" with genuine poetic resonance. But after the Miltonizing poets of the 18th century, after reams of bad Romantic and Victorian poems, after science fiction, cheap rhetorical novels, perhaps even advertising, the words have become almost pure fake-poetic. In Hebrew, on the other hand, the continuity between the Bible and the modern spoken language acts as a brake against this kind of progressive deterioration of words. *Reshit,* for example, is a perfectly normal conversational word, as in the common phrase, *reshit kol* ("first of all"), and yet its appearance as the initial word of the Bible, *b'reshit,* can scarcely be forgotten. *Tohu reshit,* therefore, manages to be a natural usage, with no trace of the false sublime in it, while referring directly and precisely to a level of reality that is cosmic and mythic.

Because the whole body of ancient and medieval Hebrew literature continually sets man over against God, the created world over against the void, and time over against eternity, the language is rich in words that express ultimate things. It is worth noting, moreover, that despite the flood of Greek and Latin words absorbed by Hebrew in the Hellenistic period, most of this vocabulary of the ultimate grows from indigenous roots. The Hebrew terms for genesis, apocalypse, infinity, eternity, are all made up of simple lexical components still very commonly used in everyday speech; and in respect to their form and sound—none is more than two syllables—as well as to their history, these words are scarcely obtrusive even in a modern colloquial context. Such a vocabulary is so native to Hebrew language and literature that even the inflated pseudo-Biblical rhetoric of the Hebrew Enlightenment could not vitiate it as, by contrast, the English stock of terms for ultimates has been progressively cheapened since the latter part of the 17th century by writers cultivating the "high celestial way." When a contemporary English poet trots out a world-embracing word, he generally has to do it with an embarrassed grin or a defensively intellectual glare. A Hebrew poet can still use such terms with a straight face and even with unaffected, colloquial directness.

Thus Amihai, in another of his early war

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poems, describes his girl against a background of practice gunshots, "walking through the streets/ Wearing the jewels of apocalypse." The English version of the last phrase may have its own kind of effectiveness, but the final word jolts the reader in a way not quite in keeping with the original *takhshitei hakets*. The term translated as "apocalypse"—*kets*—is one of the two simple Hebrew words for "end." Tradition has firmly linked it with eschatology—the End of Days, or *kets hayamim*—but it has none of the polysyllabic pomp of the English equivalent, nor, of course, the mystifying ring of Greek strangeness and the dark aura of New Testament vision inseparable from the English word. *Kets* is associated with the end of history and the "end of all flesh" (*kets kol basar* is the phrase used in the Noah story), yet it has a denotative immediacy that also can suggest the end of more particular things than the whole world—the end of the poet, say, or of his beloved, the end of the brief period when the two were one flesh.

THIS LEAPFROGGING between personal experience and cosmic expectations is a frequent movement in Hebrew poetry, but by no means an inevitable one. The verbal accessibility of ultimates is part of a larger pattern of distinctiveness in Hebrew vocabulary: both abstractions and traditionally "poetic" words—that is, words which characterize unusually intense inner states or highly impressive sensory data—remain quite usable poetically.

Hebrew abstractions, at least those that are not awkward neologisms, lend themselves to verse metrically, because most of them are simple iambs or anapests, and connotatively, because they generally remain much closer in form and implication to their concrete origins than is the case with the heavily latinate abstractions of English. A poem by Lea Goldberg, for example, closes with this summary of being surprised by joy: "Since then I am a pool in the night's heart—/ In their arbitrariness generous heavens/ Have sunk into it all the stars." "Arbitrariness," though an exact equivalent for the Hebrew, is barbaric not only because it shatters any possible meter, but because it is associated in English with a kind of analytic discourse quite incongruous with the sensuous immediacy of the poem. The Hebrew *shrirut* does not have the same long history of use as a precise, purely conceptual term; modern Hebrew actually borrows it from a favorite idiom of Jeremiah, *shrirut-lev*, which is traditionally rendered as "hard-heartedness" or "stubbornness."

Perhaps the best example of the continuing viability of "poetic" language in Hebrew is the work of Uri Zvi Greenberg. Despite his frequent diffuseness, he manages to make one repeatedly aware of the intrinsic magic of words. One central instance is his love for brilliant and violent colors and the words that refer to them. He calls upon half a dozen synonyms for "effulgence," fills his pages with gold (for which there are at least three synonyms in Hebrew), sky-blue, crimson (the Biblical *argaman*, or royal purple), "shining-red" (*ḥakhlili*, an enigmatic color-word that occurs in the Bible only once, in Genesis 49:12). It is not easy to explain why, in contrast to what has happened in other languages, such vocabulary in Hebrew should manage to retain a high degree of imaginative life, but surely one important reason is that the words are so ensconced in their traditional contexts, from Genesis to the Zohar, that the luster of their classic associations has not been dulled by usage—the words themselves seem able to survive even the rhetorical cheapening to which they have been subjected by second-rate Hebrew writers from the Enlightenment onward. In a modern Hebrew-speaking culture, then, where the language in its everyday use is flattened into gray regularity, poets can still use descriptive and emotive words that tower splendidly, inviting the ascent of the imagination.

The business of poetry, it has often been observed, is to relate the unrelated, to pull disparate fragments into significant wholes. To the Israeli, in his peculiar predicament of apparent but not absolute cultural uprootedness, this act of relating is especially vital, and the language of Hebrew poetry, as I have tried to show, renders it especially fit as an instrument for making meaningful connections. It is not only that the Israeli must repeatedly test out the problematic relevance of past Jewish experience to his own emotional and intellectual life. Like all Jews, he must also find some way to respond to the terrible central fact of Jewish history in our time, which remains outrageous, unthinkable, unassimilable. Some of the finest Hebrew poems of the last twenty-five years are expressions of highly personal experiences, not directly "about" the Holocaust, and yet finally unintelligible without reference to it. What happens in these poems is indicative of the larger uses that Hebrew poetry serves. The past is imaginatively linked with the present; the reverberations of historical catastrophe are caught in the exploration of private crisis; the unassimilable elements of both individual and collective experience are thus for a moment controlled, ordered, related. Ultimately, then, what makes poetry important in Israel is that the sensitive Hebrew reader can find in it a way of responding humanly to his world—to its beauty as well as to its terror—which is simply not available to him in any other medium. At a time when genuinely human responses are not easy to come by anywhere, this function is more than a cultural luxury: the purposes served by the best modern Hebrew poetry may not fall so far, after all, from the high purposes of the great Hebrew poetry of the past.

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The World Politics of Responsibility

OSCAR GASS

If we submit ourselves to the event, if we think more of the accomplished deed than of the suggested problem, we become servile accomplices of success and force.
—Lord Acton, *The French Revolution*

SINCE 1945, Washington has become reconciled to bearing its part in a world where, in the circle of friends, the United States is now the only polity both determined to discharge the varying and ambiguous responsibilities of a Great Power, on all continents, and capable of doing so. To be so determined, reflects judgments of fact and probability and also choices of alternatives: this judging and choosing has, I think, been dominantly—though not uniformly—sound and honorable. To be so capable, however, is not only the product of good judgment and high resolve: this capacity rests on great wealth and a large population organized for strength. These foundations give rise to antipathy. To be sharply distinguished from all other polities, by riches and ability to exert force, is an inherently unamiable and even estranging uniqueness.

The difference of incomes does not fatally separate the classes of America from the classes of other Western societies; elsewhere, however, it makes the most pervasive divide. UN economists have calculated recently* that, in what are now euphemistically called "the developing countries," the rise in per capita income was only about 1.5 per cent a year in 1960-63. At this rate of advance, the richer of "the developing countries" would achieve the United States standard of living of 1913 sometime between 2025 and 2050! Even the USSR, though second in world power, provides its consumers a standard of living only in the range of one-third the American. (More than half of all Soviet consumer spending goes just to buy food.) Moreover, as the gross United States superiority of income is a social inheritance, and not some distinctive accomplishment of this generation, much of humanity continues to be less than certain that the greater wealth of Americans has adequate grounds in justice. The United States is rich, in a chilling world of questioning poor.

After separation from wealth, comes the discrepancy of power. It cannot fail to be mortifying to an ancient, cultivated, and productive society, like that of France, that its contribution to the general defense of Western Europe, though valuable and valued, may be judged to be not more decisive today than was the role of Sweden in World War II. (This contribution may be judged particularly marginal when the government of France adheres to the doctrine that every European military engagement should bring forth an immediate Western nuclear response, directed against enemy cities. It is not with French forces that such an unlimited nuclear war would be fought.) If, then, in the general defense of Western Europe, an ancient European society of great contemporary achievement may still be so marginal a factor, why should such a society not choose to enjoy the abstention—in armed neutrality—of a Sweden?

The armed neutral traditionally says to the marauding Great Power of his time: "I am a porcupine. You will bruise your hands on me. But to what purpose? There is easier prey elsewhere. Go your way, without meddling with me. I do not stand in the path of your larger ambitions." Undoubtedly, some will find my porcupine an image beneath dignity. But are we quite sure that, after deploying more comfortingly grand images, even so considerable a power as France—now shielded by the exposure of Germany and the commitment of the United States—will not, one day, choose the way of the porcupine? Is not the *Force de Frappe* a porcupine's armament?

Americans must never forget that even the most sympathetic associated society will now, quite naturally, approach the United States in the dignified and questioning mood of Milton's Satan: "Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme above his equals."

II

IN THE HEAVY YEARS since Kennedy's inauguration, five great developments have altered Washington's outlook on world affairs. *First*: the threat from the USSR has been devalued, both in Europe and America. *Second*: Washington has consolidated its conviction that the United States is unequivocally first in world military power. *Third*: the program of an American "partnership"

*A thoughtful appraisal of national economic plans of "developing countries" constitutes Part I of the *World Economic Survey 1964*, United Nations, 1965.

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with Europe has had a day's celebration and died. *Fourth*: American economic aid to poorer countries has diminished in weight, status, and conviction. *Fifth*: the zone adjacent to the frontiers of China has again emerged as a region of primary American concern.

To the devaluation of the threat from the USSR, political failures and shifts have undoubtedly contributed greatly. These bear ready names —Berlin, Cuba, China, polycentrism, and national Communism. To threaten war over West Berlin, and then to accept the defensive solution of walling-in the fleeing residents of the East, was surely a great defeat. To withdraw Soviet missiles from Cuba, when confronted by an American blockade, was to accept a spectacular, immediate loss of face. To suffer an open breach with China—followed by large Chinese claims on Soviet territory—was to reveal that "the camp of Socialism" had ceased to be one camp. But, in the changed weight ascribed to the USSR, all these political discomfitures, and others equally deep but less spectacular, may still have been less important than the drastic worldwide revaluation of Soviet economic achievements and prospects. In 1961, even people who should have known better engaged in making fanciful projections with the famous Soviet "growth rate." Would the USSR surpass the USA in 1970 or in 1980? Khrushchev was not in doubt: "You can write down in your little notebook that we will overtake you in per capita industrial production by 1970." Today, such fairy tales are out of fashion. During 1961-65, the USSR's average annual rate of increase in Gross National Product, per person employed, seems to have been less than the American average increase of about 2¾ per cent.* Russia's low productivity agriculture, which engages two-fifths of her labor force, stumbled badly in 1963 and now again in 1965. Libertarians never admired Soviet Communism, but in 1965 even authoritarians recognize its indifferent performance. The image of a Soviet economy of specially rapid and assured growth has quite vanished.

In the devaluation of the threat from the USSR, enthusiasm over claimed American nuclear superiority has played a role only with idiots. Here official Washington is not today at fault. Secretary McNamara has repeatedly spoken out to say that, in his estimate, the USA cannot, in the early 1970's, have any means of preventing a Soviet nuclear attack on American cities from killing between one-third and two-thirds of all the people of the United States†. The American government has tried hard, against the resistance of its major European allies, to lead NATO toward achieving so substantial a non-nuclear capability that the West would become less dependent, in Europe, on a non-credible resort to immediate "massive retaliation," by nuclear weapons, in response to every military clash. Yet Washington also undeniably does remain convinced that the United States is first in effective, usable military power—and by a great margin.

Not because of nuclear superiority. On the contrary, what weighs is non-nuclear power and the means for its deployment to distant theaters. Strategic nuclear arms are held so that no one will dare use them; space vehicles are for headlines; war is fought with aircraft carriers, helicopters, conventional guns and bombs. For the fiscal year 1966, while the Department of Defense asked $6.3 billion for the means of strategic nuclear warfare, it asked $20.6 billion for the means of limited warfare and related sealift and airlift. In this perspective, evidence that the USSR had emplaced another 50 ICBM's would be accepted as nearly an irrelevancy. Similarly, Soviet concentration on shooting the moon is welcome. Unwelcome would be evidence that the USSR was also building aircraft carriers, constructing sealift and airlift, assembling helicopters, and training marines, to the end that the USSR might also become capable of fighting limited wars in distant theaters—on the Pacific rim of Asia, in remote Africa, and even in Latin America.

WHEN KENNEDY came to the Presidency, the higher echelon of his New Frontier was quite insensitive to the drift of European sentiment away from involvement in all conflicts outside Europe. Kennedy began with preaching a worldwide "partnership" of Western Europe and America. And the slower-minded survivors of his New Frontier have still not realized how little affirmative response is elicited today, among representative Europeans, by such calls to an involving, burden-bringing partnership.

In 1961, Kennedy re-minted the name "Grand Design" to identify a proposed "northern tier" of associates, including Japan, Western Europe, and North America. He suggested that these northern partners, sharing political liberties and advanced economies, should unite for the benefit of all the world; together they would assist the southern lands of the poor, together resist Communism. And, in 1962, Kennedy led a campaign of extravagant claims for a union of the free, to be achieved through an American-initiated program of trade liberalization. (Its heritage is the sad spectacle called "the Kennedy round.") But the President also grew in understanding during his

*The U.S. Department of State argues, in *USSR Falters in Economic Growth Race with the U.S.*, September 1965, that aggregate percentage growth was the same in both countries, for 1961-65. But the Department certainly understates U.S. growth in 1965, and it makes no per capita adjustment.

†See his highly valuable annual *Statement* to the Congress on the defense program; the latest is dated February 18, 1965. An excellent example of official American defense thinking is *U.S. Defense Policy for the 1960's*, by Deputy Assistant Secretary Enthoven, Department of Defense, February 10, 1963. An authoritative Russian claim of military superiority, on grounds of perfected missile defense, is *Anti-Missile Systems and Disarmament*, by N. Talensky, in "International Affairs," Moscow, October 1964.

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term of office. At the time of the Cuban confrontation, he already understood quite clearly that NATO was an alliance by which the USA defended Europe—not an alliance by which Europe could be called upon to assist in the defense of the USA.

In 1965, Secretary of State Dean Rusk seems, on occasion, to preserve much of the outlook of 1961-62. On March 6, 1965, the Secretary spoke sadly of *their* lack of appreciation of worldwide obligations—they being the NATO countries other than the USA:

> Their common security is involved in what happens in Africa, the Middle East, Latin America and the Western Pacific. NATO also has a common interest in the defeat of active aggression in Southeast Asia, and it has a similar interest . . . in putting an end to aggression by the infiltration of arms and fighting men across national frontiers. The NATO nations should recognize those vital common interests and join in supporting them.

Alas, in 1965, the NATO "they"—to whom Secretary Rusk addressed this plaint—were so settled in abstention from all non-European conflicts that they would hardly have found polite language in which to make him a candid response! In October 1965, even the leadership of the British Conservative party came out for British withdrawal from all special extra-European defense obligations—in Arabia, Malaya, India, etc.* Britain would come home to a Europe which might participate in the defense of Europe.

As Europe's commitments have waned, the American have grown. It is unlikely that Harry Truman can have fully realized what he was starting when he said quietly, in March 1947, "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." In sequel, the United States now has mutual defense agreements with more than 40 nations. And, on October 18, 1964, President Johnson made a further declaration which can only be compared, in the sweep of its implications, with the Truman doctrine. The President then said, in a deliberately prepared text: ". . . the nations that do not seek nuclear weapons can be sure that if they need our strong support against some threat of blackmail, they will have it."

But it is a dominant characteristic of the world society of our time that, while the United States military shield has been widening, United States economic aid has been narrowing. American business invests heavily in foreign countries. American earnings abroad—dividends, interest, retained profits, royalties, and fees—now come to the huge total of $9 billion a year. From this, there is something for everybody, but least for the poorest. To compare 1965 with 1948 is to see the atrophy of resolve. In 1948, the Gross National Product of the US was $258 billion, in 1965 over $670 billion. But in the Truman years 1948-52, the "foreign aid" appropriation averaged $6.4 billion a year; under Eisenhower, $3.5 billion; under Kennedy, $3.9 billion; under Johnson, $3.2 billion. The "foreign aid" appropriation does not provide all the money for foreign aid: there are surplus foods and other resources. But even the most comprehensive total† now (1964) comes to only $4.7 billion—of which $1.2 billion are military supplies and $1.6 billion farm surpluses. This largest measure of U.S. foreign aid is now three-quarters of one per cent of the Gross National Product. On the mere scale of the Truman administration, it would be three times as large.

In light-mindedness, the New Frontier primped itself on achievement in foreign assistance. (Mr. Theodore Sorensen, in a telecast from the White House, even named the organization of foreign aid as the outstanding accomplishment of the first year of the Kennedy administration.) Moreover, in what concerns aid to the poorest peoples, the Great Society is—up to now—a mere shrunken replica of the New Frontier. Indeed, the demoralization of Washington, in everything relating to foreign economic assistance, now goes so deep that it is hard to see by what means this condition might be reversed. In the Senate, self-advertised Liberals batten on the sentiments of Know-nothings. In the Executive Branch, no career-minded person wishes to stay in so ill-regarded an activity as "foreign aid" (though the lending institutions, national and especially international, are more favorably looked upon). Disesteem breeds cowardice and incompetence.

To my judgment, the limited contribution which the United States makes to the economic progress of the poorest peoples is perhaps the most profound moral and political failure of the American polity of our time.

III

DURING 1945-49, the Truman administration refused Chiang Kai-shek an American combat commitment. The U.S. government remained profoundly troubled by the prospect of Communist victory. But Truman and his advisers also saw that Chiang and his Kuomintang were visionless, incompetent, corrupt, and estranged from the Chinese people. Washington was unable to fix acceptable limits for an American combat engagement. And Washington was also unable to believe that the U.S. itself could supply what was otherwise lacking for the creation of a satisfactory government in China. Consequently, the Truman administration drew back from the Kuomintang, in despair. And, in January 1950, both the President and his Secretary of State practically invited the

*There is an appreciative account in the *Times* of London, October 15, 1965.

†*Foreign Grants and Credits . . . Calendar Year 1964*, U.S. Department of Commerce, 1965.

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Communists to end the civil war, by seizing Formosa.

However, on June 25, 1950, Truman reversed American policy for the western Pacific. That day, Communist forces attacked in Korea. Truman decided to resist. He sent U.S. ground forces to fight on the Asian mainland. Additionally, he determined to withhold Formosa from Communist seizure. True, his own Joint Chiefs of Staff had previously advised that Formosa *not* be taken within the U.S. defense perimeter. Still, if Asian Communism was now on a path of conquest, perhaps it was better that the aggressor be denied any gain.

Eisenhower, confronted by a similar situation, made the opposite decision. In March and April 1954, the French position in Vietnam was moving toward collapse. Eisenhower saw Chinese Communism as the enemy; Mao's appearance on the Indochinese frontier had transformed colonial stalemate into Communist victory. Yet Eisenhower decided not to commit U.S. combat forces to achieving a Communist defeat. He reports* several lesser obstacles and one insurmountable one: Britain refused to participate in the combat. And Eisenhower indicates that, for him, in 1954, this refusal was decisive. Curiously, however, Eisenhower pictures himself quite ready to fight in Indochina—nearly seven years later! Note the conditions: three weeks before Kennedy's inauguration; in support of the comic Laos faction of Boun Oum and Phoumi Nosavan; with the USSR openly flying supplies to the other side; and, if need be, quite without allies. On December 31, 1960, Eisenhower told his associates: "We cannot let Laos fall to the Communists even if we have to fight —with our allies or without them." On January 2, 1961, he rejected limited military objectives in Laos: "It's my conviction that if we ever have to resort to force, there's just one thing to do: clear up the problem completely." And Eisenhower takes a very sour view of the unmilitant attitude regarding Laos adopted by the Kennedy administration.

Mr. Sorensen has now given us further information on how little Kennedy was disposed to rush forward, in Indochina†. In contrast to Eisenhower—and rejecting the views of the military chiefs of staff—Kennedy did not find it advisable for the U.S. to fight in Laos in 1961; rather, he sought accommodation with Khrushchev and, in part, found it. Moreover, by the end of 1961, Kennedy was in a minority of one—in the company of his principal advisers—regarding Vietnam combat intervention. They unanimously favored a major U.S. combat engagement; he decided against it. Throughout 1961-63, Kennedy increased U.S. activities in Vietnam; yet he held on to the belief that the U.S. commitment remained "limited." He had promised "economic aid, military equipment, and military training" or "assistance, support, and advice"—but *not* combat engagement. True, U.S. military men stationed in Vietnam increased from 685 early in 1961 to 15,500 at the end of 1963. While advising at the front and transporting into combat, about 90 Americans had been killed, by the time of Kennedy's death. But, in a straightforward sense, the U.S. was not fighting. Clearly, Kennedy wished that fortune had set this U.S. resistance in a politically more attractive terrain. Seeing only a choice of evils, he temporized.

Johnson's policy in Vietnam is, therefore, no mere inheritance. Still, its distinctive novelties did not come forward quickly: both in policy commitment and combat level, they emerged only a full fifteen months after Johnson's accession to the Presidency. On March 31, 1965, there were still only 27,000 U.S. military in Vietnam. That month, Johnson had broken with treating the North as a sanctuary; simultaneously, he began serious expansion of the American troop basis in the South. By October 22, 1965, there were 148,380 American military in South Vietnam, and their number was growing. Not improbably, Washington intends to have soon in Vietnam a force greater, in combat capability, than the entire military establishment of North Vietnam. And, simultaneously with the first steps toward a new combat capacity, came a new policy commitment. On April 17, the President stated the U.S. policy objective with great sharpness: " . . . an independent South Vietnam . . . free to shape its relation and association with all other nations." And he made a pledge:

> Until that independence [the independence of South Vietnam] is guaranteed, there is no human power capable of forcing us from Vietnam. We will remain as long as necessary, with the might required, whatever the risk and whatever the cost. . . . If the price of ending aggression is blood and men, we are ready to pay that price.

To Kennedy's limited commitment, this pledge of Johnson's is a distant cousin. And it is this pledge, this combat engagement, together with the steps taken to fulfill it, that has, in the past six months, significantly altered the development of world politics—as I believe, greatly for the better.

In my view, the United States does right to persevere in limited war against the Vietcong, against Hanoi, and against their remote supporters —Peking and Moscow. I think the price of abandoning this limited war now might well be a large nuclear war a few years later. I recapitulate my reasoning in six steps. *First*: a case may be made that the world would be better off if the U.S. had remained aloof from Vietnam since 1954. But abandonment in 1965 is quite another matter. The take-over by Ho Chi-minh's men in Saigon

*_The White House Years_ (Doubleday), vol. I, especially pp. 346-51, and vol. II, especially pp. 605-12.

†See his _Kennedy_ (Harper and Row, pp. 639-661).

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would probably make the Nazi occupation of Vienna and Prague look like a picnic. *Second*: the socio-political order of South Vietnam leaves much to be desired. So does that of North Vietnam*. And the South is more open to improvement. *Third*: there is a civil war in South Vietnam. But the civil war is under Communist leadership. Its high policy direction comes from Hanoi. And its most important aspect is that it serves the general Maoist strategy of world revolution. *Fourth*: abandoning Vietnam makes even provisional sense only if several other countries are abandoned too. Minimally, U.S. defense participation would have to be withdrawn also from Laos, Thailand, and Malaya. Otherwise one would simply be fighting over Poland the war one had yesterday refused to fight over Czechoslovakia. *Fifth*: successes for Maoist liberation in Indochina, Thailand, and Malaya would strengthen the appeal of this tactic in the world Communist movement. The Russians, too, would move toward what had succeeded. The Maoist tactic would gain authority for application also in the Middle East, in Africa, in Latin America, perhaps even in Europe. *Sixth*: having deserted some allies and demoralized others, the United States would not lie down and die. Eventually, it would strike back. Perhaps the occasion would be a Chinese attack on India, where the terrain is disadvantageous for U.S. participation in conventional warfare. Perhaps the clash would be with the USSR—grown accustomed to believing the U.S. would not resist. In either case, the frame of limited warfare, with conventional weapons, would probably quickly be surpassed. Nuclear warfare would begin. Having failed in foresight and in resolve to bear the lesser evil, the United States would achieve the greater destruction.

Washington's great political success, in the policy initiated in March-April 1965, has been the maintenance—even the deepening—of the cleavage between the USSR and China. (Among serious people, there may have been some ground for doubt of this consequence until July 13. Then President Johnson announced that the USSR had agreed to resume disarmament negotiations in Geneva. What transpired at Geneva was of limited significance. Important was that, in the midst of the Vietnam war, the Russians had agreed to participate in such a negotiation.) For this success, Washington has deliberately paid a price. First: it has promised not to participate in any effort to conquer North Vietnam. Second: it has pledged not to endeavor to unseat Communist rule in the North. Additionally, and without promise for the future, the U.S. air attack on the North has avoided population centers, industrial installations, and major irrigation works. Decisive is the fact that Washington's objectives in Indochina have remained of the limited kind that a moderate regime in Moscow could accept, without humiliation.

An illusion occasionally entertained in Washington has been that it would be relatively easy to split Ho Chi-minh from Mao. But the Hanoi-Peking axis has worked to unite Vietnam under Communism and thereby to advance a frontier useful for other Maoist gains. U.S. policy embodies a conception of "an independent South Vietnam" which could not fail to deny the South to Communism and constitute a barrier to other Maoist advances. Ho's ambitions and Mao's are therefore bound together, though Ho—as the direct object of counterattack—may decide first to call a pause. Children do, of course, exist who think the U.S. might succeed in defending "an independent South Vietnam" which would then quietly vote itself Communist. But no democrat of understanding and conviction will repeat the 1948 abnegation of Prague. And the Vietnam leaderships are not democrats. (They are like Chou En-lai, who simultaneously proposed a plebiscite for Kashmir and opposed one for Taiwan.) In the next years, we shall not see Hanoi permitting its people to join the South in democracy, and we shall not see Saigon permitting its people to join the North under Communism.

In long retrospect, March 1936 is a divide in the developments that led to World War II. Then Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland. That was perhaps the last occasion on which France and Britain—unaided by the USSR and the USA—could have broken the Nazi advance.

In short retrospect, I think the Washington determinations of March-April 1965 have an equal importance. But this time the critical decision was made to resist and not to withdraw.

IV

THE IDEA of the United Nations is associated in Washington, as among decent people throughout the United States, with the nostalgia of higher aspirations. But it is, I think, at least fifteen years since any informed and reflective person has believed that the United Nations could be the principal channel of a responsible American participation in world politics. By then, the international Communist affiliation had demonstrated that it would seek persistently to extend its system, as opportunity might afford, paying only such attention to state frontiers as closure compelled. And international Communism had therefore clashed repeatedly—as must a great revolutionary movement, contemptuous of traditional boundaries—with such groups of states as were determined to support and defend non-Communist societies. Naturally then, Communists and non-Communists each sought to create their own affiliations, which would not be paralyzed by that profound conflict of purposes of which the veto was the symptom at the UN.

*A weighty document for this view is *From Colonialism to Communism: A Case History of North Vietnam*, by Hoang Van Chi (Praeger).

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The United Nations remains, for both groups, an association serving highly important purposes: in all cases, communication, exchange of ideas, and exposure of opinions; where the great powers can agree, some contribution to the maintenance of peace; where great power rivalry does not prevent, assistance to the poorest countries. All these purposes are advanced by universality. It is in this context that one favors the admission of Communist China to the UN. Not at all that the presence of Peking would "revitalize" the organization; but rather in concern for the consequences of Peking's isolation. And in hope for some gain through more communication. Where one shoe can already be pounded on the table, what is to be lost from a second?

No person of authority in Washington today conceives the security of the United States in separation from the peace of Europe. And this attitude is not merely a matter of business dealings or military dispositions. A nation like Britain or France is not a mere working associate; it is, together with much else, a respected home of moral and cultural values. It is a bitter day on which the United States finds itself opposed, in any great matter, to such a nation. But in minor European differences, Washington now carefully avoids involvement: in a decided shift from the early Kennedy years, the Johnson administration wisely stands back from distinctly European controversies, while promising the support of the faithful American ally for any reasonable European consensus.

Nevertheless, apart from formal amenities, and despite Secretary Rusk's plaint, Washington does not today regard Western Europe as a partner in world affairs outside Europe. The reasons are simple: there *is* no Western Europe, as a political entity; and such political entities as do exist in Western Europe are quite unwilling to bear the burden of world partnership. (Britain is, to a limited degree, an exception.*) The European element of NATO does not even provide for its own defense. And this deficiency is not a matter of economic incapacity. It is by choice and preference that Western Europe is today a committed partner with the U.S. only for a contribution to the defense of Western Europe.

Power, in mature hands, seeks responsibility. In a political community, one seeks the concurrence of some company of equals. But the world order is, at best, a primitive community—based largely on self-help and self-defense. For the United States, perhaps the greatest deficiency of the present world system of states is that—if one may set aside euphemism—it contains no friendly equals. (No *unfriendly* equals perhaps also, but that is another matter.) This deficiency can hardly be overcome, in the next years, by Latin America or Africa or Asia. (In Asia, the big three—China, Japan, and India—amount now, for world politics outside their own borders, to one militantly unfriendly power and two zeros.) But sensible Americans have hoped that the deficiency might be overcome through a Western European integration. Not to constitute a trading partner. Not to perform as a sworn associate against Communism. Not necessarily even, in my view, to be a military ally. But to be an equal—prosperous, self-confident, strong, and of a size corresponding to the burdens of the great world.

Where states are small and weak, few will have the conviction and courage of Australia† and New Zealand—not to abstain but to participate and to bear the resulting dangers. Most states that have not the dimensions of a Great Power will stand aside, except when one is itself the designated victim of aggression. And no state or society will wish to see its own abstention under the aspect of weakness or incapacity—still less as irresponsibility or self-indulgence. One must protect one's personality by asserting a higher virtue. And the multiplicity of such images of high abstentionist virtue becomes then one of the prices to be paid for a world order of states greatly unequal in resources, power, and commitment.

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*For evidence of British desires to spend less overseas yet participate more in deciding overseas policies, compare *The National Plan*, London, 1965, Her Majesty's Stationery Office, especially Part I, paragraphs 24, 25, 27 and 69, with Sir John Slessor, *Command and Control of Allied Nuclear Forces*, London, 1965, Institute For Strategic Studies, especially pages 3 and 5-10.

†An exposition of policy is provided by Shane Paltridge, "Australia and the Defense of Southeast Asia," in *Foreign Affairs*, October 1965.

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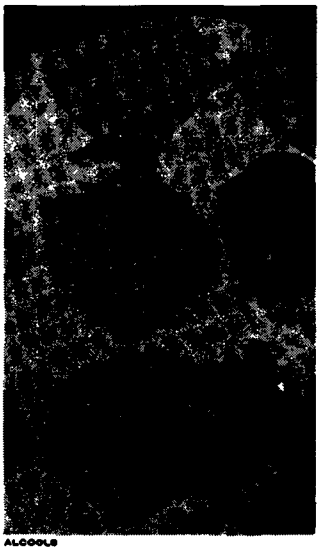

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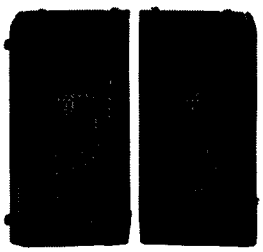

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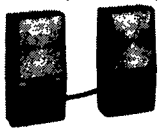

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WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?

Robert A. Nisbet

THE QUESTION of who or what is an intellectual may not be one that would have rocked the Mermaid Tavern or rattled the tables of 18th-century coffee houses, but in our self-conscious age it plainly has commanding importance. Used as a noun, the word "intellectual" is a curious one. For all its current popularity it is notoriously imprecise and its use is attended by various ambiguities and tricky nuances. No one out of adolescence would dream of identifying himself publicly as "an intellectual" (as he would have no diffidence about doing as, say, a writer, artist, humanist, scholar, or scientist), and it is unlikely that he would so introduce a friend, save in good-natured irony. Yet it is clearly a prestige-word, and its spreading use as a noun is among the word-explosions of the last couple of decades. The history of language suggests that whenever a word passes suddenly from long-established adjectival status to noun-form, precision and clarity are early casualties. For centuries, "intellectual" was used as an adjective and everyone knew exactly what was meant—although admittedly clarity began to dim and meaning wander when, just before the noun was born, the adjective came to be used in certain circles to refer to the interests of *haute culture* and, as often as not, was accented by irony or mild derision.

When we come to the noun (I have no recollection of its serious use much before the late 1940's; in the 30's, "writer" was made to serve a legion of purposes), the range of accepted meaning is nearly limitless. So is the range of context in which the word is used. One finds oneself irresistibly sniffing for motive even today whenever the word is thrown at one. Scholars and scientists are likely to feel happy with the designation only when the company is proper. To be characterized "more an intellectual than a scholar" can be as devastating in one type of company as "more a scholar than an intellectual" in another type. Yet it would appear that the word, like the type, is here to stay. It may even attain the unchallenged eminence that the word "philosopher" once had. The great Faraday, we are told, preferred for himself the title of philosopher to that of scientist. There may well be scientists today who prefer the title intellectual, but I don't know what a poll of the National Academy would reveal.

THERE ARE some who make the word (i. e., the noun) cover literally all professionals in modern society, giving it a meaning roughly equivalent to the now defunct *intelligentsia*. Others give it so specialized and precarious an identity that vast numbers of scholars, scientists, and even writers and artists are excluded. I think Lewis A. Coser in his recent book, *Men of Ideas: A Sociologist's View** is right in coming, on the whole, closer to the second than the first usage. For there is, and has been since the 18th century, a social type in the West, deserving of clear identity, that cannot easily be subsumed under the categories "professional," "scientist," "artist," or "scholar." I think the first really distinct "intellectuals" were the *philosophes* in the late 18th century in France, though, as Mr. Coser indicates, the type came into being in the preceding century (he cites the members of the Royal Academy; I should myself have pinpointed the charming Quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns, an elegant donnybrook that brought out the "intellectual" in each of its participants). The *philosophes* may have been philosophers but they were certainly not philosophers in the sense that Hobbes, Leibniz, Descartes, or even Locke had been. They may have been scholars and scientists, but not in the sense that puts them ordinarily in the histories of science and scholarship that experts write today. The *philosophes* were—there is no other word for them—intellectuals; the first luminous representatives of a type that was to become ever more distinct and, as Mr. Coser makes superbly clear, ever more potent in the cultural and political history of the contemporary world.

WHAT ARE the identifying qualities of the intellectual? Central to Mr. Coser's composite portrait is commitment to ideas as such. Intellectuals are "gatekeepers of ideas and fountainheads of ideologies." It is characteristic of intellectuals, Mr. Coser emphasizes, that they transform conflicts of interest into conflicts of ideas and values and thus "increase a society's self-knowledge by making manifest its latent sources of discomfort and discontent." Second is the quality of moral commitment. By nature the intellectual—unlike the pure scholar or philosopher or scientist—sits in incessant and relentless judgment on his times. He exhibits a "pronounced concern with the core values of a society," he is forever invoking the "impractical ought" in the face of expediency. He is, in this respect, a descendant of the prophets. So, however, are clergymen and adult educators, and if the intellectual is to be distinguished from them, still a third quality must be underscored. For Mr. Coser this quality is best described as "play." "While earnest practitioners tend to focus on the tasks at hand, the intellectual delights in the play of the mind and relishes it for its own sake." It is in this sense, writes Mr. Coser, fol-

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lowing Ralf Dahrendorf, that the contemporary intellectual is lineally descended from the medieval court jester who also played none of the expected roles and who had "the extraordinary privilege of dispensing with adherence to the usual proprieties because he was outside the social hierarchy and was therefore also deprived of the privileges enjoyed by those within."

To these three attributes I would add one that Mr. Coser does not mention, one relating to the characteristic *style* of the intellectual. This is—I can think of no other word for it—*brilliance*. What profundity is to the philosopher, what depth and thoroughness are to the scholar, brilliance is to the intellectual, especially the contemporary intellectual. Brilliance is another word that has exploded in the reviews and journals only within the past two or three decades; applied, that is, to works of the mind. As praise, brilliance seems not to have been used in earlier ages except possibly with reference to schoolboys. I find no evidence that mature writers and thinkers praised each other with the word. Even today we do not, except possibly in an occasional Ph.D. thesis or student magazine, apply the word to the works of our distinguished early predecessors. It would certainly grate on the nerves to see someone today solemnly using "brilliant" with respect to, say, *The Laws, King Lear,* or *Faust,* whereas it is commonplace to write of any contemporary philosopher, playwright, or poet that his latest work is brilliant.

On the evidence of book reviews and footnotes, the present age is chock-full of brilliant minds. "Brilliant" has become in our day the most cherished, sought-after, carefully cultivated, and profitably traded adjective in the lexicon of not merely intellectuals as such, but even scientists and scholars. For an intellectual to reach middle-age without once having had the word applied to his work is the stuff of tragedy—no matter how often he may have been referred to as "thorough," "fundamental," "important," "seminal," etc. And seemingly nothing so marks the intellectual's sense of being in menopause as the lessening frequency of the word in the reviews, references, and footnotes he receives. It is surely no exaggeration to suggest that today's intellectual would cheerfully forego all praise in terms of mastery, depth, substance, and accuracy if he could but be assured of his share of attributed brilliance. And, craving it, he typically adapts his style of work to its properties: iridescence of style, the searching and sealing insight, the flashing riposte, etc.

But though the word is recent, the referent is as old precisely as the referent of the noun, intellectual. There is a natural affinity between "brilliance" and "intellectual," and this has been true ever since the 18th century when the modern intellectual came into existence as a recognized type. The style of brilliance was perfected in the salons of Paris and the coffee houses of London and, although the legacy of the past was still of sufficient weight to lead men like Samuel Johnson, Burke, Helvetius, and Voltaire to seek to *write* with hoary philosophic profundity, the new style of brilliance begins to be apparent here also. It is in France, where the true intellectual first emerges, that the style of brilliance achieves contemporary luster. No one could have accused Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and Helvetius of thoroughness or depth, and I am not sure that any one of them would have claimed it. But the *philosophes* would have loved the praise of brilliance applied to them. And indeed they *were* brilliant, as are so very many of us today.

THE QUESTION of identity aside, what were the contexts in which the modern intellectual came into being? This forms the important and distinctive subject of the first part of *Men of Ideas.* The intellectual, as Mr. Coser makes fascinatingly clear, was washed ashore by the same tides in the 17th and 18th century that carried the economic entrepreneur, the politician, and the bureaucrat; and, as each of these required institutional settings—business enterprise, civil service, political party—for his unfolding, so did the intellectual. What was required, in sociological terms, for the emergence of the in-

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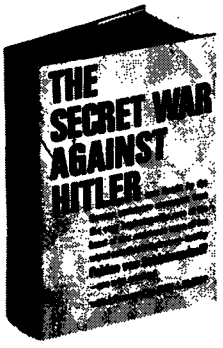

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tellectual was, first, firm contexts in which intellectuals could be made conscious of themselves as a group and, second, the appearance of a public that would be predictably interested in the tracts, treatises, novels, and plays that began to pour forth in a steady stream that has in our day reached almost flood proportions.

Contexts are dealt with by Mr. Coser in a succession of generally excellent chapters on the scientific societies, the salons of Paris, the coffee houses of London, the rise of booksellers and circulating libraries, the appearance of the great quarterlies and reviews in the 19th century, political sects such as the Saint Simonians, literary Bohemia, and, for our own day, the little magazines. Mr. Coser has a good eye for the clarifying personage or event and a sure sense of what is sociologically relevant and historically germane. The general relation between ideas and contexts has rarely been made more concrete and vivid.

THE MODERN "public," without which intellectuals would be as destitute as a clergy without parishioners, came into being in the 18th century. For the first time, professional men of letters could reasonably anticipate a livelihood based upon the sale of their intellectual works. The affinity between the citizen and the modern state, between entrepreneur and market, is paralleled by the affinity between the intellectual or professional, and the public. Mr. Coser does not belabor this comparison of types and affinities, or even deal with it systematically, but no one will overlook it as the essential sociological backdrop of what is explicit in his pages. In the 19th century, public became mass public, in a variant of the same process undergone by state and market. And it was in this century, as Mr. Coser emphasizes, that the all too familiar tensions between the intellectual and society first developed.

The enormous increase in publishing and circulation figures in the 19th century betokened opportunity for the man of letters to become wealthy and successful by all popular standards; but it also betokened temptation to vulgarize

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and popularize; and, finally, it betokened estrangement from the concrete reality of those for whom the intellectual wrote. Mr. Coser gives us a suggestive chapter on this aspect in which—through portraits of Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot—he deals with the pressures of commercialization and the varying degrees of adaptation to them that are found in these four writers. Of the four, only George Eliot, in Mr. Coser's opinion, "triumphantly resisted" all of the pressures.

THE MODERN intellectual was born not merely in a widening commercial market, but also in the scene of the vast expansion of power that has marked the political history of modern Europe. The second part of *Men of Ideas*—illuminatingly called "Intellectuals and the House of Power"—concerns the varying adaptations intellectuals have made to the phenomenon of power in modern society. Inevitably, "the general tension between the intellectuals' preoccupation with general and abstract values and the routine institutions of society asserted itself." Possessors of power and intellectuals "have traditionally looked upon each other with a measure of mistrust and mutual incomprehension." That much is true, but it has not led to any general monastic retreat by intellectuals from the scene of power. On the contrary, fascination with power—its properties and uses, and the possibilities it contains for the millennial reconstruction of society—has often been a mark of the intellectual. If there are those, at one extreme, who have feared power and, like Shelley, seen it simply as "a desolating pestilence," there were assuredly others who saw it as the indispensable machinery by which dreams are made into reality. It is one of the many merits of *Men of Ideas* that Mr. Coser deals coolly, objectively, and, it seems to me, comprehensively with a matter that all too often swamps those who attempt to delve into it. He does this by distinguishing clearly among what he calls "the modalities" that have characterized the relations between men of power and men of

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ideas. There are five such modalities:

> Intellectuals may hold power, as did the early Jacobins and the early Bolsheviks. They may attempt to direct and advise the men of power, as did the Fabians or members of Roosevelt's "Brain Trust." They may serve to legitimize the men of power and provide them with ideological justifications. The *idéologues* under Napoleon and the Polish "revisionists" under Gomulka are prime examples. They may be critics of power, and, like Old Testament prophets, they may castigate political men for the errors of their ways, attempting to shame men committed to an ethos of compromise by holding up absolute standards of moral righteousness. The Dreyfusards and the Abolitionists played such roles. Finally, they may despair of exercising influence at home and may turn to political systems abroad that seem more nearly to embody the image of their desire.

(Mr. Coser's examples of the last are the *philosophes* in 18th-century France who drew inspiration from the imagined reality of Imperial China and, second, the English and American intellectuals of the 1930's who drew it from Soviet Russia.)

EACH OF these "modalities" is the subject of a chapter, and one can only admire the combination of learning and insight with which Mr. Coser deals with protagonists and conditions alike. I find him best in his treatment of Jacobins and Bolsheviks—those whose intellectualism commanded them to take power directly—and Napoleonic *idéologues* and Gomulka revisionists—those who were content to rationalize and legitimize what was formed by others. I think Mr. Coser's fourth modality of the intellectuals' relationship to power—that of unrelenting criticism—would have been more compelling had he chosen, instead of the Dreyfusards and Abolitionists, some representative anarchists; those for whom control of, or immunity from, power itself is the central issue rather than those whose interest in power was ancillary to a pursuit of distinguishable moral

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ends. And for all the skill with which he has dealt with the final modality—fascination with power abroad—I believe it would have been well to make a clearer distinction between the *philosophes* whose admiration for Chinese imperial absolutism was no more than a device (though a serious one) in behalf of their pre-Jacobin dreams of power at home, and the Communist or fellow-traveling American intellectuals of the 1930's who felt themselves—however naïvely and credulously we think today—participants in a unified and ongoing world march in which Russia formed the vanguard. Difference of context aside, however, there is still much to be gleaned from Mr. Coser's imaginative comparison of the two cases. And today, as he notes dryly, a certain crop of intellectuals in America has come full circle, for they turn again to China—this time to Mao rather than to a romanticized emperor.

IN THE book's final section, Mr. Coser takes up the familiar and obsessive problem of the role of the intellectual in contemporary America. As before, he is concerned primarily with institutional settings and social processes: this time with the university, the large-scale scientific laboratory, the foundation, the government bureau, the mass-culture industry, to each of which he gives valuable attention. Plainly, contemporary settings such as these differ markedly from the earlier ones of salon, coffee house, and literary Bohemia in which intellectuals first came into being in modern Europe. And the most fateful difference for Mr. Coser as it relates to the intellectual, consists of the changed degree of attachment involved. Thus Mr. Coser writes:

> One of the most important observations that can be made about unattached intellectuals in contemporary America is that there are so very few of them. . . . The relative decline of unattached intellectuals over the last thirty or forty years must be explained by both structural and ideological factors. It is part of the growing institutionalization and, more particularly, academization of intellect in America, and it is also a result of the decline of the *avant-garde* and of radical ideology in American culture.

One's immediate temptation is to agree with this statement. In one form or other most of us have written or spoken it. Offhand it seems as obvious as, for example, the related proposition that the number of independent economic entrepreneurs is less, relative to an earlier America, or that once there was more individualism generally, and fewer controls upon individual imagination and enterprise. Mr. Coser may be right in what he says about the relative number of unattached intellectuals, though I find myself today skeptical, and in any event no real evidence is adduced. Admittedly, the number of *attached* intellectuals in America today is greater than at any time before, but to deduce from this that the number of unattached intellectuals must therefore be relatively smaller is risky. Such a deduction overlooks the fact that intellectuals in general (and I use the word in Mr. Coser's sense) are vastly more numerous in the population than ever before. I suspect that in relative as well as absolute

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terms there are considerably more unattached intellectuals today than there were in the first quarter of the present century. It's just that there *seem* to be a fewer because the attached are so outnumbered, outshouted, and out-glittered by the attached—who especially in Academia have life tenure, substantial salaries, handsome apartments, secretarial help, research or technical assistance galore, and social status beyond anything that could have been dreamed of a generation ago.

When we turn, however, from the question of numbers to the question of the *influence* of intellectuals today, there can be no doubt about the change in position of the unattached intellectual. There is simply no comparison today between the prestige held, and influence exerted by, the intellectual within the academy or foundation or mass-circulation prestige magazine and that held and exerted by his unattached colleague. It is very probable that at no time in history has the intellectual exerted the direct influence over the lives and beliefs of others that he does today, but he does this as the attached and salaried professor, scientist, journalist, artist, novelist or critic in residence, White House adviser, etc.

In today's university the intellectual has, not a room of his own, but a veritable palace. Never has he been more powerful, more arrogant, more pampered and, generally, so well rewarded as in our major universities. Mr. Coser writes of these institutions with respect and affection, but without illusion. His portrait of the academic intellectual seems to me the most penetrating of any that I have seen, and I am particularly indebted to him for puncturing the myth that all academics are, by virtue of being academics, allergic to administration and bureaucracy:

> Anyone familiar with modern academic life knows of the wellnigh universal complaint among academicians about lack of time. But a great deal of familiarity with the case at hand is required in order to know whether or not those who complain actually are pressed for time or whether or not they involve themselves in

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time-consuming administrative tasks in order to distract attention from their own sterility. The academy provides mechanisms that can be used for an institutionalized evasion of the academic norms of scholarly productivity.

Well! This is unwonted candor indeed, and it is reinforced by the author's reference to what he calls the "interesting paradox" through which academic men, striving ostensibly to save the academy from bureaucracy, become involved in bureaucratic activities that "necessarily distract them from those scholarly tasks that the academy is supposed to foster and protect." Mr. Coser is right but is, I should say, being delicate. I do not myself hesitate to say that at the present time not less than sixty per cent of all academics in the universities in this country have so profound a distaste for the classroom and for the pains of genuine scholarship or creative thought that they will seize upon anything —curriculum iconography, faculty politics, bureaucratized research, *anything*—to exempt themselves respectably from each. Mr. Coser only hints at—he is too polite to emphasize—the melancholy truth that the major restraint today upon faculty creativity is the administrative and political activity that faculty members themselves engender: not that which comes in the first instance from professional administrators. It is commonly done in the name of academic freedom, to be sure, and some of it is indeed necessary, but the fact remains that there are universities in this country today where, if the present rate of increase in organized self-engendered faculty bureaucracy continues, the *only* function of the faculty in the future will certainly be organizational.

The passion for administration among faculty members generally, I have found, lends much support to what Robert N. Wilson has somewhere written: that on the evidence it makes as much sense to pronounce all academics unsuccessful administrators as administrators unsuccessful academics. The affinity that Tocqueville and Weber noted between mass democracy and bureaucracy is as luminous in the university as elsewhere. From the point of view of the intellectual or scholar I should say that the best university government is not democracy but benevolent dictatorship tempered by fear of assassination. Under despotism in the university, the intellectual, teacher, and scholar might be inefficiently governed, but at least he would be free!

WHETHER in the university, in the mass-culture industry, in government, or in society at large, the central problem for the intellectual today is, Mr. Coser concludes, that of maintaining "detached concern." The problem is made infinitely more difficult, of course, by the sheer popularity, the nearly limitless acceptance, of the intellectual today. As *Esquire,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *New Yorker, Time,* and many others have discovered, sophistication and intellectualism are good business. And, as White House parties in both the Johnson and Kennedy administrations have made plain—good copy. If there were correspondence schools for the training of intellectuals as there are for creative writers, they might advertise as follows: "It's smart to disturb the intellectual peace. Thousands of others have enhanced income and prestige by doing so. Why not you!" The hardy intellectual proved by his geometric increase from 1840 to 1940 that he could maintain his detached concern and still hold onto all of his essential roles under the hostile eye of Victorianism, the Bible Belt, the Boobboisie, Watch and Ward, Babbitt, Mrs. Grundy, and the other spooks that, fifty years ago, were out to bedevil him. He not only survived his enemies, he conquered them. Whether he can today survive his friends who would feed him and hug him until he suffocates is another matter. There is no cause for melancholy in Mr. Coser's fine book, but neither is there cause for elation.

ROBERT A. NISBET *was formerly vice chancellor of the University of California at Riverside, where he is now a professor of sociology. His essay,* "Hutchins of Chicago," *appeared in our July 1964 issue.*

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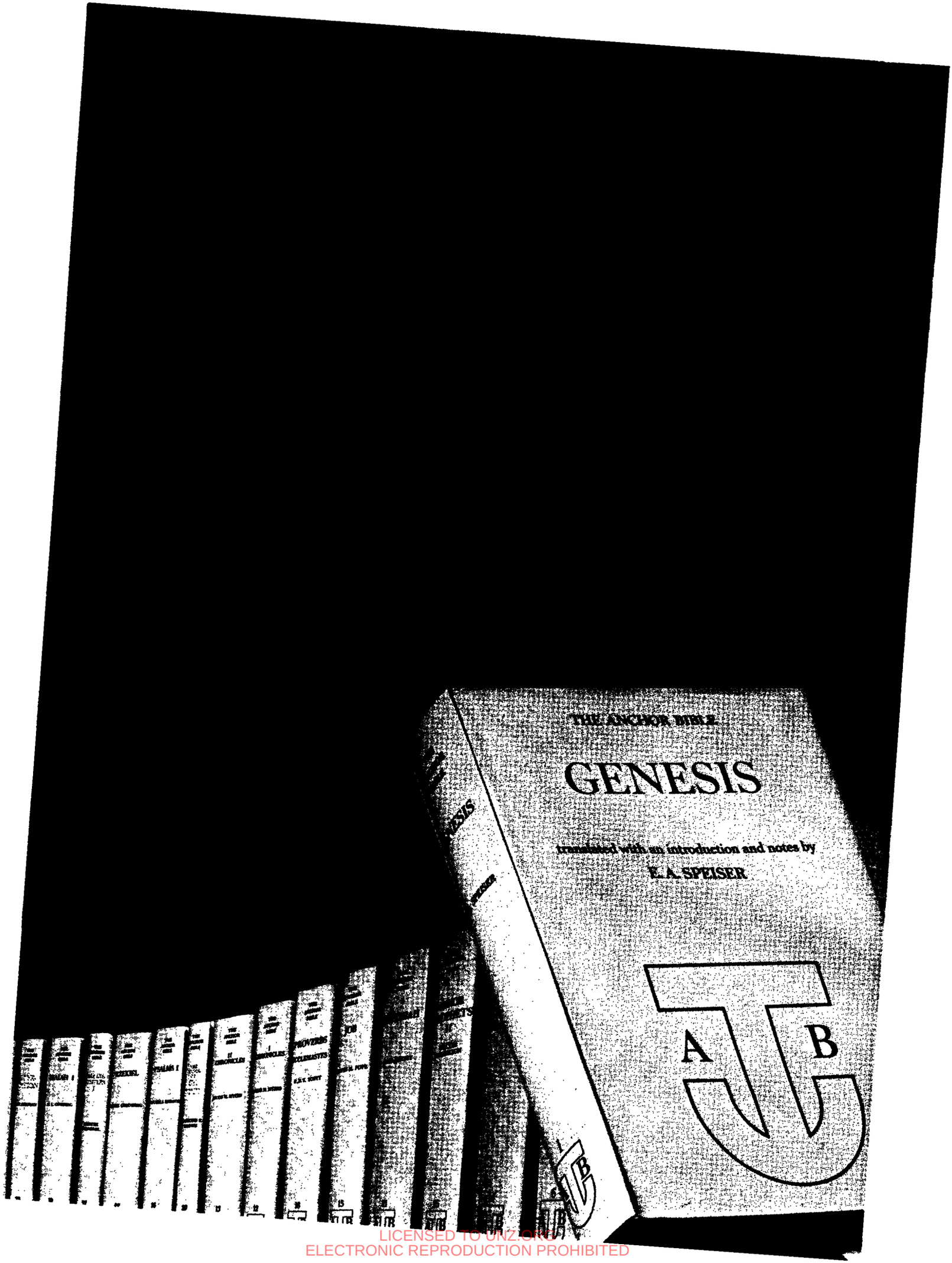

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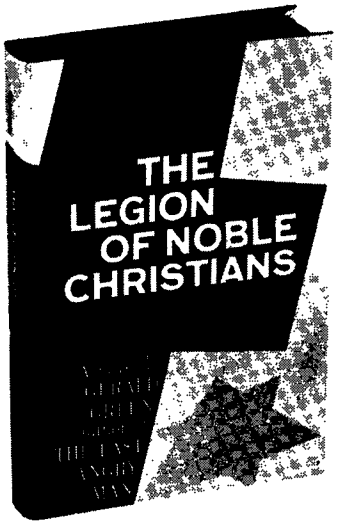

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"AFTER SUCH KNOWLEDGE . . ."

LES PORTES DE LA FORÊT. By ELIE WIESEL. *Editions du Seuil* (Paris).

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

"Do you know what laughter is? I'll tell you. It's God's mistake. In creating man in order to submit him to His designs, He accidentally granted him the faculty of laughter. He didn't know that later this earth-worm would use it as a means of vengeance. When He realized what He had done, it was already too late. God couldn't do anything about it. Too late to deprive man of this faculty. However, He put His mind to the problem. He chased man from Paradise, invented for his sake an infinite variety of sins and punishments, gave him an awareness of his own insignificance—all this solely for the purpose of preventing him from laughing. Too late, I tell you. God's mistake preceded man's: they have this in common—they are both irreparable."*

So the mysterious stranger tells the teen-age hero of Elie Wiesel's latest novel, *Les Portes de la Forêt*. Both are Jews, on the run from the cattle truck that leads to the gas chamber. The scene is Hungary, near the Rumanian border, in the last phase of World War II, when the "final solution" of the Jewish question was being systematically put into effect all over Nazi-occupied Europe. It seems as good an explanation as any of the problem of human suffering: how could God—if there is a God—allow people to be treated, systematically, cold-bloodedly, scientifically, with such cruelty? The gas chambers; mountains of naked bodies, some of them not yet dead, being loaded into the crematorium; the firing squad, over and over and over again, shooting the assembled rows of men, women, and children before toppling them into the previously prepared mass graves; children torn from their mothers; young sons forced to witness and even to assist in the torturing of their fathers; the mounds of little children's shoes piled high after their wearers had gone in smoke up the chimneys of the mass crematorium. All this going on day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year: hundreds, thousands, millions of people being rounded up, transported under appalling conditions of hunger, thirst, overcrowding, and stench, to be done to death in batches—quickly if they were lucky; if they were unlucky, after the suffering of a deliberately imposed degradation of body and spirit that extinguished all human dignity in all but the most incredibly heroic and tenacious. And all this for nothing they had done; simply for being of a certain stock, for having a certain heredity, for belonging to, or being descended from, those who had belonged to a certain identifiable community. And all this done in the midst of a desperately hard fought war when transport was at a premium, manpower running short, and every person, every energy, every kind of skill and device was needed if there was to be any chance of winning the war. There was no meaning of any kind to this planned slaughter; it hindered every rational aim of the slaughterers. But if it served no human end, what kind of divine end could it serve?

This is one of the questions that Elie Wiesel's novels have been trying to answer. He himself is a survivor of this inexplicable nightmare. In his novel *Night*—a literally terrible novel that it is impossible ever to forget and which one shrinks from reading twice—he documented with quiet clarity the journey to Auschwitz and the experience of Auschwitz. His mother and little sister went to the gas chamber; his father died beside him, having suffered, before his son's eyes, horrors that the mind almost refuses to take in. Born in Transylvania of a pious mother and a gentle humanist father, drawn by his own instincts to the more mystical side of Jewish lore—cabbalistic and hasidic—Wiesel was only eleven when World War II broke out and sixteen when he went to Auschwitz. His knowledge of, and deep feeling for, Jewish traditions kept him for some time seeking for some divine meaning in the wanton degradations and cruelties he experienced and witnessed. But one day (as he records in *Night*) he saw a small boy being hanged in the camp because he would not speak under torture about an act of sabotage of which he may not have known anything. The inhabitants of the camp were marched past the hanging body which, being so light, was still alive as the prisoners filed by, and was still moving. Wiesel heard a man behind him asking, "Where is God now?"

> And I heard a voice within me answer him:
> "Where is He? Here He is—He is hanging here, on this gallows."

HAVING SURVIVED all this, what can a man make of his life? How can he come to terms with his knowledge, his memories, his awareness of what men can and have done to each other? "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" But Eliot's question is not quite the right one. It is rather: After such knowledge, what meaning can be found in life, in existence, in anything? Wiesel's novels represent a search for the answer to that question.

Flitting through all of Wiesel's novels are pious Jews who, in the midst of appalling suffering and in the face of the great European death machine of the Nazis, tried to explain the facts in a way that would save their faith. "God is testing us," says Akiba Drumer in *Night*. "He wants to find out whether we can dominate our base instincts, and kill the Satan within

* The translation is my own. The English translation of this book will be published in May 1966 under the title *The Gates of the Forest* by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

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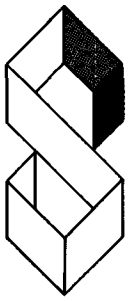

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us. We have no right to despair. And if he punishes us relentlessly, it's a sign that He loves us all the more." "All is not madness," chants Menachem in *The Town Beyond the Wall*. "God is not madness. What do we know of God or madness? Of the origin of the act? Our knowledge is limited, negative. When God asked Job, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?' Job knew not how to answer. He submitted. Better: he returned his mind to God, so that the reflection could merge again with the source of light. Trust your intelligence to God; he will restore it to you intact, if not purer, more profound." But even Menachem cannot sustain this argument; shortly afterward he cries: "I say to God: what do you want of me? I am weak, small, and vulnerable. You are great, powerful, invincible. Do you set me a question? Withdraw it. I do not know how to answer it. I only know how to weep. You have taught me only to weep."

Menachem, however, is not a victim of the Nazis: we find him in a Hungarian Communist prison after the war is over. Wiesel is broadening the charge against God. The Nazi horror was unique only in its scale and its method of organization. Jews have suffered from many hands. The hero of *Les Portes de la Forêt* (who is another mask of the author himself) recollects how as a small boy in Hungary he used to be attacked in the street by a band of Christian boys crying *Büdos zsido*. "Filthy Jews, go back to Palestine, you killed Christ, you'll see what it means to kill Christ, you'll pay with your blood." The Nazis had no trouble in grafting their brand of anti-Semitism onto the native Hungarian brand; and this goes for most Central and Eastern European countries which the Nazis took over. Wiesel does not emphasize the Christian origins of anti-Semitism, but it is an underlying theme in *Les Portes de la Forêt*, even though the young hero of this novel is saved and protected by a Christian former maid of his family. He has to pose as the deaf-and-dumb son of the former maid's nymphomaniac sister in order to be accepted in the Christian village (for if he spoke in this Rumanian-speaking community, his accent would have betrayed him). The local schoolmaster, putting on a passion play as an end-of-term celebration, can get none of his pupils to act the part of the wicked Judas, so the deaf-and-dumb boy has to act it, silently. In his double role as Judas and a supposed son of the beautiful nymphomaniac whom every man in the village had at one time or another been in love with and who had betrayed them all, he is set upon by the villagers, reviled and physically attacked, only to be saved at the last moment by the aloof mayor, who turns out to be a secret man of the resistance and who leads the hero to a secret hideout of Jewish partisans. These partisans confidently expect a return of the transported Jews from their "labor camps" after the war, but the hero tells them the truth about the "final solution." In endeavoring to find a witness to confirm his dreadful story—the sought-for witness is the mysterious stranger who had met him when hiding in the forest and had told him about God and laughter, and had finally given himself up to save his young friend—the hero is led by a chapter of accidents to betray, quite unwittingly, the head of the Jewish partisans, his old childhood friend. In the end he marries the girl whom this leader had loved and who had in turn been loved by her, but both of them find it hard to come to terms with their past. They go to the United States, and it is as a result of a mystic experience with a group of Hasidim in Williamsburg that the hero finds the strength to confront life once again in a mood in some degree positive.

Wiesel's use of parables, midrashic sayings, rabbinical legends, and cabbalistic fantasies does not represent a simple return to his Jewish faith. There is no straight religious or other explanation of what he has been through that can release him to face the world again with any sense of meaning and purpose. The hero of *The Accident*, living as a journalist in New York after experiencing the full horrors of Auschwitz (that is, in exactly the same position as Wiesel himself, who is correspondent for an Israeli

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paper in New York), is haunted by the deaths of his parents and sister and especially of his grandmother; he belongs to the dead past and feels that he has no right to live and to allow himself to enter into a real relationship with the girl who loves him. He is run over and dangerously hurt in a street accident; but he recovers, in spite of his manifest death wish, and the end of the book gives us some hope that he has worked his way out of his obsession with the past and can allow himself to live in the present, even if that means starting off by lying. *The Accident* makes no use of traditional Jewish legends or sayings, but its main theme is essentially that of *The Town Beyond the Wall* and *Les Portes de la Forêt*, both of which do. The Jewish legends and sayings, when they are introduced, are introduced as catalysts, releasing something in the hero, not as valid truths on their own account. But always behind the horror and the compassion lies the irony. It is irony that really saves—like the laughter of the mysterious stranger in *Les Portes de la Forêt*—for irony prevents one from putting total trust in a creed, which might in turn be betrayed by further experience.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to discuss Wiesel's novels in the terms which one would normally employ in reviewing fiction. All his works are clearly autobiographical, directly or indirectly, and they represent a genuine and sometimes painful endeavor to come to terms with post-Auschwitz life. The problem they deal with is central in modern experience, so that we are continually led as we read to go beyond the novels to reflect on how we ourselves should think or feel on this issue. They are thus important documents of modern consciousness and as such they ought to command the widest possible audience. As for myself, I would go further and confess that I cannot tell and I do not care whether these are great novels. But they are certainly important evidence, great documents, dealing with something which must perpetually haunt everyone old enough to have lived through World War II. For the few Jews who survived Hitler's Europe there is the agonizing problem of making themselves real persons again. Those Jews who were fortunate enough to be living elsewhere cannot dare to say "There but for the grace of God . . ."—for who would have the effrontery to believe that it was God's grace that saved *him* from the gas chamber while the six million who went were denied that grace? But what was God doing anyway when He let this happen?

"With abundant love hast Thou loved us, O Lord." "With everlasting love hast Thou loved the house of Israel, Thy people." These are two sentences from the Jewish daily prayer-book. Wiesel has a right to say that if the slaughter of six million Jews in Hitler's Europe represents the way in which God shows His love for His people, then the sooner He stops loving them the better. In fact, he never puts it that way, though the thought, or something like it, is often just under the surface. One may in the end, with sufficient resilience, courage, and luck, work one's personal way out of the nightmare of Auschwitz to face life again as a normal human being and sustain normal human relationships. But that does not dispose of the theological and philosophical problems, which remain unanswered, in spite of wise hasidic rabbis calling for joyous song in the midst of sorrow. This sort of thing has been going on for a long time; the 16th-century Hebrew work, *Emek Habacha* ("Valley of Weeping"), lists all the massacres of Jewish communities known to the writer up to his own day—it is a formidable list. Perhaps we should remember this now that the Vatican Council has recently "acquitted" Jews of automatic and universal responsibility for the death of Jesus. It is time that somebody asked the Jews if they are ready to acquit their persecutors. Christ on the cross, Christians believe, is a symbol of the ultimate sacrifice, the ultimate suffering voluntarily endured for the salvation of man. Because of this, William Empson has called Christianity "a hideous system of torture worship." One does not have to agree with Empson to see that if meekly endured suffering is what is important, then there are millions of

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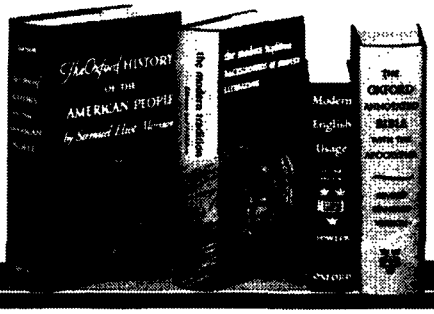

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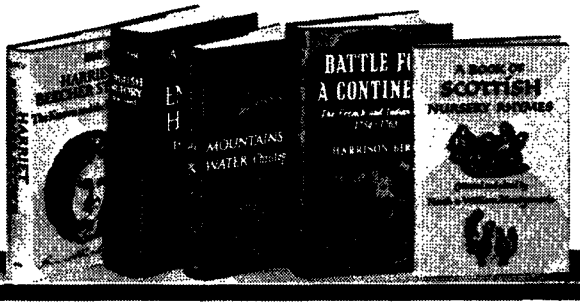

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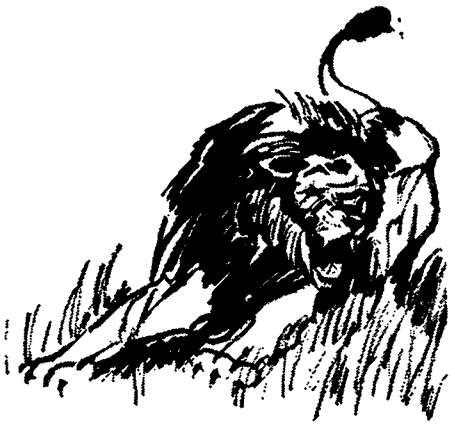

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other Jews besides Jesus who rate very much more highly. Perhaps the figure of Christ on the cross, so ubiquitous in Christian iconography, should now be replaced by a reminder of a deeper and more widespread suffering than Christ's. Perhaps the figure should be replaced by that of the little hanging boy, still alive while hanging because his body was so light, or that of another little boy (as testimony at the recent Frankfurt trials revealed) who was forced at gun point to hold his father's head under water until he drowned and was then himself shot. Or perhaps just that great, silent heap of children's shoes.

ELECTION STORIES

1. America

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964. By THEODORE H. WHITE. *Atheneum. 431 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by ANDREW HACKER

THE REVIEWERS have been noticeably harsher on the 1964 version of *The Making of the President* than they were on its predecessor. It is interesting that Left, Right, and Center—represented by I. F. Stone, William Buckley, and Tom Wicker, respectively—had essentially the same complaint: White was far too generous in his assessments of those in whose close company he had perforce to travel. Just as in 1960, when he described Stuart Symington as one of the "finest executive instruments" in Washington, so, four years later, he depicted Barry Goldwater as an "intellectual" whose talents for profound thought were frustrated by the exigencies of electoral politics. White's profession—he is under contract to write at least four more such books—demands that he refrain from antagonizing those whose hospitality he must have if he is to report the inside story of future campaigns. Certainly Nelson Rockefeller and Hubert Humphrey, not to mention a score of dark horses, can find no cause for offense either. Their cooperation will be no less valuable in 1968.

Somehow this aspect of White's reporting does not bother me as much as it does others. I am not taken in by his claims of statesmanship for every journeyman politician, and I doubt if many of his readers are either. Most Americans are sufficiently sophisticated, even cynical, to have learned how to read between the lines. Symington a brilliant administrator? An intellectual Goldwater? It will take a good deal more than a best-seller to establish reputations of that sort.

At all events if we are going to have the White series—and no one has suggested that it does not fill a very real gap—then we are going to have to put up with his overgenerous evaluations and his cheerful tolerance of mediocrities. We can't have the books unless he is allowed into the strategy sessions, the conference rooms, and the end-of-day post-mortems where weary insiders let their hair down. My reply to the critics may be just a little on the curt side: Don't you know a good thing when you see it?

There may be another reason, more obvious and understandable, why reviewers were unhappy about White this year. His book, in style as well as format, is really a chapter-by-chapter repetition of his 1960 coverage. But what was found to be wrong with the 1964 book could just as easily have been detected in the 1960 one. In the hands of its critics, Volume II seems to have been blamed not only for its own faults but for those that were charitably overlooked in Volume I. This is a mode of judgment not unknown in book reviewing.

White treats Presidential campaigns as if they adhered to an unchanging, almost Aristotelian, formula. The first act reviews the possible contenders for the nomination: their personalities, their sources of support, and—ever so lightly—their positions on the ideological spectrum. The second act consists of a journey through primary country: Wisconsin and West Virginia one year; New Hampshire and California the next. Then, after an intermission, we are taken to the conventions. And so on.

Such is White's method. He joins the campaign during its earliest

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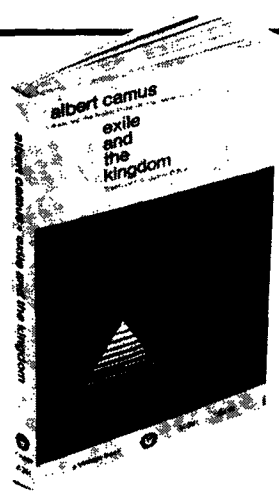

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preliminaries and sticks with the marathon down to the hour of concession on election night. It is difficult to see how he can have had any non-political diversions, or have been in any non-political places, during that hectic year. He seems to have missed no important events of the campaign; indeed there are passages whose flavor and authenticity of reporting suggest that White would have to have been in Pittsburgh with Johnson and in Seattle with Goldwater at one and the same time.

Despite the new cast of characters, however, even the more sympathetic reviewers found the 1964 story familiar, and hence just a bit flat. One excuse, offered by *Time*, is that the last campaign was too boring for any history of it, no matter how well written, to sustain much interest. Here my view is just the opposite, and my own reservations about White's method come to the fore.

THE 1964 CAMPAIGN was not only different from 1960's but it was far and away a more fascinating affair. And its fascination lay not in what was reported but in what was unreported, not in what voters said but in what they kept to themselves. For this was a campaign of issues, perhaps the first we have had since 1896, and it was Goldwater who raised them. These issues, to which Johnson of course never felt it necessary to respond, concerned the welfare state, nuclear war, and the place of the Negro in American life.

Goldwater, intentionally or not, started people thinking about political alternatives they had hitherto repressed or taken for granted. And I am sure that millions of Americans spent a good deal of time turning these thoughts over in their minds and eventually carried them into the voting booths. There were those pushing 60 who began to wonder for the first time whether they would receive their Social Security checks, (you can't expect a salesman of 55 to complain about this to his friends over a beer: it is a bit unseemly and might cast him as one of those sniveling failures who are unable to provide for themselves). And there were those who began to ponder over the possible unleashing of nuclear weapons: this, too, is not unthinkable but it can be undiscussable. None of us likes to talk about megadeath, though we all toss a bit at night over the prospect of a President willing to move with only the slightest hesitation from a Korea or a Vietnam to a World War III. Perhaps what I am saying is that the American people are not accustomed to talking about political issues but that in 1964 they were made to think about them. Thus we had private debates rather than public ones: each voter engaging in an argument with himself rather than with others. Only in this way can the significance, and the departure from tradition, of the Johnson-Goldwater confrontation be understood.

The race issue was also raised, in stark, if Aesopian, terms. Goldwater made a play for the "white vote" as a bloc vote: had he won it he would have swept the country—just as whites went almost 3-1 for Proposition 14 in California. What Goldwater tried to do was to bring out the Boer in all whites: to feed on their exasperations and their impulse to put down the Negro once and for all. Tens of millions of white Americans could conceivably have been attracted to this hard line: after all most are anxious over Negro incursions, fed up with Negro "troublemaking," and fearful of Negro violence. Again, there was little open talk on this issue. But our minds were at work. Overtime.

WHITE'S PROBLEM, though, is that he never got off the campaign train. We have the inside story, but not the outside one. What I want to know most about the 1964 election is not explained in *The Making of the President*: Why did so many people vote against Goldwater and for Johnson? Nowhere in the book are there reports of leisurely conversations with some typical, or even atypical, voters. What went on in the head of the Polish-American backlasher in Gary who rallied to the siren song of George Wallace but ultimately voted for Johnson anyway? Or the Episcopalian accountant with General Electric, who had voted

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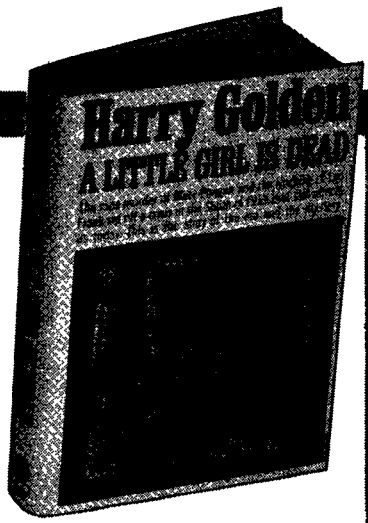

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straight Republican since he cast his first ballot in 1940: why did he defect to a Democrat in 1964? These are among those who contributed to the making of the President last year and we should be allowed to listen in while they have their say.

In this kind of thing Samuel Lubell has pioneered in recent years. Completely reversing White's procedures, Lubell keeps far away from the official entourage and instead roams the country interviewing housewives at shopping centers and steelworkers in their pubs. Unfortunately Lubell's syndicated columns—it is ten years since his last book on voting behavior—give us only short snippets of comment from those he interviews. ("I'm sick and tired of these Negroes telling me what to do. The white man should stand up for his rights.") But this sort of discourse, skillfully elicited, is the key to the American political mind. Perhaps, for *The Making of the President 1968,* White could write the text and Lubell could provide the footnotes. It would be a superb combination.

2. England

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10. By ANTHONY HOWARD and RICHARD WEST. *Macmillan. 317 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN MANDER

IN THAT invaluable Bad Child's Guide to British History, *1066 and All That,* a firm distinction is drawn between the two leading strains in British politics: there are the Roundheads, who are Right but Repulsive; and there are the Cavaliers, who are Wrong but Wromantic. Foreigners would be surprised if they knew (which I think they do not) how seriously the British take this rather harmless joke. In my own family, for example, I experienced the schism in a painful and traumatic form: my father was a confirmed Roundhead, who attended the annual gatherings of the Cromwell Association on September 3 (the anniversary of Cromwell's death, and of the battle of Worcester, in which Oliver defeated the young Charles and which he dubbed "the Crowning Mercy"). My mother, on the other hand, was passionate for the Cavaliers: they were nicer to women; and, unlike the sanctimonious and successful Roundheads, they were the losing side. The losing side has always made a special appeal to the British; and, in a decent historical perspective, it becomes irresistible. When we stand up and are counted, we are easily separated into right-thinking and repulsive Socialists (or possibly Liberals) and wrong-thinking, but wromantic Tories.

Indeed, as Messrs. Howard and West point out in their study of last year's General Election, the two leaders of Britain's two main parties were an embodiment, and at the same time a parody, of this distinction. It was not simply that while Mr. Harold Wilson's head was indubitably rotund, Sir Alec's was aristocratically dolichocephalic and cadaverous. The secondary characteristics were present, too. Mr. Wilson speaks with a flat North-country drawl, which successfully implies both contempt for the soft-living Southerner and a robust, democratic, Yorkshire awareness that the Establishment, down there in London, is a load of pretentious bunk. The American visitor to Britain (like the British visitor to the United States) is liable to forget that in the provinces this contempt for metropolitan values is the rule rather than the exception. The temptation—particularly for intellectuals—to linger in London, or in Oxford and Cambridge, is always considerable. How many Americans visit Birmingham or Liverpool or Cardiff or Glasgow on their European pilgrimages?

YES, BUT THESE charming tales are not history, historians will object. History would be a great deal easier to write if they were. Yet *1066 and All That,* like *Alice in Wonderland* and other English jokes of the genre, is also a rather serious book. At the most obvious level it parodies schoolbook history—particularly the kind of simple-minded, patriotic history that was taught, say, in the English prep-school Orwell depicts in "Such, Such Were the Joys." But there is a sobering corollary: is not most of the history that we actually remember—and possibly act upon—of the *1066 and All That*

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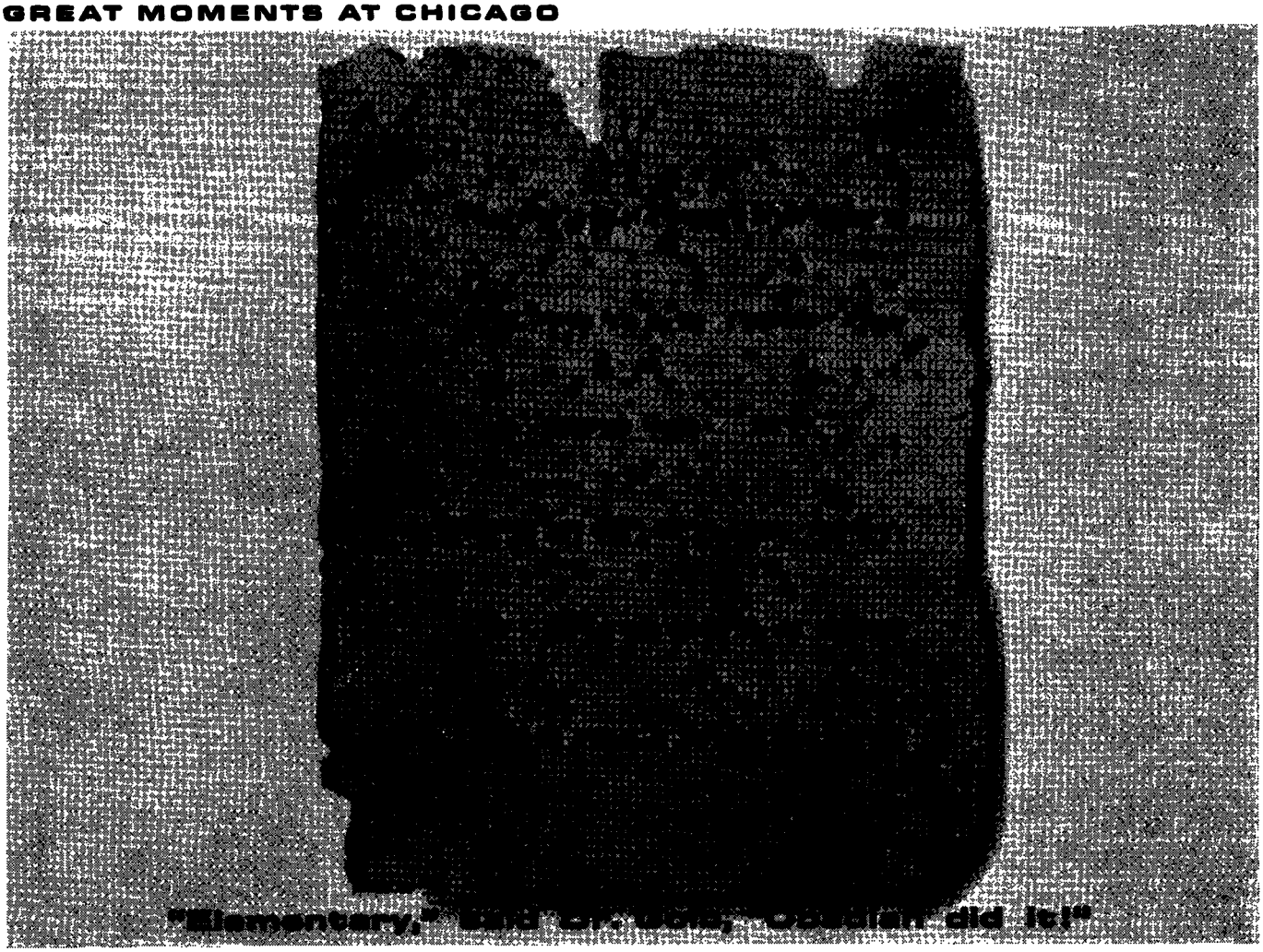
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



One day at the University of Chicago, Dr. Norman Golb, assistant professor of medieval Jewish studies, came across a picture of a rare poem. For almost fifty years it had been baffling scholars. They couldn't figure out whose hand had inscribed both eastern Hebrew characters and Western musical notation on a single page.

Dr. Golb, however, knew immediately. *The handwriting was identical* with that of another manuscript, one that concluded with the elaborate by-line: "Obadiah, the Norman Proselyte who entered the covenant of the God of Israel in the year [1102] has written [this prayer book] in his own hand." So, quicker than you can say Obadiah, Dr. Golb conclusively traced the 800-year-old musical notation to the Italian-born Christian convert to Judaism. Dr. Golb modestly says the discovery was "pure accident," but concedes that a certain amount of scholarship was necessary "to prepare for the accident." The University of Chicago Press helps make such "accidents" possible with books like these:

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variety? Historians' history is one thing: but what relation does that intricate craft bear to the history in politicians' heads, or in the heads of their followers? No doubt, a very attenuated one. Yet it is mostly the latter, not the former, that concerns the political observer. And this, just possibly, is the deeper meaning of *1066 and All That*. For one point books like *1066 and All That* make is that there is no more convenient way of manufacturing and packaging consumers' history than by *personalizing* it. In writing their book on the recent British General Election, Messrs. Howard and West might have turned up again their childhood copies of *1066 and All That*.

FOR WHAT Howard and West presumably set out to do in *The Road to Number 10* was to write contemporary history. The British title of their book—*The Making of the Prime Minister*—leaves no doubt about the source of their inspiration. But whereas Theodore White's study of the Kennedy-Nixon duel has achieved, even in England, the status of a classic of the genre, *The Road to Number 10* seems a bad book in almost every respect. The one respect in which it is not bad is itself revealing: it is good on-the-job reportage of a kind that would not disgrace the *Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*, or the New York *Times*. That is to say: it is excellent as far as it goes, but it does not go as far as "contemporary history." Which raises, no doubt, the whole question of how contemporary history can, and should, be written. It is, admittedly, a complex and exacting genre. Wherein lies the difficulty? It is not, plainly, that there are too few facts: there are far too many of them. The following passage—an extreme, but not untypical example of the Howard-West approach—suggests that something else is at fault:

> Harold Wilson loves train journeys. "There's nothing better than making a speech on Saturday and traveling back the next day. You can read all the Sunday papers and sleep. I always sleep on trains. Once coming back from Scotland I slept eleven hours." He can also relax. As soon as the 2.25 drew out of Euston, he lit a big cigar, put his feet up on the seat opposite and opened Bruce Catton's book on the Civil War, *A Stillness at Appomattox*. . . . The Wilson entourage on the train consisted of Michael Pentreath, an able press officer and former journalist, and Mrs. Wilson, who sat in the window seat on the same side as her husband, legs curled up beneath her. Occasionally she read from her book, *A Prologue of Love*, but more often she stared out of the window. Often she asked questions about what she saw in the countryside, and almost invariably Wilson knew the answers. "Why don't they use the canals more?" she asked, or, near Bedford, "Do they really use straw for making bricks?" She was eager to talk of the family: "Did you know that Giles had got his 'A' level?" "Yes," Wilson replied, "he just scraped through. He isn't the brightest scholar in the family. We'd all been helping him during those weeks. I was even helping with Virgil. I don't like it much. I prefer Livy and Caesar—the straight stuff."

Now there are surely points of interest here. Mr. Wilson is an obsessive reader of books about the American Civil War. He likes Caesar and Livy; he doesn't like Virgil much. Two characteristics come to the fore: Mr. Wilson is really a bit of a philistine (he prefers "the straight stuff"); but he is also pretty much of a fighter, though he rides with Cromwell and Sherman rather than with Lee and Montrose. So far, so good. But some of the facts we are offered are less illuminating. Are they not really pseudo-facts? The 2.25 from Euston, for instance; or those little intimate, unrevealing details: "Mrs. Wilson, who sat on the window seat. . . ."

Of course, this kind of writing is easily ridiculed. Yet large claims have been made for it in Britain. It is claimed that Howard and West have for the first time applied American reporting techniques to British politics. If so, it is no great compliment to American journalism. But in fact this talk is based on a peculiar mid-Atlantic misunderstanding. *The Road to Number 10* is not a companion-piece to *The Making of the President 1960;* it is a parody of it.

The confusion begins with the

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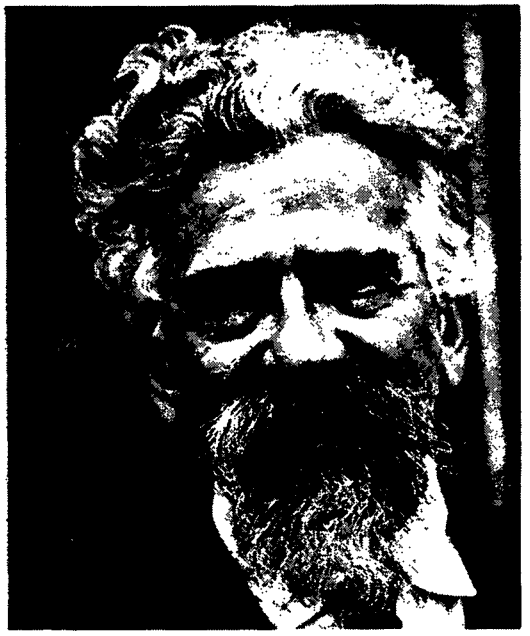
approximation of British and American electoral procedures. For some time now in British political circles it has been smart to point to the growing "Presidentialization" of British politics. Some regret it, like Sir Alec Douglas Home; some actively welcome it, like the authors of the present book. But few seem to doubt it. The *Road to Number 10* is written on the assumption that it is true. Yet it is not difficult to question the assumption.

WHAT happened, for instance, in 1945? Perhaps the greatest political "personality" of the century was defeated by an unassuming, unspectacular Labour politician, Clement Attlee. And in 1950 and 1951? The pendulum had begun to swing—very gradually—against Labour, so that whereas Labour got back by a narrow margin in 1950, it lost by a narrow margin in 1951. Was this due to the impact of Churchill's aging, though still very formidable, "personality"? Plainly not. In 1955, the Tories won by a much wider margin: was this due to the impact of Anthony Eden's "personality"? Again, the assumption is ludicrous. Even in 1959, when Macmillan's personality was "promoted" as no Prime Minister's had been since the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, it is arguable that the result might not have been very different if the Tories had been led by a less charismatic figure: Britain simply did not want the Socialists back. Similarly, in 1964, it was almost certain that the Conservatives would lose a great many seats (the polls had been running against them for the past three years), and that Labour would take up most of the loss.

But if this is right, remarkably little depended on the personalities of the two "Presidential" candidates. And it must follow, equally, that the Howard-West approach is seriously mistaken. It must be said that, for all its sprightly journalistic manner, great stretches of *The Road to Number 10* are pretty hard slogging. Significantly, the stretches that are most rewarding are the accounts, at the beginning of the book, of Sir Alec's and Mr. Wilson's rise to power within their own parties; and the excellent



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character-sketch of the new Prime Minister with which the book closes. The reason for this is interesting. In describing the struggle for power *within* the parties, the authors are describing politics within a coherent political context—a context that includes not only "personalia," but long-term ideological differences, historical party alignments and antitheses and, beyond that, that sense of public opinion and its fluctuation which makes and breaks a democratic party. Only when the authors do this, I think, are we persuaded that we are reading about politics in the full sense of the word. When we read of Mr. Wilson in his railway carriage, or of Sir Alec in his television studio, the sense of context falls away; we are left alone with their curiously meaningless personalia. We have been led, detail by petty detail, into a political vacuum.

THE PROBLEM, of course, is an artistic one. The vacuum may be real enough—the loneliness of the television performer confronted with those anonymous millions is a well-worn theme—but it is a part of the political truth, not the whole, and the political writer who allows himself to be swallowed up by it must be held to have failed in his job. This job, surely, must be to grasp the *whole* political process that is involved when a nation of many millions "chooses" its Prime Minister—or its President.

In the main sections of their book, describing the course of the 1964 election campaign, Messrs. Howard and West fall a long way short of this. By the same token they fail, whatever the blurb may say, to give "a profile of England and the English today." American readers should know what they are buying: a re-importation of a British imitation of an American product. They would do better, like Mr. Wilson, to go for the "straight stuff": Mr. David Butler's *British General Election 1964*, say, or the (London) *Times*, or even *Hansard*. Better right and repulsive with the Establishment, after all, than wrong and wromantic with the bright young authors of *The Road to Number 10*.

A LITERARY RADICAL

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES. By ALFRED KAZIN. *Atlantic Monthly Press. 166 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by LEO MARX

SINCE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S time, the classic theme of American autobiography has been the poor boy's rise in the world, rags to riches, obscurity to renown. It is a secular variant of the Christian quest, with worldly success the surrogate for salvation. The theme is simple but treacherous, for the writer who uses it runs the risk of self-praise, either overt or imperfectly disguised as modesty. In Franklin's masterpiece, fortunately, the brag is more or less neutralized by his candor, his unfailing sense of social responsibility, and his inspiriting belief that his own rise is but a type for the rise of an entire people. By the time Henry Adams took hold of the motif, in the *Education*, it had been worn thin by countless immigrant autobiographers. He thereupon turned it inside out, invoking Franklin's rise to point his own descent from the eminence of the Presidential succession (an Adams birthright) to the sorry ineffectuality of a literary career. Adams, of course, meant his unsuccess story as a rebuke to the society that had spurned him; yet for all his cleverness he overworked the irony, and we are left with an unpleasant impression of soured egotism.

All of the necessary elements of an old-fashioned success story are inherent in the record of Alfred Kazin's career. It is a tribute to his literary tact and skill, therefore, that in *Starting Out in the Thirties* he neither hides the facts nor surrenders to the convention. Whether he entirely avoids the pitfall mentioned, excessive self-approval, is another question. In any case, he very wisely makes the center of this book the interplay between the writer's inner development and the radicalism of the literary intellectuals during the 30's. A sequel to his fine memoir of a Brooklyn childhood, *A Walker in the City*, the new book covers the years between 1934 and 1940

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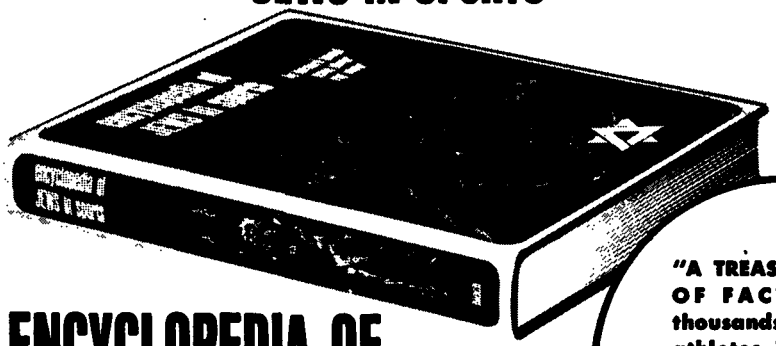

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when Kazin was making his way into the New York literary world. Here, as before, his aim is not simply to recount but to evoke; he renounces all claims to factual comprehensiveness in the interests of unity, and the result is a vivid, engrossing, if disappointingly terse book. Kazin never seems to tell you all that you want to know about people or events. Although the rhetoric of *Starting Out in the Thirties* is not quite as perfectly seamless as that of its predecessor, this is partly because the matter here is more varied, and because the subject encompasses abstract ideas, which present special problems to Kazin. Still, the book should delight fallen-away readers of the contemporary novel, for it displays many of the resources and only one of the obsessions of that abused genre. Kazin demonstrates that it is still possible to fashion a prose that marries thought to a sensual imagination, and in the process he virtually creates a subgenre of his own: the book may be read as a spiritual autobiography, as intellectual history, or as a moral fable about the proper limits of the intellect in a political age.

At the outset Kazin is nineteen, a City College student, a "socialist," and an ambitious, unpublished writer. He is a radical because everyone he knows is a radical, and not because politics have any special relevance to his immediate concerns. But his literary vocation, on the other hand, is like a priestly calling. He believes that salvation will come only by the word, "the long-awaited and fatefully exact word that only the true writer would speak." (Readers of *A Walker in the City* will remember how the idea of being a writer had seized the boy with the force of a divine revelation.) But now, in 1934, his prospects are dim. It is the pit of the Depression, and he is another bright Jewish boy who travels to class on the subway; he has no money, no connections, no Ivy League credentials.

SIX YEARS later he is firmly established in the world of literary journalism, and one of his greatest assets has proven to to be his rad-

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icalism—that curiously perfunctory, almost hereditary commitment to something called "socialism." Unlike most of the literary radicals, who are converts recruited from the comfortable middle class, and whose rebellious impulses have generated an intense ideological fervor, Kazin has been able to maintain a considerable detachment about the left-wing movement. In fact he had got his first push into the magazines by impulsively walking into John Chamberlain's office at the New York *Times* to attack Chamberlain, then a left-winger himself, for the highly abstract, programmatic quality of his thought. Much to young Kazin's surprise, Chamberlain had listened, had been impressed, and had given the boy an introduction to an editor. From then on he often had adopted the role of the radical critic of radicals, and in the last chapter of *Starting Out In the Thirties,* which is about the summer of 1940 on Cape Cod, he is still telling us what is wrong with his radical acquaintances, though his own idea of what it means to be a socialist remains as undefined as ever.

To my mind the book is most rewarding when read as a kind of intellectual history—impressionistic to be sure—of that anomalous era when the literary and political *avant-gardes* briefly joined forces. No one, I think, has so vividly conveyed what it felt like to be a radical in those days. Today one often hears people refer to the 30's as a time of oppressive anxiety, and it is true that the objective situation was fearful. Yet the mood of the radical intellectuals was positive, even ebullient, and Kazin brilliantly recaptures that élan. Wherever he went, he says of one of the headier moments, he felt the moral contagion of a single idea; there seemed to be no division between his effort at personal liberation and the apparent effort of humanity to deliver itself. What the intellectuals then had, and what some of them are rediscovering in the civil-rights movement, is clarity of purpose. They were alive with an idea that carried them out of themselves, that made them feel they were being carried by universal strivings. It was what they had, in Hemingway's phrase, instead of God.

Kazin also recaptures the bold, militant tone of voice of the literary radicals speaking in public: the compelling eloquence of André Malraux lecturing on the Spanish Civil War, the crowd literally swaying to his rhythms—he seems to young Kazin to embody "the conscience of intellectual and fraternal humanity"; or the "lyric uplifting of blunt Jewish speech, boiling over and explosive" in a Group Theatre performance of Odets's *Awake and Sing*—it makes him realize with a "happy shock" that art and truth and hope can come together; or the harsh, angry voice, and the feeling of exploding personal liberation, brought into literature from the slums, factories, and farms by writers like James T. Farrell, Henry Roth, Daniel Fuchs, Edward Dahlberg, Richard Wright, and the rest. One of Kazin's great resources, here again, is his relative detachment: he was sufficiently engaged to catch all this, yet cool enough to see the other side.

THE result is that *Starting Out in the Thirties* contains a splendid gallery of nasty intellectuals: the cold, party-line ideologists, people with one idea and no moral imagination; the merely stylish radicals who turn up at a "party for Spain" in the splendidly appointed home of an interior decorator; the desperate Catholic who becomes a Stalinist and then, when the Soviet-Nazi pact is signed, in 1939, goes into an "ecstasy of self-accusation" and eventually becomes a holy informer. But the dominant type, finally, is the just plain clever intellectual whose relation to the left-wing movement has been essentially parasitic. This is the kind of radical—Mary McCarthy is Kazin's chief example—who has no genuine conviction or idealism, and whose moving principle is a "bleak, unsparing, suspicious view of human nature." Such people have been the most successful among the veterans of the 30's because, says Kazin, their attitudes comport so well with the sense of meaninglessness which had begun to over-

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come the intellectual community as early as 1940.

As history, *Starting Out in the Thirties* is least satisfactory in conveying the serious ideological issues debated in the period. Perhaps because of his own suspicion of abstract thought, Kazin was untroubled by many of the questions that agitated intellectuals. We get no sense, accordingly, of the efforts of left-wing literary people to reconcile their political values with the seemingly contradictory ethos of the brilliant modernist writers (Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence, Pound, Eliot, *et al*) whom they recognized as the true stylistic radicals of the age. Nor was Kazin seriously involved in the endless debate about revolutionary Communism. Of course he is perfectly clear about his rejection of Stalinism, but he seems never to have confronted the more profound, theoretical, and not so easily rejected rationale for the authoritarianism of the Left. One of the truly distinctive features of the 30's is that for a few years some Americans did treat the ideas of Communists as intellectually respectable. Kazin knows this, to be sure, but since he himself had remarkably little interest in such matters, he gives us almost no sense of that odd circumstance. The fact is that Kazin's "socialism" never does acquire substance. At the end of the book it is the same cloudy moral idea it was at the beginning, and confirms his description of himself as an exclusively *literary* radical, "indifferent to economics, suspicious of organization, planning, Marxist solemnity and intellectual system-building."

When read as a moral fable, *Starting Out in the Thirties* proves to be a remarkably sustained attack upon all abstract thought. Virtually every incident in the book, whether it occurs in Kazin's private life or in the world of public events, is made to reveal the evil inherent in the unfleshed idea. Sometimes, as in the deft account of Otis Ferguson's supper with the family, the results are comic. Under the impression that Ferguson will find the Jewish cuisine exotic, young Kazin drags him to Brooklyn on a hot Friday night in August and then realizes, too late, what his guest is suffering, sitting there in the heat, under the harsh light, being stuffed with cabbage and meatballs by his mother while his father slurps soup and his cousin Sophie stares in silence. Afterward Ferguson makes the point: " 'What in the hell,' " he asks, " 'was so exotic about that?' " And sometimes, as in the dreadful story of Kazin's mother's unmarried cousin Sophie, the results are tragic. After years of brooding loneliness, she and the family have become so obsessed with her need for a husband, so desperate, that she goes off with a virtual stranger. When he deserts her, she goes mad—destroyed, we are made to feel, by the idea of marriage in the abstract.

Again and again we are shown the danger of thinking ideologically, programmatically, calculatingly, or even, for that matter, deliberately. The point is that the idea becomes dangerous or anti-life, as D. H. Lawrence would say, as soon as it is removed from a specific, historic, sensual context. This deep distrust of abstraction and corresponding reverence for the specific, tangible, physical experience has of course been a cardinal principle of the modernist movement in literature. There its salutary influence (at least until recently) would be hard to deny. It is the basis, in fact, of Kazin's own literary method, and of much that is praiseworthy in this book. But when the principle of tangibility is taken out of a literary context and extended to all modes of thought, when it is made the key to all value, it not only loses its cogency but it can easily become the basis for an oppressively self-enclosed view of reality. Perhaps that explains why, at the end of this uniquely valuable book, Kazin does not salvage from the story of the 30's a redeeming idea or, indeed, any idea not rooted in his own immediate experience.

After all reservations have been recorded, however, one can only wonder at the formidable act of self-assertion it required to become Alfred Kazin. A few years ago, writing about Freud, he tried to explain the same phenomenon. He noted that Freud was absolutely confident that in his own situation

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he could find the nucleus of reality, and Kazin went on to discuss the belief, which he thinks peculiarly characteristic of Jewish intellectuals, that reality is consistent, all of one piece, and that where *they* are "is perspective enough on the 'world,' on the world's great, and on the issues of heaven and earth." That this "gift of conviction" is a peculiar property of the Jewish genius may be doubted, but that Alfred Kazin possesses it may not.

THE HONEST BROKER

HOUSE OUT OF ORDER. By RICHARD BOLLING. *Dutton. 253 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

House Out of Order was written to stimulate opinion-makers to "inform the American people about the wretched condition of their national legislature." Considering the source, it is a startling book—something like an event in American politics.

Richard Bolling has represented a district from Kansas City in the House of Representatives for more than fifteen years; and eight terms is a serious matter in the House. Even more significant, Representative Bolling was for a number of years a prime protégé of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, so he is informed as to the inner workings of the House as few members are ever privileged to be. He is, moreover, an important liberal leader—strong enough, a few years ago after the death of Rayburn, to buck for the position of Majority Leader (unsuccessfully). But apart from the credentials of the author, the argument of the book is *right*. It concludes as follows: "The failure of the House is the failure of the Democratic party of which I am a member. Its responsibility cannot be evaded much longer without reducing the national assembly to impotence, which would mean a vital failure in the democratic process itself."

Again considering the source, the book is at times nearly brutal. A politician still very much in business, Bolling indulges in both honest and sharp remarks that one

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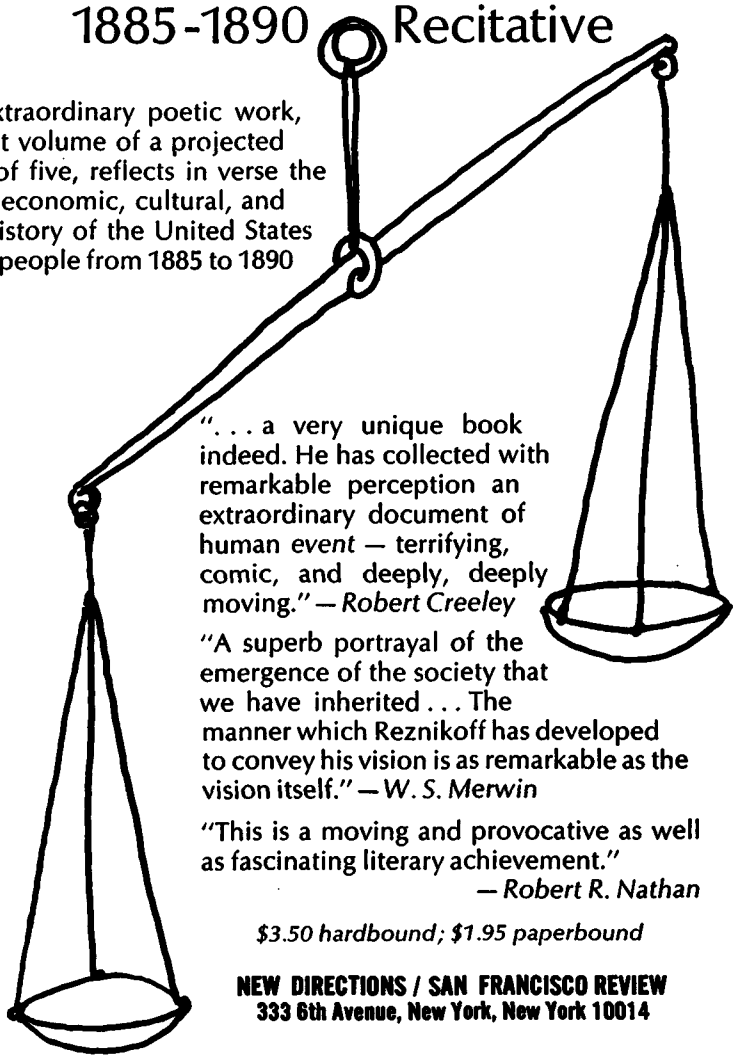

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imagines his friends would have advised him against; and it would take a serious enemy—either of Bolling personally or of politicians generally—to fault him for not indulging the further honesty of which he is probably capable. As might be expected, the edge of Bolling's blade cuts most frequently into reactionary Southerners: he characterizes his notorious colleague on the Rules Committee, William M. Colmer of Mississippi, for example, as inhabiting a poltical position "perhaps slightly to the left of Ivan the Terrible." But reactionary Southerners aren't his exclusive target. Adam Clayton Powell of New York, for instance, gets this one: "His attention span has been variously estimated as ranging between forty seconds to two minutes." And concerning the recently defeated fifteen-term boss of the Bronx, he quotes a veteran reporter as saying "he wished 'Charlie Buckley had stayed around a few more years; I would have liked to have met him.' "

(It should be mentioned that wisecracks like these are probably the work of Bolling's writer-collaborator, an ex-newspaperman by the name of Wes Barthelmes who has earned honest knowledge of the House on his own as an assistant to Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon, and who is now PR man for Senator Robert Kennedy. I would also guess that the shrewd and nasty chapter on the press, which is excellent, owes much to the same source. This chapter delineates the "client" or buddy system wherein a big public figure and a newspaperman collaborate regularly, so to speak. In Washington a reporter is about equal to his sources, and the latter naturally feel entitled to some consideration for serving as such.)

As I THUMB through the book trying to decide what must be mentioned in a review, and what may be left out, I am convinced, even more than I was before, of the importance of Bolling's "act." This level of incisive candor, in an ambitious American politician, is nearly unheard of—it is culturally revolutionary.

Politicians have many more substantial reasons than the rest of us

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for not being honest in public. We demand that they tell us either that everything is all right, or that only the other guy is doing dirty. Meanwhile, we place this creature of ours in the kitchen where social policy is being cooked: no matter what his personal nature or predilection, his immediate circumstance continuously confronts him with the responsibility for applying power to the solution of problems—that is, concocting policy. This gives us two kinds of politicians—those who try very hard, and those who don't try so hard, to meet the responsibility; or, to put it another way, those who begin sooner and more strenuously to protect themselves from the kitchen-heat, as against those who defend less and later. The difference is *not* between the noble battler and the crooked bum; the difference is not a matter of purity and honesty (politics, like most important activities, is impossible without a reasonable amount of corner-cutting and lying). The difference concerns that underlying goodness and seriousness of soul (difficult or impossible to judge) whereby one does not "give up" until one has run out of the strength to keep "giving." No more can ever be asked of any man in any situation.

BOLLING HAS told a story that many politicians could have told. The reason he did and others have not, is that he is a fallen golden-boy who has not yet run out of strength. He is too big to quit quietly (also, he is probably—and justifiably—angry, although the book is written without rancor). During the 50's, he was the bridge between Rayburn and the liberals—just as Humphrey, on the other side of the Hill, was the bridge between Johnson and the liberals. But when Rayburn died and Bolling could no longer "deliver" him, the liberals decided in their august purity that Bolling had cut too many corners and defied too many pieties in his previous brokerage. So another Parnell was dumped.

His response has been to seek the last refuge of the politician, to tell the simple truth—the simple truth about power. But this is impossible: power is so intimately compounded of deception and

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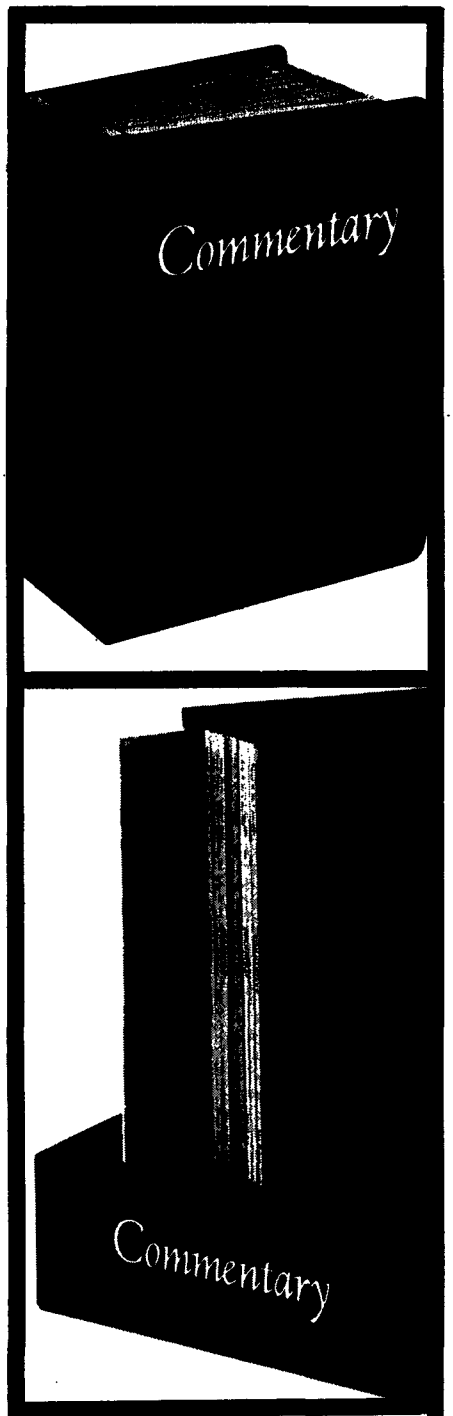

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vague threat, that to state the truth about a power situation within the hearing of its inhabitants is to change the object being described—incalculably. Unless, by chance, one of those rare moments is at-the-ready when nothing less than the simple truth can any longer resolve an intolerable situation.* As to this and Bolling's book, we shall see.

There is much structural detail of interest in the book. As Bolling goes over the now-familiar facts concerning the committee system, seniority, the delicate cohesion of the Democratic party, and so on, we become more and more aware that we are hearing the especially authoritative voice of Rayburn's representative for many years on the Rules Committee, the man who moved sensitively between the Democratic Study Group and the hierarchy—and the hierarchy means the Great Broker, Rayburn himself, who trained our current President in the realities of American politics. For obvious reasons, therefore, most interesting of all is what Bolling has to say about Rayburn and his relation to the liberals, at this special point in Bolling's career where he is reduced to the final ploy of honesty.

THE key to his view of Rayburn, as set forth in this book, is stated on page 69: "As Speaker, Rayburn used his strength sparingly. He subscribed to the belief that oftentimes *withheld power* is preferable to committed power that may not carry the day" (my italics). Later, he says of Rayburn's relation to Howard Smith of the Rules Committee—before the 1961 battle which, involving nothing but the clash of giants, will be appreciated mostly by historians—"on many

*Not every otherwise-all-right observer agrees with this interpretation. Representative Bolling has a rather strange and beclouded "reputation" in Washington. He is characterized variously as an unemployed errand-boy, a no-work specialist, a playboy, and an ineffective operator with only one foot in the Democratic Study Group. But outside of Washington, he was known as the coming liberal leader; and I personally like his general public appearance, in this book and elsewhere. The difficulty in evaluating his past role and failure is that it is so intimately bound up with the much larger matter of liberal disorganization in the House.

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occasions Rayburn virtually had to beg Smith to release important bills." For this frail giant who died, Bolling played "politics" with the liberals. And what of them?

He coins a phrase to describe the worst of them: "One species of House liberal is totalitarian in temperament and occasionally seized with fits of voodooism. He sees the liberal program as a holy tablet to which liberals all must give unswerving allegiance—or else risk being read out of the liberal ranks." There are, thereafter, regular references to the "voodoo liberal" in Bolling's description of who did what, and why, and then what happened. He offers many additional characterizations of the "voodoo liberal," but this is the one (for me) that sticks: "He distrusts power; indeed, he treats it as some sort of dirty weapon." Bolling's problem is that—out of whatever type of front-line ambition—he volunteered as a reconnaissance-gunner. Then the troops he expected to fall in behind him went to church on court-martial Sunday.

When he says the House is "a lobby for arrogant brokers of special privilege," he not only knows what he is talking about, but he knows whom he is telling it to. How often does this happen, in public, in American political life? Representative Bolling is—in a rather *modern*, agonized way—trying to tell the "voodoo liberals" in the House that they live in a kitchen in which "pure" thought has no more and just about as much relevance as a timely pinch of oregano.

PURITY WILL NOT bring us through; and after we get through anyway, it will not lead us anywhere. I hope that the other important congressional reformers like Senator Joseph Clark and Representative Henry Reuss will find the courage to support the clear, simple, practical, efficient, and revolutionary prescription which Richard Bolling has presented with a superb economy of phrasing: "Basic flaws in party organization are reflected in the power structure of the House. They are entirely the responsibility of House Democrats, and the Democrats alone have the means at hand to correct them." His prescription is to lodge congressional power (control over committee chairmanships and presumably the disciplinary effect of the distribution of all the factors that help in re-election) in the Democratic caucus, using the Speaker as the organizing instrument of the caucus (so that, for instance, the same caucus contests would not recur daily). With these power adjustments accomplished, the party and its program—whether in control or in opposition—would be decently related.

This is the sole reform Bolling proposes. It is all that is necessary; and nothing else will really help.

It is the only way to overcome the elaborate system of absurd and corrupt brokerage which is all that most of us understand the House to be, as if it were some kind of fatal American inevitability. It is not. Given a reasonable understanding of the nature of power on the part of American liberals generally, it is so little inevitable that it probably need never have happened. However that may be, it can persist only as that particular lack of understanding persists. And how it can persist while the same American liberals support President Johnson as if he were a congressional magician, whereas in fact he merely understands our power system better than they do, is a spiritual problem I will not deal with here. Liberals are supposed to fail for lack of money, not for lack of intelligence.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

DAVID DAICHES, *the well-known English literary critic, contributed "Presenting the Bible" to our September number.*

ANDREW HACKER *is a member of the government department at Cornell University and writes frequently on contemporary American politics.*

JOHN MANDER *is an assistant editor of* Encounter. *His most recent book is* Great Britain or Little England?

LEO MARX, *professor of English at Amherst, is the author of* The Machine in the Garden, *a study of the pastoral tradition in American literature, which was published last year.*

DAVID T. BAZELON'S *essays on American politics and economics have appeared frequently in* COMMENTARY, *the most recent being "Big Business and the Democrats" (May 1965).*

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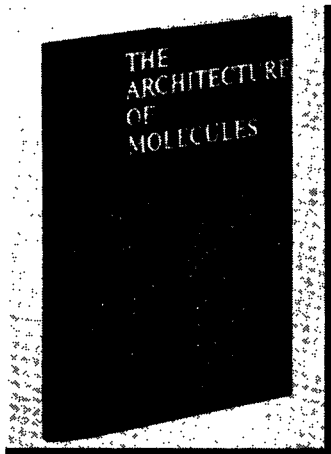

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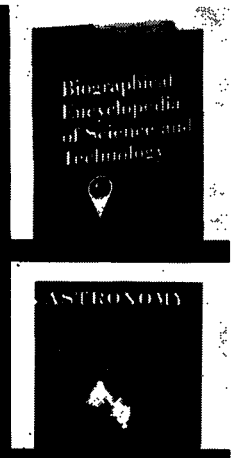

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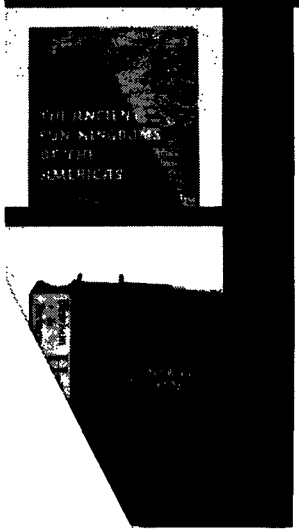

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